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SKETCHES

FROM A

STUDENT'S WINDOW,

BY

S. G. GOODRICH.



BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

MDCCCXLI.

1841

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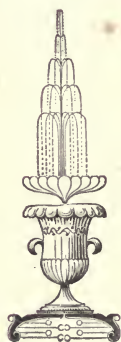
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N O T E.

THE following collection of Fragments, Fables, and Fantasies, is gathered from various works, mostly periodical, in which they have before appeared. A portion are now published for the first time. The verses at page 122, are a paraphrase of one of Northcote's fables.





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MY FRIEND PLUM.

I TELL not my tale to a cold and careless world. I waste not sighs upon ears that are deaf. A story of misfortune is a pearl too precious to be cast before those who would only trample upon it. I speak to the tender and sympathetic ear of those whom experience has taught to contrast the bliss of friendship, indulged without suspicion or alloy, with the bitterness of disappointed trust and betrayed affection.

I had the misfortune to lose both my parents at an early age. My mother died when I was a boy, and my father followed her soon after I entered my twenty-first year. I was an only child, and without relatives; but my father committed me to the care of a friend by the name of Plum, of whom he had a high opinion, and to whom he was fondly attached. Whether my father's choice of a guardian for one whose imagination was stronger than his judgment, and whose passions were more active than his principles, was wise or not, is a question which I leave to be decided by the issue of my story.

The stern and strict control of my father was no sooner withdrawn, than I felt like a liberated bird. I indulged my fancy in every thing. I bought gay horses, drove dashing gigs, smoked, drank, flourished at Na-

hant and Saratoga, put a gold chain about my neck, with a useless quizzing glass attached to it and thrust into my waistcoat pocket, criticised the ladies' ancles, talked lightly of female virtue, and impudently ogled every woman whom I met.

I was perhaps the less to be blamed for these follies, that I followed the fashion of young men of my condition, and was rather abetted than restrained in my course by my guardian. At length I fell in love, and my taste became matrimonial. I worshipped a pretty girl of sixteen, and promised to marry her. But time and reflection altered my views. My goddess became an insipid girl. To put an end to my engagement, I suddenly embarked for Europe, giving it forth to be understood that I should be absent several years. My reputation would have suffered for this and some other trifles, had not my friend Plum exerted his influence in my behalf, which he did so effectually, that I was fully acquitted, and the young lady was left to unpitied mortification and contempt.

I could not think of travelling alone; so I contrived to have my guardian accompany me. On my arrival at Liverpool, my ignorance of the manners and customs of England brought me into sundry awkward situations. In these cases I found the assistance of Plum to be invaluable. He settled every difficulty in a moment, and always in a way peculiar to himself. He seemed to understand England perfectly, and I afterwards learnt that he was not a stranger to other countries. I soon hurried to London. I was anxious to participate in the pleasures of the world's metropolis. The influence of

Plum soon gained me admission into fashionable society. It was winter, and I was invited to an assembly at Almack's. My acquaintance enlarged, and I was soon in the full career of fashionable dissipation. My society was sought by gentlemen and ladies of the first degree. Not a few cards with noble names upon them were exhibited in my rack.

I was at a loss to account for my success. My vanity could not persuade me to impute it all to my person and address. I became inquisitive, and learned at length, to my great surprise, that it was mainly on account of my guardian, who was held in such high estimation, that all who were connected with him participated in his honors. At first I was piqued by the discovery; but such is the influence of self-flattery, and such also was the seductive guise and seeming sincerity of the attentions I received, that I ceased to scrutinize the motive, and took them as if offered to me on the ground of personal merit.

But, if I was blinded in regard to the honor which Plum reflected on myself, some remarkable instances of its influence on others did not escape me. I recollect on one occasion to have been struck with it at Almack's. In general, the display of beauty there is beyond all praise. An American would say the ladies were too stout and ruddy, and too heavily dressed. But let that pass. The music had ceased for a moment, and the places where the quadrilles had an instant before been figuring, were accidentally vacant. There then appeared a couple so grotesque as to put description to the blush. A thin, miserly, snuffy little man led

forward the hugest woman I ever beheld. She had large, lead-colored eyes; a low, overhanging forehead, with a conical piece of her under lip lapping over her upper one, and the corners of the mouth drawn downward; long ears, standing apart from the head; a large jowl, and a figure that, in despite of the London Cantellos, resembled a pipe of brandy. There was a mark of monstrous vulgarity about the pair, which, with now and then an exception, seemed to contrast strangely with all around.

At the first appearance of this odd couple, there was a look of general surprise, and then a smile, and here and there an audible titter. But soon it was all hushed, and Mr. and Mrs. Fudge seemed to be honored with particular and respectful attention. "How is this?" said I to Lady Flambeau. "O," said she, "don't you know he is a great favorite with your friend Plum?"

In short, I had not spent six months in England before I discovered that my extraordinary guardian had scarcely less influence than the prime minister. Indeed, he did that which the king himself could not have performed. The world *would* laugh at Sir William Curtis, though George the Fourth was his companion and friend. But who could despise a favorite of Plum? His friendship was only inferior to a patent of nobility. It covered faults and magnified virtues. It even became superior to the force of nature. I once saw a very ugly young woman dancing most vilely. "She is an angel," said one. "She dances like a fairy," said another. "She is the particular friend of Plum!" said a third.

I left England and went to France. In Paris, my guardian seemed less at home. But here he was by no means destitute of influence. He could persuade a Frenchman to do any thing but jump into the Seine.

I set out for Italy. In crossing the Alps I was attacked by banditti. I fought valiantly, but in vain. I was wounded, overpowered, and beat down. A swarthy villain, with black mustachios, planted his heavy foot on my breast, and with a brawny arm, held his finger on the trigger of a pistol presented to my forehead. The slightest contraction of a muscle had scattered my brains in the air. At this instant, luckily, Plum presented himself. He went on the principle that discretion is the better part of valor. He threw away my powder and ball, and settled the point by negotiation. It was all over in fifteen minutes. The desperado became our friend, guided us faithfully over the mountain, and at parting gave me warm wishes of happiness.

I could tell other tales, but this is enough. I returned to my country after an absence of two years, bringing my friend with me. His influence was not abated. The men sought my society, and the ladies smiled upon me for his sake. I took it all to myself, indeed; and when an honest man told me that I was a fool for doing so, I became angry, and bade him hold his peace. I again fell in love. I had a streak of weakness in my character, which exposed me to such fantasies. I loved devotedly, and thought my passion was truly returned. "May I speak my mind freely to

you?" said a candid friend. "Certainly," said I. "The lady does not love you," said he. "You are mistaken," said I. "It is not you, but your friend Plum, that she is enamored with; it is only to secure his society, that she seems to favor you." "She is incapable of such double-dealing," said I. "It is the fashion of the world," said he. "Plum is a great favorite of the sex, and they will smile on the first man that brings them close to him. You are his particular friend, and are therefore an object of regard to all the calculating mothers and daughters in town." I felt too secure to be angry. I laughed at my friend, and turned his advice to ridicule.

But let me proceed in my story. A meddling attorney endeavored to bring about a separation between me and Plum. He was at first unsuccessful, but by trick and artifice he at length gained his point. Plum deserted me for ever. I mourned over him. "But mourning," said I, "is vain. I am myself the same thing as before. I have lost a friend, but that is no part of myself." I flew to my mistress. "She will sympathize with me," thought I, "and O, there will be a sweetness in seeing her tears fall for my sake, that will atone for my loss." But I was mistaken. She refused to see me. I was enraged. I stamped on the floor. The servant laughed, and pointed to the door. I went away, and wept, in the bitterness of my heart, like a very boy. I went to see some of my companions. They were cold and constrained. I visited some of the families where I was once a favorite. They were civil, but the hearty wel-

come of the mother, and the gracious attentions of the daughters, were mine no more.

I shrunk from society like a wounded beast of prey, who alone in his lair endures his throbbing pain. I cursed the heartless world, and bitterly moralized on the selfishness of those I had thought the fairest and noblest part of creation. I am still writhing with disappointment, and under its influence address this letter to the tender hearted, partly to give vent to my feelings, and partly to obtain the sympathy of those who have sympathy to bestow on the forlorn.

NOTE. — “*Plum*, the sum of one hundred thousand pounds, in the cant of London.” — *Johnson*.



BIRTHNIGHT OF THE HUMMING BIRDS.

I.

I'LL tell you a fairy tale that's new —
How the merry Elves o'er the ocean flew, —
From the Emerald isle to this far-off shore,
As they were wont in the days of yore —
And played their pranks one moonlit night,
Where the zephyrs alone could see the sight.

II.

Ere the Old world yet had found the New,
The faries oft in their frolics flew,
To the fragrant isles of the Carribee —
Bright bosom gems of a golden sea.
Too dark was the film of the Indian's eye,
These gossamer sprites to suspect or spy, —
So they danced 'mid the spicy groves unseen,
And mad were their merry pranks, I ween ;
For the fairies, like other discreet little elves,
Are freest and fondest when all by themselves.
No thought had they that in after time,
The muse would echo their deeds in rhyme ;
So gaily doffing light stocking and shoe,
They tripped o'er the meadow all dappled in dew.
I could tell, if I would, some right merry tales,

Of unslipper'd fairies that danced in the vales —
 But the lovers of scandal I leave in the lurch —
 And, beside, these elves do n't belong to the church.
 If they danced — be it known — 't was not in the clime
 Of your Mathers and Hookers, where laughter was
 crime ;

Where sentinel virtue kept guard o'er the lip,
 Though witchcraft stole into the heart by a slip !
 Oh no ! 't was the land of the fruit and the flower —
 Where summer and spring both dwelt in one bower —
 Where one hung the citron, all ripe from the bough,
 And the other with blossoms encircled its brow, —
 Where the mountains embosomed rich tissues of gold,
 And the rivers o'er rubies and emeralds rolled.

It was there, where the seasons came only to bless,
 And the fashions of Eden still lingered, in dress,
 That these gay little fairies were wont, as I say,
 To steal in their merriest gambols away.
 But dropping the curtain o'er frolic and fun,
 Too good to be told, or too bad to be done,
 I give you a legend from Fancy's own sketch,
 Though I warn you he's given to fibbing — the wretch !
 But I learn by the legends of breezes and brooks,
 'T is as true as the fairy tales told in the books.

III.

One night when the moon shone fair on the main,
 Choice spirits were gathered 'twixt Derry and Spain,
 And lightly embarking from Erin's bold cliffs,
 They slid o'er the wave in their moonbeam skiffs.
 A ray for a rudder — a thought for a sail,

18 BIRTHNIGHT OF THE HUMMING BIRDS.

Swift, swift was each bark as the wing of the gale.
Yet long were the tale, should I linger to say
What gambol and frolic enlivened the way —
How they flirted with bubbles that danced on the wave,
Or listened to mermaids that sang from the cave —
Or slid with the moonbeams down deep to the grove
Of coral, “ where mullet and gold-fish rove ” —
How there, in long vistas of silence and sleep,
They waltzed, as if mocking the death of the deep :
How, oft, where the wreck lay scattered and torn,
They peeped in the scull — now ghastly and lorn ;
Or deep, 'mid wild rocks, quizzed the goggling shark,
And mouthed at the sea-wolf — so solemn and stark —
Each seeming to think that the earth and the sea
Were made but for fairies — for gambol and glee !
Enough, that at last they came to the isle,
Where moonlight and fragrance were rivals the while.
Not yet had those vessels from Palos been here,
To turn the bright gem to the blood-mingled tear.
Oh no ! still blissful and peaceful the land, —
And the merry elves flew from the sea to the strand.
Right happy and joyous seemed now the bright crew,
As they tripped 'mid the orange groves flashing in dew,
For they were to hold a revel that night,
A gay fancy ball, and each to be dight
In the gem or the flower that fancy might choose
From mountain or vale, for its fragrance or hues.

IV.

Away sped the maskers like arrows of light
To gather their gear for the revel bright.

To the dazzling peaks of far-off Peru,
 In emulous speed some sportively flew —
 And deep in the mine, or 'mid glaciers on high,
 For ruby and sapphire searched heedful and sly.
 For diamonds rare that gleam in the bed
 Of Brazilian streams, some merrily sped,
 While others for topaz and emerald stray,
 'Mid the cradle cliffs of the Paraguay.
 As these are gathering the rarest of gems,
 Others are plucking the rarest of stems.
 They range wild dells where the zephyr alone,
 To the blushing blossoms before was known;
 Through forests they fly, whose branches are hung
 By creeping plants, with fair flowerets strung —
 Where temples of nature with arches of bloom,
 Are lit by the moonlight, and faint with perfume.
 They stray where the mangrove and clematis twine,
 Where azalia and laurel in rivalry shine;
 Where, tall as the oak, the passion-tree glows,
 And jasmine is blent with rhodora and rose.
 O'er blooming savannas and meadows of light,
 'Mid regions of summer they sweep in their flight —
 And gathering the fairest, they speed to their bower,
 Each one with his favorite brilliant or flower.

v.

The hour is come, and the fairies are seen
 In their plunder arrayed on the moonlit green.
 The music is breathed — 't is a soft strain of pleasure,
 And the light giddy throng whirl into the measure.
 'Twas a joyous dance, and the dresses were bright,

Such as never were known till that famous night;
 For the gems and the flowers that shone in the scene,
 O'ermatched the regalia of princess and queen.
 No gaudy slave to a fair one's brow
 Was the rose, or the ruby, or emerald now —
 But lighted with souls by the playful elves,
 The brilliants and blossoms seemed dancing themselves.

VI.

Of all that did chance, 't were a long tale to tell,
 Of the dresses and waltzes, and who was the belle —
 But each was so happy, and all were so fair,
 That night stole away and the dawn caught them there!
 Such a scampering never before was seen
 As the fairies' flight on that island green.
 They rushed to the bay with twinkling feet,
 But vain was their haste, for the moonlight fleet
 Had passed with the dawn, and never again
 Were those fairies permitted to traverse the main, —
 But 'mid the groves, when the sun was high,
 The Indian marked with a worshipping eye,
 The HUMMING BIRDS, all unknown before,
 Glancing like thoughts from flower to flower,
 And seeming as if earth's loveliest things,
 The brilliants and blossoms, had taken wings: —
 And fancy hath whispered in numbers light,
 That these are the fairies who danced that night,
 And linger yet in the garb they wore,
 Content in our clime, and more blest than before!

THE DREAM FULFILLED.

WHAT are dreams — illusions of fancy or suggestions of prophecy? fleeting visions which pass over the mind, like clouds across a still lake, traceless and trackless, meaning nothing and teaching nothing? — or are they shadows of coming events, light and transient as the mountain mist, but, like that, foretelling the storm or sunshine that is to follow? These are doubts which the philosophy of ages hath not been able to solve. Our story may, perhaps, throw some light upon the misty question.

Vivian was a youth envied by all around him as the favorite of fortune. He was rich, accomplished, handsome, and beloved; but alas! he was not happy. He felt the want of something which he could not define; there was a void in his spirit which he did not know how to supply. He looked abroad in nature, and felt its beauties with a vivacity almost amounting to rapture; but an uneasy sense of privation remained. It seemed to him that there was something lost, or something not yet found, which was indispensable to his peace. He rose with the dawn, and ascended to the top of the highest hills, and looked over the broad landscape. In the silver rivulet, the waving meadow, the sloping woods, the azure mountain, the golden morn-

ing, — in all around him he saw objects to delight, but none to satisfy him. Day after day he returned to his home, with the reflection, "These are indeed beautiful, but they only persuade me that there is yet something better than these."

One evening, as he was returning from his rambles, he approached the dwelling of a humble cottager, distinguished for his worth and wisdom. He was aged, and, possessing no other fortune than a daughter of sixteen years, he still deemed himself rich, for she was dutiful, intelligent, and lovely. It was a beautiful night, and the moonbeams were woven with thick clusters of jessamine over the door and windows of the cottage. A sweet voice was heard. Vivian paused. It was the daughter of the cottager singing. Her lay ran thus :

At misty dawn, at rosy morn,
The redbreast sings alone —
At twilight dim, still, still his hymn
Hath a sad and sorrowing tone.

Another day his song is gay,
For a listening bird is near —
O ye who sorrow, come borrow, borrow
A lesson of robin here !

Vivian frequently visited the cottage, and was ever a welcome guest there. As he entered it, Ellen, the cottage girl, met him and conducted him to her father. As he sat conversing with the good old man, his eyes stole often to the beaming face of the daughter. While he gazed upon her, her glance met his ; her eyes were

cast upon the ground, and the hues that came to her cheek were those which sunset throws upon a white cloud. Vivian experienced strange and bewildering emotions, but he could not account for them. It did not enter his imagination that a simple cottage maiden could possess influence over the rich heir of a high and haughty family.

He returned home, still less happy than before. Restless and perplexed, he retired to his sleeping apartment, and threw himself upon his pillow. But it was long ere he could sleep. If for a moment he lost himself in slumber, a multitude of images passed before him, half real and half imaginary, now thrilling him with pleasure, and then startling him with affright. At length, wearied and exhausted, he fell asleep. When he awoke, he was deeply impressed with a dream, the outlines only of which he could recall. It seemed that he had been favored with the presence of the object which he sought. It had filled him with delight; and while still awake, his nerves thrilled with exquisite emotions. But the name and form of this object he could not bring back to his memory. Whether, indeed, it had visited him as a thing of sight or sound, he could not tell. It seemed at one moment to be a being of form; and, as his fancy strove to recover the fleeting image, it would hover to his eye and then disappear. Then some faint strain of recollected melody would appear to be the thing he had lost; but as he pursued it, it melted away. All that remained definite and certain in his mind, was an impression that the object necessary to his happiness had visited his imagination

in sleep, bringing with it all the charms of beauty and melody, and casting around his spirit a spell of strange and entralling power.

But, fancying that he had now a clue to the mystery which had seemed to involve his existence, Vivian determined to unravel it in a practical manner. He was persuaded that if he were to meet the being of his dream, he should instantly recognize it, and thus discover the secret of his happiness. He resolved therefore to travel, and scrutinize every thing that came within his observation.

We cannot follow him through all his wanderings. He visited foreign cities, and mingled in the gay world of fashion. He examined the various institutions of the countries through which he passed, saw remarkable edifices and localities, scanned paintings and statues, sought out the picturesque, ascended Mont Blanc for the sublime, and ranged the hills of Scotland for the romantic. In short, he made the great tour, and saw whatever a traveller should see.

In two years he came back to his native country, improved in knowledge and refined in manners; but a melancholy shade upon his countenance declared that he had not found the object of his pursuit. Often, indeed, had he appeared for a moment, about to discover the image which came in his dream, but suddenly the subtle thread by which he held it, was broken, and the resemblance flew away like a startled bird. Yet every thing seemed to remind him of what he sought. In the look of some dark-haired girl of Savoy — in the glance of a blue-eyed shepherdess of the Rhine — in the soft

language of a French maiden, or the ringing laugh of an English one—in the low, unearthly notes of an Æolian harp—in the touching melody of musical glasses—in the voice of Madame Pasta, and in that of Mademoiselle Sontag—in the Sibyl of Dominichino—in the Venus de Medici—in mountains and rivers—in the blue air—the tinted cloud—the prismatic bow—in lakes and lawns—in nature and art—in whatever gave him pleasure, there was something to restore his dream; something invisibly and mysteriously associated with the subject of it. Yet while every thing around him was thus stamped with its fresh footprints, its wing rustling in every breeze, its image dwelling in all that was beautiful, and its voice mingling in all that was melodious, still the evanescent being eluded his grasp, and cheated his pursuit.

He had been at home but a single day, when, as if by accident, he found himself approaching the cottage we have described. It was evening, and the moon shone as before upon the jessamine, when he last visited it. Again he heard the voice of Ellen—again he paused and listened. It was again the song of the red-breast that she was singing. A rush of recollections came to his mind. “This,” said he, “is surely the music of my dream.” He hastened to the cottage. Ellen met him at the door—and Vivian instantly recognized in her the heroine of his vision!

Let not the reader say that our story is improbable. Vivian is not the only one who has been the subject of a dominion that reigns for a time over every pulse, lives in every avenue to the heart, and by the legerdmain of

youthful fancy, renders one object the seeming fountain from which all pleasures flow. In short, there are others, as well as he, who have seen analogies in things as unlike as a rainbow and a pretty girl!

We need not tell the rest. The lovers were married, and Vivian and Ellen consider their union as a happy fulfilment of a remarkable dream. And so long as dreams are prompted by the wishes and purposes of lovers, it is probable that events may render them prophetic.



THE CAVE OF DIAMONDS.

THERE was once a Prince of Persia, who became the subject of an intense desire of wealth. His thoughts were perpetually running upon silver and gold and precious stones. Instead of cultivating his mind or qualifying himself to discharge the duties of his high destiny, he was always considering in what way he could become rich. At length having heard of the mines of Siberia, he determined to travel thither, in the hope of satisfying his desires. Accordingly he proceeded to the Kolyvan mountains, but finding that already there were many persons there, engaged in searching for gold and precious stones, he went farther east, till he came to a tall mountain called the Schlangenberg, which is the loftiest of the Altai range, and much celebrated for its mineral treasures.

When he had reached the very top of the mountain, being weary, he laid himself down to obtain some repose, and here he fell asleep. While in this state, a man, in the dress of a Tartar, seemed to stand before him, and, making a low bow in the Eastern fashion, he said, "What would'st thou, son of a royal house?" To this the young Persian replied — "Wealth — give me wealth, such as may become a prince. Give me gold, silver and precious stones, and in such abundance

that I may excite the envy of all the princes of the East!"

"And why do you desire riches?" said the mysterious stranger.

"It will give me happiness," said the prince.

"Thou mayest be mistaken," was the reply; "wealth cannot confer happiness, unless the mind be prepared for its use. The mind may be likened to the soil, and riches to the sun: the former must be tilled and cultivated and the seed sown, or the latter will only scorch and wither it like a desert."

"Nay—nay," said the prince, "give me riches—give me gold—give me diamonds! I ask for nothing more."

When the young man said this, the image smiled on one side of his face, and frowned on the other; but he answered fairly,—"Your wish shall be granted: follow me!" Upon this the prince arose and followed the stranger. They descended to the foot of the mountain, and entered a cave which was formed by nature in the rocks. It seemed at first a dark and gloomy room, with grizzly images around, and a fearful roar as of mighty waterfalls, tumbling amid the gashes and ravines of the cavern. But as they advanced farther, the scene gradually changed. The darkness disappeared, and at last they came to a vast chamber, which seemed glittering with thousands of lamps. The room appeared indeed like a forest turned to crystal, the branches above uniting and forming a lofty roof, in the gothic form. Nothing could exceed the splendor of the scene. The floor was strewn with precious stones of every hue, and diamonds of immense size and beauty shone around.

As the adventurer trod among them, they clashed against his feet as if he were marching amid heaps of pebbles. There were thousands of lofty columns, of a pearly transparency, which seemed to send forth an illumination like that of the moon ; and these were studded with amethysts, and emeralds, and rubies.

The prince was delighted — nay, entranced. He walked along for more than an hour, and still the vast room seemed to expand and grow more gorgeous as he proceeded. The diamonds were larger, and the light more lovely, and by-and-by there came a sound of music. It was faint, but delicious ; and our hero looked around for the cause of it. At last he saw what seemed a river, and on going to the border of it, he discovered that it was a stream of precious stones, where garnets, and beryls, and diamonds, and emeralds, and rubies, flowed like drops of water, in one gushing, flashing current ; and as they swept along, a sort of gentle but entrancing melody stole out from them, and seemed to melt the heart with their tones.

“This is indeed most lovely — most enchanting!” said the youth to himself. “Well and truly has my guide performed his promise.” Saying this, he looked around for his companion, and behold, he was at his side. “Thou art now,” said the spirit, “in the Cave of Diamonds — take what thou wilt — all is at thy command!” Saying this the stranger vanished. Delighted with the permission to take what he desired, the prince went to the river of precious stones, and gathered the purest and fairest that he could find. He soon loaded himself down with diamonds and emeralds and rubies, each one

of which was worthy of being set in a prince's crown. With his precious burden, he now continued to roam through the cave, often stooping to pick up some gem that outshone the rest among which it lay. At length he began to feel weary, and cast about for a place to lie down; but no such place appeared. The floor of the mighty hall was covered with precious stones, but they were so angular and sharp that they would have cut his flesh, if he had attempted to repose upon them. In a short time hunger was added to the prince's wants; but how could he satisfy it? There were emeralds, and rubies, and sapphires, and diamonds, but neither meat nor bread. At last he turned round, and began to search for the way out of the grotto; still continuing to pick up rich and rare gems, as they came in his way. But the more he sought for the passage, the more remote he seemed to be from it. He, however, continued to wander on, but all in vain. Finally he became frantic; he threw up his hands, and tore his hair, and ran fiercely from place to place, making the arches ring with his frightful screams. "Take your gems, take your jewels!" said he, "and give me rest, give me bread!" And, repeating this by night and by day, the young prince continued to run wildly from place to place; and though fifty years have rolled away since he entered the enchanted cave, he is still there, and is still unable to obtain rest or appease his hunger! Though he has acquired wealth beyond the suggestions of fancy, he is unable to satisfy the cravings of nature; and though in the midst of uncounted treasure, even rest and repose, which are enjoyed by the beggar, are denied to him.

THE KING OF TERRORS.

I.

As a shadow He flew, but sorrow and wail
Came up from his path, like the moan of the gale.
His quiver was full, though his arrows fell fast
As the sharp hail of winter when urged by the blast.
He smiled on each shaft as it flew from the string,
Though feathered by fate, and the lightning its wing.
Unerring, unsparing, it sped to its mark,
As the mandate of destiny, certain and dark.
The mail of the warrior it severed in twain, —
The wall of the castle it shivered amain.
No shield could shelter, no prayer could save,
And love's holy shrine no immunity gave.
A babe in the cradle — its mother bent o'er, —
The arrow is sped, — and that babe is no more!
At the faith-plighting altar, a lovely one bows, —
The gem on her finger, — in Heaven her vows;
Unseen is the blow, but she sinks in the crowd,
And her bright wedding-garment is turned to a shroud!

II.

On flew the Destroyer, o'er mountain and main, —
And where there was life, there, there are the slain!
No valley so deep, no islet so lone,
But his shadow is cast, and his victims are known.

He paused not, though years rolled weary and slow,
And Time's hoary pinion drooped languid and low.
He paused not till Man from his birthplace was swept,
And the sea and the land in solitude slept.

III.

On a mountain he stood, for the struggle was done, —
A smile on his lip for the victory won.
The city of millions, — lone islet and cave,
The home of the hermit, — all earth was a grave!
The last of his race, where the first saw the light,
The monarch had met, and triumphed in fight: —
Swift, swift was the steed, o'er Araby's sand,
But swifter the arrow that flew from Death's hand.

IV.

O'er the mountain he seems like a tempest to lower,
Triumphant and dark in the fulness of power;
And flashes of flame, that play round his crest,
Bespeak the fierce lightning that glows in his breast.
But a vision of wonder breaks now on his sight;
The blue vault of heaven is gushing with light,
And, facing the tyrant, a form from the sky
Returns the fierce glance of his challenging eye.
A moment they pause, — two princes of might, —
The Demon of Darkness, — an Angel of Light!
Each gazes on each, — no barrier between —
And the quivering rocks shrink aghast from the scene!
The sword of the angel waves free in the air;
Death looks to his quiver, — no arrow is there!
He falls like a pyramid, crumbled and torn;

And a vision of light on his dying eye borne,
In glory reveals the blest souls of the slain, —
And he sees that his sceptre was transient and vain ;
For, 'mid the bright throng, e'en the infant he slew,
And the altar-struck bride, beam full on the view !



THE SCHOOL BOY'S SATURDAY.

It is a trite remark that youth is the happiest portion of life, but, like many other wise sayings, it passes by us unheeded, till, at some late period in the great journey, we look back upon our track, and by a comparison of the past with the present, are forced to feel and confess the truth, which we have before doubted or condemned. Mankind are ever tempted to think that there is something better in the future than is afforded by the present; if they are not happy yet, they still indulge bright anticipations. They are reluctant, even when advanced in years, to believe that the noon of life's joy is past; that the chill of evening is already mingling in every breeze that feeds the breath; that there is no returning morn to them; that the course of the sun is now only downward; and that sunset is the final close of the day that has dawned upon them, and lighted up a world full of hopes, and wishes and expectations. It is not till the shadows, dark and defined, are creeping around us, and forcing us to deal honestly with ourselves, that we admit the truth — that life is made up of a series of illusions; that we are constantly pursuing bubbles, which seem bright at a distance and allure us on to the chase, but which fly from our pursuit, or, if reached, burst in the hand that grasps them. It is not

till we are already at the landing and about to step into the bark that is to bear us from the shore, that we come to the conclusion that human life is a chase, in which the game is nothing and the pursuit everything; and that the brightest and best portion of this chase is found in the spring morning, when the faculties are fresh, the fancy pure, and all nature robed in dew and chiming with the music of birds, and bees, and waterfalls.

It is something to have enjoyed life, even if that enjoyment may not come again, for memory can revive the past, and at least bring back its echoes. It is a pleasure to me, now that I am crippled and gray — a sort of hulk driven a-wreck upon the shore, and if incapable of further adventures upon the main, at least inaccessible to the surges that rise and rave upon its bosom — to look out to sea — to mark the sails that still glide over its surface — and, above all, to busy my fancy with the incidents of my own voyage upon the great ocean of life.

I love particularly to go back to that period when I was full of health, animation and hope. As yet, my life was tarnished with no other vices or follies than those which belong to an ungoverned and passionate boy. My health was perfect. I can hardly describe the elation of my heart of a spring morning. Everything gave me delight. The adjacent mountains, robed in mist or wreathed with clouds, seemed like the regions of the blest. The landscape around, tame and commonplace as it might be, was superior to the pictures of any artist that ever laid his colors upon canvass, to my vision. Every sound was music. The idle but joyous gabble

of the geese at the brook — the far-off cawing of the crows that skimmed the slopes of the mountains — the multitudinous notes of jays, robins, and blackbirds in the orchard — the lowing of cattle — the cackle of the fowls in the barnyard — the gobble of the ostentatious turkey — were all melody to me. No burst of harmony from an Italian orchestra, even though Rossini composed and Paganini performed, ever touched the heart as those humble melodies of morn in my native village, touched mine at the age of fifteen. At such times my bosom actually overflowed with joy. I would sometimes shout aloud from mere extacy; and then I would run for no other object than the excitement of the race. At such times it seemed almost that I could fly. There was an elasticity in my limbs like that of a mountain deer. So exuberant was this buoyant feeling, that in my visions, which were then always blissful, I often dreamed of setting out to run, and after a brief space, stepping upward into the air where I floated like some spirit upon the breeze.

At evening, I used again to experience the same joyous gust of emotion; and during the day, I seldom felt otherwise than happy. Considering the quiet nature of the place in which I dwelt, my life was marked with numerous incidents and adventures — of little moment to the world at large, but important to a boy of my years. Saturday was, in that golden age, a day always given up to amusement, for there was no school kept then. A description of a single day will give an idea of my way of life at this period.

The day we will suppose to be fine — and in fact it

now seems to me that there was no dull weather when I was a boy. Bill Keeler and myself rose with the sun — and we must, of course, go to the mountain. For what? Like knights of the olden time, in search of adventures. Bound to no place, guided by no other power than our own will, we set out to see what we could see, and find what we could find.

We took our course through a narrow vale at the foot of the mountain, crossed by a whimpling brook, which wound with many a mazy turn amid bordering hills, the slopes of which were covered with trees, or consisted of smooth, open pastures. The brook was famous for trout, and as Bill usually carried his hooks and lines, we often stopped for a time and amused ourselves in fishing. On the present occasion, as we were passing a basin of still water where the gush of the rivulet was stayed by a projecting bank, Bill saw an uncommonly large trout. He lay in the shadow of the knoll, perfectly still, except that the feathery fins beneath his gills, fanned the water with a breath-like undulation. I saw Bill at the instant he marked the monster of the pool. In a moment he lifted up and waved his hand as a sign to me, and uttered a long, low “she-e-e-e!” He then stepped softly backwards, and at a little distance knelt down, to hide himself from the view of the trout. All this time Bill was fumbling with a nervous quickness for his hook and line. First he ran his hands into the pockets of his trousers, seeming to turn over a great variety of articles there; then he felt in his coat pockets; and then he uttered two or three awkward words, significant of much vexation.

There was Bill on his knees — it seems as if I could see him now — evidently disappointed at not finding his hook and line. At last he began very deliberately to unlade his pockets. First came out a stout buck-handled knife, with one large blade and the stump of a smaller one. Then came a large bunch of tow, several bits of rope, a gimlet, four or five flints, and a chestnut whistle. From the other pocket of the trousers he disclosed three or four bits of lead, a screw-driver, a doughnut, and something rolled into a wad that might have been suspected of being a pocket-handkerchief. The trousers pockets being thus emptied, our hero applied himself to those in the flaps of his coat. He first took out a ball covered with deerskin, then a powder-flask and tinder-box, two or three corks, and sundry articles difficult to name. From the other pocket he took his stockings and shoes, for it was May, and we were both indulging ourselves in the luxury of going barefoot — a luxury which those only can know who have tried it.

Nothing could exceed the pitch of vexation to which Bill was worked up, when, turning the last pocket inside out and shaking it as if it were a viper, he found that he had not a hook or line about him. Gathering up his merchandise, and thrusting the articles back into their places, he cast about, and selecting a large stone, approached the place where the trout lay, and hurled it at him with spiteful vengeance, exclaiming — “If I ’m ever ketched without a fishhook agin — I hope I may be shot !”

“Stop, stop, Bill !” said I ; “don’t be rash.”

“I say I hope I may be shot if I ’m ever ketched with-

out a fishhook agin — so there!" said he, hurling another stone into the brook.

"Remember what you say now, Bill!" said I.

"I will remember it," said my companion; and though nothing more was said of it at the time, I may as well observe now, that the fellow kept his word; for ever after, I remarked that he carried a fishhook in his hat-band, and, as he said, it was in fulfilment of his vow. Such was the eccentric humor of my friend, and such the real depth of his character and feelings, that a speech, uttered in momentary passion and seeming thoughtlessness, clung to his mind, and never parted from him till death.

We pursued our way up the valley, though loth to leave the rivulet; for there is a fascination about running water that few can resist: there is a beauty in it which enchants the eye — a companionship like that of life, and which no other inanimate thing affords. And of all brooks, this that I now describe was to me the sweetest.

After proceeding a considerable distance, the valley became narrowed down to a rocky ravine, and the shrunken stream fretted and foamed its way over a rugged and devious channel. At last, about half-way up the mountain, and at a considerable elevation, we reached the source of the rivulet, which consisted of a small lake of as pure water as ever reflected the face of heaven. It was surrounded on three sides by tall cliffs, whose dark, shaggy forms, in contrast, gave a silver brilliancy and beauty to the mirror-like water that lay at their feet. The other side of the lake was bounded by a

sandy lawn, of small extent, but in the centre of which stood a lofty white-wood tree.

The objects that first presented themselves, as we approached the lake, was a kingfisher, running over his watchman's rattle from the dry limb of a tree that projected over the water, by way of warning to the tenants of the mountain that danger was near; a heron, standing half-leg deep in the margin of the flood, and seeming to be lost in a lazy dream; a pair of harlequin ducks that were swimming near the opposite shore; and a bald eagle, that stood upon the point of a rock which projected a few feet out of the water near the centre of the lake. This latter object particularly attracted our attention, but as we moved toward it, it heavily unfolded its wings, pitched forward, and with a labored beating of the air gained an elevation and sailed gloriously away beyond the reach of sight.

These were hours of feeling, rather than speech. Neither my companion nor myself spoke of the beauty of that place at the time; but we felt it deeply, and memory, with me, has kept a faithful transcript of the scene. When the kingfisher had sounded the alarm, he slunk away, and all was still. The morning overture of the birds had passed, for it was now near ten o'clock. The mournful metallic note of the wood-thrush was perchance faintly heard at intervals—the cooing of a pigeon, the amorous wooings of the high-hole, the hollow roll of the woodpecker at his work, might occasionally salute the ear, but all at such distance of time and place as to give effect to the silence and repose that marked the scene. I had my gun, but

I felt no disposition to break the spell that nature had cast on all around. The harsh noise of gunpowder had been out of tune there and then. Bill and myself sauntered along the border of the lake, musing and stepping lightly, as if not to crumple a leaf or crush a twig, that might break the peace over which Nature, like a magistrate, seemed now presiding.

But as we were slowly proceeding, Bill's piercing eye discovered a dark object upon the white-wood, or tulip-tree, that stood in the sandy lawn, at some distance. He pointed to it, and both of us quickened our steps in that direction. As we approached we perceived it to be an enormous nest, and concluded it must be that of an eagle. As we came nearer, the nest seemed roughly composed of large sticks, and occupying a circumference equal to that of a waggon-wheel. It was at the very top of the tree, which rose to the height of sixty or seventy feet, and at least half of that elevation was a smooth trunk without a single limb. But Bill was an excellent climber, and it was resolved, without a council of war, that he should ascend and see what was in the nest.

Accordingly, stripping off his coat, and clinging to the tree as if by suction, he began to ascend. It was "hitchety hatchety, up I go!" By a process difficult to describe — a sort of insinuation, the propelling power and working machinery of which were invisible — he soon cleared the smooth part of the trunk, and taking hold of the branches, rose limb by limb, till, with breathless interest, I saw him lift his head above the nest and peer into its recess. The best expression of

his wonder was his silence. I waited, but no reply. "What is it?" said I, incapable of enduring the suspense. No answer. "What is it, Bill — why do n't you speak?" said I, once more. "Look!" said he, holding up a featherless little monster, about as large as a barn-door fowl — kicking and flapping its wings, and squealing with all its might. "Look! there's a pair on 'em. They're young eagles, I'll be bound, but I never see such critters afore! The nest is as big as a trundle-bed, and there's a heap of snake-skins, and feathers, and fishes' tails in it; and there's a lamb's-head here, that looks in the face like an old acquaintance — and I should n't wonder if it belonged to Squire Kellogg's little cosset that he lost last week — the varmint!"

As Bill uttered these last words, his attention, as well my own, was attracted by a rushing sound above, and looking up, we saw an eagle, about a hundred yards in the air, descending like a thunderbolt directly toward his head. The bird's wings were close to its body, its tail above and its head beneath, its beak open and its talons half displayed for the blow. Entirely forgetting my gun, in my agony of fear, I exclaimed, "Jump, Bill! for Heaven's sake jump!" But such was the suddenness of the proceeding, that ere I could fairly utter the words, the formidable bird, with a fearful and vengeful scream, swept down upon his mark. I shut my eyes in very horror. But not so Bill Keeler; there was no taking him by surprise. As the eagle came down, he dodged beneath the nest, exposing only the nether portion of his person, together with the seat of his trousers. The clash of the eagle's beak as he swept by, though it

seemed like the noise of a tailor's shears when forcibly shut, did no harm; but we cannot say as much of the creature's talons. One of the claws struck the part exposed, and made an incision in the trousers as well as the skin, of about two inches in length.

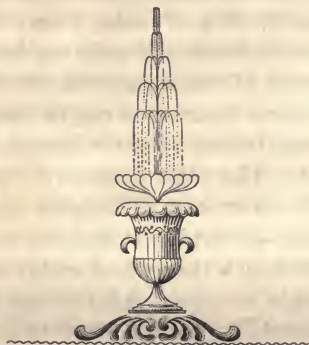
The rent, however, was too superficial to prove mortal, nor did it deprive Bill of his presence of mind. Taking no manner of notice of the damage done, he cocked his eye up at the eagle, and seeing that he was already preparing for another descent, he slid down between the limbs of the tree with amazing dexterity, and had approached the lowest of the branches, when again we heard the rushing sound, and saw the infuriate bird falling like an iron wedge almost perpendicularly upon him. Although he was full five and thirty feet from the ground, such was my agony, that again I cried out, "Jump, Bill — for Heaven's sake, jump!"

My friend was a fellow to depend on himself — particularly in a time of imminent peril, like the present. Evidently paying no attention to me, he cast one glance at the eagle, and leaping from the branch, came down upon the wind. The eagle swept over him as he fell, and striking his talons into his brimless beaver, bore it away in triumph — dropping it however at a short distance. As Bill struck the ground on his feet, I immediately saw that he was safe. After sitting a moment to recover his breath, he put his hand to his head, and finding that his hat was gone, exclaimed, "There, the critter's got my clamshell — why did n't you fire, Bob?"

The hat was soon found, and after a little while Bill discovered the success of the eagle's first attack upon

his person ; but although some blood was shed, the incident was not considered serious, and we proceeded in our ramble.

Such are the adventures of a day in my youth ; and such, or similar, no doubt, have been the experiences of many a Yankee youth before. I record them here, partly for the satisfaction of reviewing the sweet memories of the past, and partly to point the moral of this chapter — that youth is a portion of life to which, in after years, we usually look back with fond regard, as the happiest, if not the most useful part of our existence. — ‘ *Robert Merry’s Life and Adventures.*’



A HORSE AND A WIFE.

IF I were to say that Mr. Oleanthus Duck, of Duckville, was a handsome man, though I use the positive term, it should be understood that I speak with qualifications. He was doubtless a handsome man in his own estimation; he was perhaps a handsomer man than Æsop, as antiquity has portrayed him; he was certainly the handsomest man in Duckville, in the opinion of those who regarded him only through the spectacles of circumstance — for he was worth ten thousand dollars, a clever little fortune in the village where he was born and bred. He was also the only child of his father, Squire Duck, of Duckville — justice of the peace, — select-man, — member of the school committee, and once representative in the General Court of Massachusetts: and lastly, he was now one-and-twenty, and just graduated from Cambridge College, having borne home a parchment to which was attached a large seal and a blue riband, — trophies of more account than the golden fleece of Jason.

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Seen through all these circumstances, Mr. Duck was a very, "pretty," respectable, worthy young gentleman. It may be added that he was of spotless character, and remarkable for his prudence. "Look ere you leap;" "Think twice and speak once;" "Take care of irrevoca-

ble deeds;" "Look out for number one;" were all as instinctive in him as moderation in a snail, or equanimity in an oyster. He was indeed born for a pattern-man, and grew up accordingly.

Now it were a delightful task to write the biography of a pattern-man — one who goes straight forward upon the turnpike-road of virtue and propriety, without one excursion into the mists and mazes of indiscretion, vice or passion! The theme is indeed worthy of an epic, and is withal, quite original. Who ever thought of writing a pattern-man's history? But however attractive the subject may be, I can only mention two points in Mr. Duck's life — the buying a horse, and getting a wife — which I here place in the order in which they were undertaken, and, I may add, of their importance in his mind.

When Mr. Oleanthus Duck had, as I have related, come out of college, and was well assured of the fact — that is to say, about three years after the event — he began to think of buying a horse. Why he thought of it — whether it was because his father had bought a horse before him, and most other people in easy circumstances had bought horses; or that his mother had instructed him thus in his tender years; or whether, that man is born to buy a horse if he can afford it, was a principle deeply implanted in his nature, prior to the lessons of experience — are questions too mazy and metaphysical for the present discourse. At all events, when Mr. Duck was about three-and-twenty, he was understood by the people in those parts to be a candidate for a horse.

It was about five o'clock of a summer morning, that Mr. Hony, a horse-dealer, introduced himself to the hero of this narrative, saying that he had horses to sell, and he understood that Mr. Duck wanted to buy. Mr. Duck looked gazingly at Mr. Hony, and the latter went on as follows: "Squire Staples of Templetown tell'd me last night that you was in want of a hause; and as I've got as likely a set as you'll light on, I thought I'd call and see."

Mr. Duck made no answer, but ran his eye up and down the figure of the speaker. The latter proceeded,—

"I did n't know nothin about it myself, only Squire Staples of Templetown tell'd me so: is it a mare or a hause you want?"

"Hem!" was the answer.

"Oh ho, you haint exactly made up your mind! Well now — there's nothing like okkelar demonstration to settle a man's stomach when its in a kind of see-saw state. I've got six hauses in the barn-yard, and should like to have you look at 'em, if you have time. If you are ingaged — why I'll call agin."

"No, no, on the whole, I guess I'll look at them." Thus replying, Oleanthus took his hat gingerly, and keeping a very watchful eye upon Mr. Hony, followed him to the barn-yard.

"I think you said 't was a hause you wanted," said Hony, promptly; but he got no answer. "There!" said he, untying a stupid cart-horse, and making him spin round like a top, while he held the halter, "there is one that'll suit you exactly. He's not one of your mile in a minute fellers, but he's a right down good,

honest, substantial beast. He was raised by Squire Muzzy of Bloomsdale, in the state of Varmount. I've summered him and wintered him — that is to say, in my eye—and I know all about him. Squire Muzzy was offered seventy-five dollars for him the day arter he was born."

During these observations, Hony looked Oleanthus keenly in the face from under the broad brim of his hat; but he was bothered. He could not for the life of him tell what sort of impression he made upon his intended customer. Still, not to be baulked and desirous of getting something that might guide him in his design, he went on.

"There's some people very peticular about the color of a hause, but I say that are hause is a shade finer than any thing in these parts."

"What do you call that color?" said Oleanthus.

"Well, you may call it what you're a mind tew; what color do you like best, Mr. Duck?" said Hony, quite encouraged that he had opened the mouth of his patron, and fondly imagining that he had now a crevice into which he might insinuate the lever of his ingenuity, and pry open the man's mind.

"Oh, I only asked the question," said Oleanthus; "I do n't like any color especially."

"Well, this hause is bay."

"Oh, bay is it? I do n't like bay."

"Oh, you do n't? well, here's a thing," leading out another animal, "a leetle bit nearer to perfection than any piece of hause flesh that's bin this way, sin' the revolutionary war, I guess. I won't speak positive — but ——"

“What color do you call that?”

“Why, that’s a kind of betwixt and between; you may call it a steel mixed, or an iron gray, or a fawn, or a laloc, or what you ’re a mind tew. It do n’t make or break, you know, what you call a thing; a goose is a goose, if you call it a gander.”

“Well, I do n’t like that color; I think I prefer black.”

“Well now, that’s exactly what I expected. Fact! I had a notion all the time that you wanted a black hause, and you’re right about it Squire — black’s the best color arter all, and I brought one here a purpose for you.”

“Well, why did n’t you show him to me before?”

“Why, a man do n’t want to come out with his trumps fust, captain: I know what sort of a hause you want better than you du yourself. You want a hause that’s fit for a gentleman, one that’ll go fast or slow, jest as you like — one that’ll travel all day, and be jest as lively at night, as afore he set out — one that’ll live without eaten, if you ax him tu — one that’s got some sense, — for hauses is like men, there’s a good many fools among ’em, and a fool of a hause is only fit for a fool of a man. Now *you* want a sensible hause; a rail substantial, well broke hause; — one that’ll improve on your hands; one that, if you want to sell him, will fetch more than you gin for him. Now, I’ve got jest the critter. I show’d him to Squire Staples. He said you was a dreadful peticler man; but he said that are hause would suit you to a shavin. But there’s one pint about it; I expect the hause is sold.”

“Oh, he’s sold, is he?”

“ Why, he ’s not exactly sold, positive, but I ’m going to Boston, and expect Squire Parkins ’ll take him. He tell’d me the last time I was down, if I could find any thing a leetle cuter than ever was seen afore, he ’d like to look at it, and with him a wink ’s as good as a bid, you know. When he finds any thing that fills his eye, he do n’t stick at trifles.”

By this time Oleanthus seemed to be interested, and Hony, presuming upon his advantage, leisurely picked up a piece of chesnut shingle, took out his knife, and began whittling with an air of perfect indifference, but still proceeding with great glibness in his conversation, as follows :

“ Well, Squire, when you ’ve made up your mind to buy a hause, I should like to show you one, for its in my way. I ’m most afeared to sell this one, for Squire Parkins might blame me. You see it ’s in hauses, as in gals; there ’s a good many good uñs, but there ’s only now and then one that ’s perfect. Now Squire Parkins allers is arter them that ’s a leetle better than any body else’s; and this is just the critter for his money.”

“ But let me see the horse,” said Oleanthus, seeming to grow impatient. “ Well-l-l,” said the jockey, affecting hesitation. “ Well, I ought to mention one thing more; the hause has got one fault, and I like to be candid with a rael gentleman.”

“ What is his fault ? ”

“ Why that ’s neither here nor there, as you do n’t want him, colonel; howsever, there ’s no harm in lookin. I sha’ n’t charge you nothin’ for a sight.” Saying this, Hony led out his horse, and began to show off his paces.

He was a clever animal, high-fed, fat, and nicely groomed. The jockey fancied that he could see Oleanthus' mouth begin to water, but the latter prudently said nothing. There was a pause of some minutes while the horse trotted and frisked in circles round his owner, at the length of the tether. At last Oleanthus spoke.

"You said he had one fault, what is it?"

"Why it's a fault that can be cured, as Jerry Piper said of his nose, when the gal telled him 't was tu long. There's enough of the same, says Jerry, to make it shorter, says Jerry."

"Well, what is the fault of the horse?"

"Why Squire, this trading in hauses, is like a lottery; there's more than tu blanks to a prize, and when we du get a prize, we must make the best on 't. However, cash is cash, and we must live."

"I do n't understand you."

"Eh! very likely, I do n't spose that I rightly understand myself; now I should hate to part with that hause! and beside, there's Squire Parkins; I do n't know what he'd say."

"But what is the fault of the hause?"

"Oh its a dreadful fault; you would n't take him a gift," and saying this, Hony began to untie his horses, as if for a departure. Seeing this, Mr. Duck became a little uneasy, but still maintained his self-possession. He could not forbear, however, asking once more.

"Pray, Mr. Hony, I think you said your name was Hony?—"

"Yes sir, that's my name, and the name of my father afore me. The Honys, I have heard say, came to this

country in the time of the Old French War, and settled in No. 4, in New Hampshire. My mother is related to the Stapleses of Templetown; Squire Staples is a third cousin of my grandfather's first wife's niece, and that's the kasion we're so intimit. I allers call and see the Squire, and it was him that set me a cummin here. He said this black hause was just the critter that you wanted; but I told him about Squire Parkins and about the fault of the hause."

"Well, what is the fault of the horse?"

"Why, he's a hair too smart, major."

"Oh, ho; he's smart is he? You mean that he's too spirited, — he wants to go."

"Why yes, yes, a leetle too much up, for some people; but it's a good fault. However, that's as a parson feels. How do you like a hause, colonel?"

"I don't want a fast horse."

"Well, he's not exactly fast; you can't say he's positively a fast horse. There's some faster, and some slower; he's a kind of a fastish, slowish hause. Squire Staples thinks he's about such a hause as would suit you."

"But it seems to me he's too large. I don't want a big horse."

"Well, you're right about that gineral — the little hauses is the best. But it's queer how people talk; you think this hause is too big — now he's in fact under size."

"Well, now I look at him, I think he is. He seems to be a small horse. I do 'nt like a small horse."

"Why, he is a smallish hause, just a leetle above

middling size. I expect he's bigger than nine out of ten."

"I thought you just said he was under size."

"Yes, and so he is—he's under size in a sartin sense. He's bigger than the biggest, and littler than the least. He's about middlin—He's jist right for service."

"Well, what do you ask for him."

"Why, in fixing the price of a thing, Squire, there's a number of pints to be considered. In the first place, how much can a man afford to give; and, in the next, what does the beast stand you in—but the rail pint arter all, is, do you want a hause?"

"Why, as to that, I can't exactly say—I have some idea of buying a horse—but I have 'nt fully made up my mind."

"Well, so I thought—but when you're in a proper frame of mind, Squire, jest send to me, and I'll come and try to help you out." So saying, Mr. Hony mounted one of his horses, and the others being loosed, followed him full tilt out of the yard. It was pretty clear that Mr. Hony was not disposed to attempt further to drive a bargain with a man who had not yet made up his mind to buy a horse, and whose coolness and suspicion rendered him an overmatch for his own impudence and cunning.

* * * * *

Mankind are generally supposed to be divided into two races—those who have too much, and those who have too little to do. But when you look deeper into the matter, those who are the busiest, are always

found capable of doing a little more, and they are the very persons to go to if you want any thing done which may require labor, effort and self-sacrifice. Adam Clark says that the proverb "too many irons in the fire," is a falsehood, and that you should keep every one of them hot — tongs, poker, and all.

As to those who seem to have but little to do, that little is usually a mighty work to them. There is not, perhaps, a man of whom it may be more truly said that he has his hands full, than one of those envied persons who has nothing to do : one who can live without toil, and has not character, or courage, or virtue enough to engage in the serious responsibilities of life : to such an one, the merest trifle is a bugbear of vast dimensions. To him a molehill is a mountain. You often see such an imbecile, grumbling at the pettiest obstacles, while another is toiling with vigor, alacrity and success, over the real Alps that are thrown in the way of life's great journey. In deciding which of these two races of men has the hardest lot in life, I should reverse the common opinion, and consider the men of nothing-to-do, as those who are overburdened with care. To such persons, killing time is often a task of more real horror, than the slaying of the Lernean Hydra.

Men judge of things by their habits, and the objects around them. So it was with Mr. Oleanthus Duck. He had not yet thought of getting a wife ; he had reached his six-and-twentieth year, and being independent in his circumstances, had not deemed it necessary to engage in a profession. He had undertaken nothing in life but to buy a horse. To him, this was a great

work — equal, comparatively, at least, to the seven labors of Hercules. Having but one object in his mind, that filled his soul. A fly upon an apple sees nothing but his footstool, and this to him is a world. So our hero thought, talked, and dreamed, of nothing but buying a horse. This seemed to be to him at once a task, and a pleasure — a thing which burdened his life, and which still gave life all its zest. In this he had been engaged for three years, but without success. Every body that had a horse to part with, went to him, and whenever he heard of a horse to sell, he went to look at it. He paid money enough in the hire of horses to buy a dozen, and travelled as much as would make the tour of Europe in riding and driving upon experiment and observation.

During all this time, it is not to be disguised that Mr. Duck was several times upon the very verge of departing from his prudence, and actually buying a horse, thus deciding the awful issue between his parsimony and his wishes. The fact was that he really wanted a horse — a horse was the great desideratum of his life — but he had made up his mind to three things; the first of which was, that he would not buy a horse till he could find one absolutely perfect. This was a fundamental point; and it is curious to remark how elevating is this process of dwelling upon perfection. Its tendency is to raise the standard of taste and judgment higher and higher. In such a manner did it operate on Mr. Duck, that nothing could satisfy his nice and fastidious taste. Even where no one else could discover any defect, he saw some incipient spavin, windgall, false

quarter, glanders or heaves. No less than nineteen horses did he reject because their tails were too short, six he sent away for having a white spot in the forehead, — and he could not bear white spots in the forehead — seven he dismissed for being an inch too tall — eleven for being half an inch too low. Thirty-four he sent off without being able to note any particular objection, except that the wind chanced to be easterly, and thirty-three, because he was troubled with indigestion about those days, and had not exactly made up his mind whether he could afford to buy a horse.

The second point which Mr. Duck had laid down, was, that he must buy a horse, if he bought at all, for a little less than he was worth; the third was, that every man who has a horse to sell, is a jockey, and every jockey a rogue! Adhering to these several propositions, he went on in his pursuit, but without success, until at last he had reached the age of five-and-forty. About that period it became manifest that a new and great thought was struggling in his bosom. He had made up his mind to get married!

It must not be supposed that Mr. Duck had not thought of this subject before — it will be easily guessed, that being a man “well to do in the world,” “college learnt,” of staid and sober character, and remarkable for his prudence — a trait that outweighs all others in a yankee village — he could have matched himself if he would. It is not to be objected, that being six feet three inches in height, at least two thirds of this altitude consisted of his two nether limbs: that his face was inordinately long, with ears almost as conspicuous as

those of Balaam's travelling companion: that he was goggle-eyed and whapper-jawed, with a nutmeg complexion, and rough reddish hair that seemed to ally him to the terrier family. I have before said that Mr. Duck was wealthy, liberally educated and *prudent*; beside being the only child of Squire Duck of Duckville. Is not all this enough to convert such a form and face as I have described, into a village Apollo?

So thought Oleanthus at least, and for the first twenty years of the marriageable portion of his life, he had considered it a great point for one like him, so exposed to snares and temptations, so likely to be a dangerous object to the susceptible, and an alluring one to the mercenary—to steer clear of the perils that beset him from the other sex—all of whom he regarded, as of course having the most subtle designs upon him. The maidens he regarded as Scylla, and widows even as Charybdis. As to matrimony, he probably had thought with Byron or somebody else, that a man must be either drunk or crazy to make any woman an offer.

But now a seeming change had come over him, the secret of which might be that he was conscious of growing old, though he pretended to be younger than ever. He even affected youthful company, dressed more jauntily than before, carried his head a little on one side, and as he approached a young lady, drew his eyelids near together and summoned up a simper to his lips, as is now done by our young gentlemen on their return from Paris. He positively looked sentimental; at meeting he gazed over the congregation in prayer-time as if wistfully seeking some darling object, and what

was more decisive than all beside, in his inquiries about horses, which were still unremitted, he now gave out that he wanted a *family* horse.

It was soon an established point in Duckville that Oleanthus was a marrying man; but who was to be his happy wife? Ah, that was the question! It became a matter of interest and importance among the village gossips and petticoat politicians to master this mighty secret. A close watch was therefore established, and every movement of our hero was noted and carried to head-quarters.

It mattered little that no very great discoveries were made, for rumor is like the oak, it grows mighty big from very small seed. Oleanthus happening to go one day, to see a horse that Colonel Smallpiece of Westminster had for sale, it was at once announced that he was courting the Colonel's daughter — Miss Urania Smallpiece. In three weeks the current story fixed the day of the wedding as near at hand, — a thing to be explained by considering that in these cases, rumor is generally got up by the ladies, and they — heaven bless 'em — are always in haste to make people happy.

The simple fact was, however, that Oleanthus had not yet gone so far as to fix upon the object of his affection: he was only theoretically in love: he had only resolved to marry as the Duck family had done before him. It should be recollected that he was a prudent man, and he must deliberate; he was a pattern-man, a man of principle, and must marry, if at all, upon principle. It is therefore proper to state distinctly that, as in attempting to buy a

horse, he started upon certain fixed axioms; so now, he was to regulate his conduct by established rules; and those in relation to matrimony, were much the same as those which he had observed in the other great undertaking of his useful and honorable life. In the first place, Mrs. Duck must be beautiful, perfect in form and feature, complexion, temper and character. She must walk with grace, sing like an angel, love Oleanthus to distraction, be of good family, and above all, she must be rich! "One thing at least," said Oleanthus emphatically to himself, "a man who marries must improve his fortune."

So much for the object that was to have the glory of winning Mr. Duck's hand. But it is needful to note one thing more. He had pretty much the same idea of women in general that he had of horse-dealers, that they are all jockeys. I admit that this notion is a pretty common one among a large class of men, who value themselves upon their sagacity, — but who in this case, are led into a vulgar mistake, by judging the best portion of creation by themselves. I am sorry to say this of our hero, but so it was — the truth will out. He set about getting a wife like many others who pretend to undertake it on principle, with a deep calculation to deal with the future partner of his bosom, as he would deal with a horse-jockey, and get the best bargain that pretence, hypocrisy, and every artifice of which he was master, might enable him to achieve. Let not this be called swindling; remember that it is the fashion — that women of fortune are usually wooed and won on the same principle. 'T is the way of good society. In the game of courtship, especially where there is money at stake, it is

not expected that either party, and particularly the man, is to pay any regard to truth.

I cannot go through with the details of Mr. Duck's adventures; suffice it to say, that he continued to seek his two great objects with patient assiduity, always being in search of a horse and a wife, and often seeming to be on the point of concluding a purchase or a match, but always finding at last, some difficulty in the way. He seemed really miserable when he was not engaged in these pursuits; yet the moment he appeared to be on the point of realizing his object, his desire forsook him, and he fell into a state of indifference or aversion. When the horse would suit, perhaps the weather was bad or the price too high; or when the lady was worthy, some whim of his or hers, came in at the critical moment of fate, and determined the event on the side of prudence and celibacy.

I must hurry forward to the denouement. Mr. Duck had at last almost reached the age of seventy years, though he pretended to be about five-and-forty. But village records are easily consulted, and accordingly his real age was well known, though he still maintained his affected juvenility. It is true his form was now stooping; his hair white; and his step tottering: but he was as eagerly bent upon buying a horse and getting a wife, as ever. It was remarkable, however, that now he wanted a smart horse and a young wife. The former must trot a mile in two minutes and thirty seconds, and the latter must not exceed fifteen.

At last our hero was a happy man, in the technical phrase of the novels. It was on his seventieth birth-

day, though he numbered it forty-six, that he consummated the two great objects of his earthly career — he bought a horse, and he got a wife! The former was a broken-down hack, for which he paid an enormous price; though it was all the same to him, for he was now too old to ride. The chimney-corner was what he most cared for. As to the wife, he experienced a similar mixture of good and evil fortune. He married a widow who had had three husbands, and whose chief merit lay in her experience, and in getting rid of them. She was without a penny, though Oleanthus fancied that she was rich. She was old, though he imagined her to be young; she was ugly, though artificial curls, artificial teeth, burnt cork, and every other aid of art, enabled her to cheat the blear-eyed, superannuated bachelor. He however did not suffer long, for Mrs. Duck, in the space of two years, laid him quietly in the tomb, and inherited his ample fortune.

Such is the brief story of your prudent man, — one whose prudence is founded in a distrust of others, and who has but one object in view, to *benefit himself*. Refusing a fair share of the risks and responsibilities of life, and always endeavoring to get the better in the commerce of society, he wastes his years away, misses the very objects of pursuit, or only attains them when his faculties are gone and he cannot enjoy them. Perhaps too, in his dotage, he is made a dupe in respect to those very things, in which, through life, he has sought to dupe others.

Thus our romance ends in the trite, but wholesome proverb: "Honesty is the best policy."

PREJUDICE.

AMONG the hardy pioneers who first settled along the borders of the Ohio, was an Englishman, with two sons. These were twins, and his only children. He was half husbandman and half hunter, and the two boys followed his double vocation. They were seldom separated, and never seemed happy but in each other's society. If one was engaged in any employment, the other must share it. If one took his rifle, and plunged into the forest in pursuit of the wild deer, the other, as a matter of course, took his, and became his companion. They thus grew up together, participating in each other's pleasures and fatigues and dangers. They were therefore united, not only by the ties of kindred and a common home, but by a thousand recollections of silvan sports, and wild adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, enjoyed or experienced in each other's company.

About the time that these brothers were entering upon manhood, the French and Indian war broke out along our western frontier. In one of the bloody skirmishes that soon followed, the father and the two sons were engaged. The former was killed, and one of the twins being taken by the French troops, was carried away.

The youth that remained, returned after the fight to

his father's home; but it was to him a disconsolate and desolate spot. His mother had been dead for years: his father was slain, and his only brother — he that was bound to him by a thousand ties, was taken by the enemy and carried away, he knew not whither. But it seemed that he could not live in separation from him. Accordingly, he determined to visit Montreal, where he understood his brother had been taken; but, about this time, he was told that he had died of wounds received in the skirmish which had proved fatal to the father, and brought captivity to the son.

The young man, therefore, for a time abandoned himself to grief; but at last he went to Marietta, and after a few years was married and became the father of several children. But the habits and tastes of his early life were still upon him, and after some years he migrated farther into the wilderness, and settled down upon the banks of the Sandusky river. Here he began to fell the trees and clear the ground, and had soon a farm of cultivated land, sufficient for all his wants.

But the forrester was still a moody and discontented man. His heart was indeed full of kindness to his family; but the death of his brother had left a blank in his bosom, which nothing seemed to fill. Time, it is true, gradually threw its veil over early memories, and softened the poignancy of regret for the loss of a brother that had seemed a part of himself, and whose happiness was dearer than his own. But still, that separation had given a bias to his mind and a cast to his character, which no subsequent event, or course of circumstances could change. He was at heart a soli-

tary man — yearning indeed for the pleasure of society, yet always keeping himself aloof from mankind. He had planted himself in the wilderness, far from any other settlement, as if purposely burying himself in the tomb of the forest.

There was one trait which strongly marked the character of this man ; and that was, a detestation of every thing French. This, doubtless, originated in the fact, that his brother's captivity and death were chargeable to the French army, and he naturally enough learned to detest every thing that could be associated with the cause of that event which darkened his whole existence. A striking evidence of this deep and bitter prejudice, was furnished by the manner in which the forrester treated a Frenchman who lived on the opposite side of the Sandusky river, and who was, in fact, the only person that could be esteemed his neighbor. Being divided by a considerable river, the two men were not likely to meet except by design ; and as the Frenchman was advised of the prejudice of his neighbor against his countrymen, there was no personal intercourse between them.

Thus they lived for many years, their families sometimes meeting ; but quarrel and altercation almost invariably ensued upon such occasions. In all these cases, it was the custom of the farmer to indulge in harsh reflections upon the French character, and each action of his neighbor was commented upon with bitterness. Every unfavorable rumor touching the Frenchman's character, however improbable, was readily believed ; and his actions, that deserved commendation

rather than blame, were distorted into evil, by misrepresentation or the imputation of bad motives.

Thus these two families, living in the solitude of the mighty forest, and impelled, it would seem, by the love of sympathy and society, to companionship, were still separated by a single feeling — that of *prejudice*. The two men, so far as they knew, had never met, and had never seen each other; but that strange feeling of the human breast, that judges without evidence and decides without consulting truth or reason, parted them like a brazen wall. Under circumstances, when every thing around might seem to enforce kindness upon the heart; even here, amid the majesty of nature's primeval forest, and away from the ferment of passions engendered amid towns and villages; to this lone spot the tempter had also migrated, and put into the bosom of man the serpent of an evil passion.

Thus things passed, till the two men had numbered nearly eighty years. At last, the rumor came to the farmer that the Frenchman was dying — and it was remarked that a smile, as of pleasure, passed over his furrowed face. Soon after, a messenger came, saying that the dying Frenchman wished to see his neighbor, and begging him, in the name of Heaven, to comply with his request. Thus urged, the old man took his staff, proceeded to the river, and being set across in a boat, advanced toward the Frenchman's cabin. As he approached it, he saw the aged man reclining upon a bed of bear-skins, beneath a group of trees, near his house. By his side were his children, consisting of several grown-up men and women. They were kneeling,

and in tears, but as the farmer approached, they rose, and at a sign from their dying father, stood a little apart, while the stranger approached. The Frenchman held out his hand, and said in a feeble voice, "Brother—I am dying—let us part in peace."

Our old farmer took the cold hand, and tears—unwonted tears—coursed down his cheeks. For a moment he could not speak. But at last he said—"My friend, you speak English—and you call me brother. I thought you was a Frenchman, and I have ever esteemed a Frenchman as an enemy. And God knows I have cause—for I had once a brother, indeed. He came into life at the same hour as myself—for we were twins: and all our early days were passed in undivided companionship. Our hearts were one, for we had no hopes or fears, no wants or wishes, no pleasures or pastimes, that were not mutually shared. But in an evil hour I was robbed of that brother by the French army. My father fell in the fight, and since that dark day, my life has been shadowed with sorrow."

A convulsion seemed to shake the emaciated form of the sick old man, and for a time he could not speak. At last, he faltered forth—"Have you never seen your brother since that day?"

"Never!"—said the other.

"Then you see him, here!" said the Frenchman—and falling backward upon his couch of skins—a slight tremor ran over his frame, and he was no more.

The explanation of the scene was this. The lifeless man was indeed the brother of the farmer. After being taken by the French troops, as has been related, he was

conducted to Montreal, where he was detained for nearly two years. After his release, he retraced his steps to his former home, on the banks of the Ohio, but found his birthplace deserted: he also learned the death of his father and the departure of his brother. For years he sought the latter in vain, and at last returned to Montreal. Here he married, and after some years, removed, with a numerous family, to the borders of the Sandusky. He at length discovered that his nearest neighbor was his brother; but having found himself repulsed as a Frenchman, and treated rather like a robber, than a friend, — a feeling of injury and dislike had arisen in his breast — and therefore he kept the secret in his bosom, till it was spoken in the last moments of existence.

Thus it happened, in the tale we have told, that prejudice obstinately indulged, prevented the discovery of an important truth, and kept the mind that was the subject of it, wrapped in gloom and sorrow for years, which might otherwise have been blessed by the realizing of its fondest hopes. And thus prejudice often prevents a man from discovering that the object of his dislike, could he see and know him as he is — is indeed a man — and, as such, a brother.



THE RAINBOW BRIDGE.

Love and Hope and Youth, together —
Travelling once in stormy weather,
Met a deep and gloomy tide,
Flowing swift and dark and wide.
'T was named the river of Despair, —
And many a wreck was floating there!
The urchins paused, with faces grave,
Debating how to cross the wave,
When lo! the curtain of the storm
Was severed, and the rainbow's form
Stood against the parting cloud,
Emblem of peace on trouble's shroud!
Hope pointed to the signal flying,
And the three, their shoulders plying,
O'er the stream the light arch threw —
A rainbow bridge of loveliest hue!
Now, laughing as they tripped it o'er,
They gaily sought the other shore:
But soon the hills began to frown,
And the bright sun went darkly down.
Though their step was light and fleet,
The rainbow vanished 'neath their feet, —
And down they went, — the giddy things! —
But Hope put forth his ready wings, —

And clinging Love and Youth he bore
In triumph to the other shore.
But ne'er I ween should mortals deem
On rainbow bridge to cross a stream,
Unless bright, buoyant Hope is nigh,
And, light with Love and Youth, they fly.



FOOT-PRINTS.

A PEASANT'S cottage stood in the midst of a wide common; and, as I passed it in the morning, the scene around was wrapped in a mantle of the purest snow. This had fallen during the night; and, as the air had been still, it was of a uniform depth. Not a foot-print, as yet, had broken its surface; for the peasant had not gone forth. Not even the track of the familiar cat or sentinel dog was visible before the door. I passed on; and, as there was nothing in the scene to fix my attention, I thought no more of it at the time. But, as evening approached, I was returning to my home, and again I passed the cottage. I now remarked that the snow around it was not unbroken as before; but it was marked by a variety of feet that had been busy during the day in walking hither and thither. There was the impress of the peasant's hob-nailed shoe; of the wife's more delicate slipper; of children's feet, of two sizes; and then of a cat and dog. And these foot-prints seemed to tell what each individual had done. I did not pause to read the minutē record of each; but a hasty glance told of the labors of the peasant, and of his visits to a little thatched barn; and of the call which his wife had made upon a neighbor at a little distance. The winding and mazy traces of the children's feet, told of the pranks

and frolics of young and thoughtless life. The foot-prints of the cat showed that she had prowled beneath benches, and trees, and bushes, in search of mice; and the tracks of the dog told of his visits to the road-side to greet the passers-by.

I was in a moralizing mood, and there was a meaning in this scene, to me, which I did not forget. It seemed that each individual, as he stepped upon that carpet of snow, wrote the history of every act, and left it legible to all eyes; and I thought to myself, were it really so in all our thoughts and actions, how often would the writing be such as we should be glad to efface! And then, again, it occurred to my mind, that such a record is actually kept, written in more enduring characters than foot-prints in the snow!



LOVE OF NATURE.

THERE are three kinds of affectation to which a large portion of mankind are addicted. Shakspeare said — without one particle of truth, however — that he who hath not music in his soul, is fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils! The interpretation of this is, that he who has not an ear for music is a scoundrel; to avoid which impolite appellation, every body professes to love music; though, to my certain knowledge, many very excellent people detest it.

Every body pretends to be fond of pictures, — every body except my friend, Parson Flint. He is an honest man, — a perfect transparency, — and he confesses that he could never *raise* a picture; by which he means that to his eye the canvass even of Raphael is but a flat surface, without distance or perspective, and possessing not the slightest resemblance to the world of realities. Such honesty of confession is rare, — and perhaps such inaptitude of perception, also. But how many persons are there, who know nothing and feel nothing of the beauty of paintings, and who yet talk of them in terms of rapture, bestow upon them all the admiring epithets in our language, and pretend to point out their peculiar beauties with the air of that compound of science and sensibility — an amateur!

The third species of prevalent affectation is that of the love of nature—a love common upon the lips, though seldom in the heart. Not but that every eye may see and appreciate the difference between a fair sky and a foul one, between a winter landscape and one that is redolent of spring. There are few who do not perceive beauty in flowers, in rushing waters, in waving woods, in far-off mountains wreathed with azure, in meadows decked with blossoms gaudy as a queen with gems. There are few, indeed, who can resist the appeal of these to the heart; but if there are any such, they are generally ostentatious pretenders to the love of nature. I know of none whose souls are more truly dead to the voice of God speaking through his works, than those upon whose lips you constantly hear the words “beautiful,” “exquisite,” “delightful,” “charming,” “superb,” “romantic,” “delicious,” &c. &c.

I cannot better enforce what I mean than by giving a sketch from life. You must know, fair reader, that I am a country gentleman, and a bachelor; and, living near the metropolis, I am often visited by my city acquaintances, especially about the time of “strawberries and cream.” It was but yesterday that I was favored with a call from Miss Eleanor Flower, whom every body in town—who is any body—knows to be a lady of the first rank and fashion. She has had all the advantages which wealth can give,—such as instruction, travel, society; to which may be added the experience of thirty years confessed, besides some half dozen more, concealed behind curls, lace, and other necromantic arts of the toilet.

Now, Miss Eleanor Flower is a lively lady; and yesterday was a fair, bright day; and June, you know, is the zenith of our year. So we met joyously; and we walked forth into the garden, and then nothing would do but a ramble through the woods. On we went, Miss Flower, my simple niece, Alice Dunn, and myself. Every thing was indeed beautiful; and, for once, my city visiter seemed to *feel*. She had, it is true, the usual sign of affectation and stupidity — the constant use of such words as “fine,” “exquisite,” “beautiful,” “charming,” — the unmeaning generalities by which those who are conscious of some hypocritical pretence, endeavor to hide their hypocrisy. But still these terms were uttered with such warmth by my fair friend, that for a time I was deceived. I began to feel that she had a soul; and her hazel eyes really looked sentimental — a fact which goes far to prove a theory I have long maintained, that there is a power about women at certain times, which resembles, in no small degree, the fatal fascination imputed to the rattlesnake — a power which binds its victim in a spell of bewildering delight, yet only to draw him down to destruction.

Our little party wandered on through the woods for more than an hour; and all was delightful. Miss Flower fairly exhausted the vocabulary of pleasure; and nothing seemed amiss, except that now and then she was a little horrified at a toad; or she screamed slightly at a bumble-bee that buzzed saucily in her ear, because he was disturbed in his breakfast of nectar amid the wild honeysuckles; or perchance she made the rather ungraceful and impatient sign of the mus-

quito—a sign which can only be forgiven by those who look upon women as human creatures, and not as angels.

At last we were fairly tired, and all three sat down upon the bank of a rivulet to rest. I was seated apart; and, as the two ladies were arranging some little matters of dress which had been disturbed by the thorns and brambles of our walk, it was proper for me to appear absorbed in a brown study. I therefore looked into the brook, and was soon considered out of earshot by my companions. My feelings were, however, so much interested in Miss Flower, that I distinctly heard the following conversation, though I earnestly strove to avoid it:

Miss F. Really, the country is a horrid bore. It may be well enough to talk about; but what is it, after all? Bugs and bumble-bees, and toads and musquitoes! These are the whole of it.

Alice. But you seem to forget the flowers you praised so much a short time since, to my uncle.

Miss F. Flowers are very well; for they furnish designs for the milliners. But art is superior to nature; for artificial flowers do not fade and fall to pieces; besides, they have a pleasing effect upon a bonnet or a flounce; while natural flowers, even according to the poet, are often

“born to blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air.”

No, no; flowers are nothing in themselves; but they are turned to good account by art. Thus a flower

suggested that beautiful dress of the time of Henri IV., in which a lady was attired so as to have the form of a blossom — the high, pointed ruff representing the calyx; the head, dressed long and smooth, being an image of the pistil.

Alice. But what do you think of the woods? You spoke of them in terms of rapture, a short time ago.

Miss F. O, that's a mere matter of fashion. You must talk in that kind of way. But what can be more detestable than to toil along in a rough path, spoiling your dress, growing red in the face and neck, and tormented with mosquitoes? It's enough to ruin the temper of a saint. No, no; one must go to the country once in a while, and take a walk in the woods, just to speak of it. But that's all. It is sometimes necessary to be sentimental; for there are some persons who are taken with that sort of thing, and there is no way of introducing sentimentality so easily as to begin with the country. Very young men and very old bachelors are caught with thin webs; but they must be spread in the country. You must talk of love in a cottage; of shady walks; of retired woods; of winding dells; of grottoes cooled by waters breathing forth soft music; of twittering birds, billing, cooing, and building nests; of morning, with its refreshing dews shining like diamonds on every leaf; of evening, made for lovers, and the moon, that favors all, yet reveals nothing.

Alice. Really, this is quite a new view of things. Pray, were you not in earnest when you were speaking to my uncle so warmly about the "romantic eloquence of twilight."

Miss F. In earnest? Why, Alice, are you yet a child? Do you really suppose I could be in earnest? It is very well, no doubt, to talk about evening, and twilight, and the starry canopy of heaven. But while you are walking along, discoursing of these things, it is ten to one that a horn-bug smites you full in the face.

Alice. A horn-bug?

Miss F. Yes, a horn-bug — saucy thing! — and I'd rather meet a man in the dark than a horn-bug!

This remark drew an exclamation from Alice; and I could not forbear turning round and looking the two ladies in the face. This put a sudden stop to the dialogue; and now, being fully rested, we set out and returned home. Miss Eleanor Flower soon departed; and I forgot her in reading the following description of a genuine child of Nature, by old Davenant;

“To Astragon Heaven for succession gave
One onely pledge, and Bertha was her name;
Whose mother slept where flow'rs grew on her grave,
And she succeeded her in face and fame.

“Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theam;
And her minde's beauty they would rather choose,
Which did the light in beauty's lantern seem.

“She ne'r saw courts, yet courts could have undone.
With untaught looks, and an unpractised heart,
Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun,
For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

“She never had in busie cities bin;
Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor ere allayed with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.”

THE LEGEND OF BETHEL ROCK.

IN the picturesque State of Connecticut, there is not a spot more beautiful than the village of Pomperaug. It is situated not very far from the western border of the State, and derives its name from a small tribe of Indians, who once inhabited it. It presents a small, but level valley, surrounded by hills, with a bright stream rippling through its meadows. The tops of the high grounds which skirt the valley are covered with forests, but the slopes are smooth with cultivation, nearly to their summits. In the time of verdure, the valley shows a vividness of green like that of velvet, while the forests are dark with the rich hues supposed to be peculiar to the climate of England.

The village of Pomperaug consists now of about two hundred houses, with three white churches, arranged on a street passing along the eastern margin of the valley. At the distance of about sixty rods from this street, and running parallel to it for nearly a mile, is a rock, or ledge of rocks, of considerable elevation. From the top of this, a distinct survey of the place may be obtained almost at a glance. Beginning at the village, the spectator may count every house, and measure every garden; he may compare the three churches, which now seem drawn close together; he may trace the

winding path of the river by the trees which bend over its waters; he may enumerate the white farm-houses which dot the surface of the valley; he may repose his eye on the checkered carpet which lies unrolled before him, or it may climb to the horizon over the dark-blue hills which form the border of this enchanting picture.

The spot which we have thus described did not long lie concealed from the prying sagacity of the first settlers of the colony of New Haven. Though occupied by a tribe of savages, as before intimated, it was very early surveyed by more than one of the emigrants. In the general rising of the Indians in Philip's war, this tribe took part with the Pequods, and a large portion of them shared in their destruction. The chief himself was killed. His son, still a boy, with a remnant of his father's people, returned to their native valley, and lived for a time on terms of apparent submission to the English.

The period had now arrived when the young chief had reached the age of manhood. He took, as was the custom with his fathers, the name of his tribe, and was accordingly called Pomperaug. He was tall, and finely formed, with an eye that gleamed like the flashes of a diamond. He was such an one as the savage would look upon with idolatry. His foot was swift as that of the deer; his arrow sure as the pursuit of the eagle; his sagacity penetrating as the light of the sun.

Such was Pomperaug. But his nation was passing away, and but fifty of his own tribe now dwelt in the valley in which his fathers had hunted for ages. The day of their dominion had gone. There was a spell

over the dark warrior. The Great Spirit had sealed his doom. So thought the remaining Indians in the valley of Pomperaug, and they sullenly submitted to a fate which they could not avert.

It was therefore without resistance, and, indeed, with expressions of amity, that they received a small company of English settlers into the valley. This company consisted of about thirty persons from the New-Haven colony, under the spiritual charge of the Reverend Noah Benison. He was a man of great age, but still of uncommon mental and bodily vigor. His years had passed the bourn of threescore and ten, and his hair was white as snow. But his tall and broad form was yet erect, and his cane of smooth hickory with a golden head, was evidently a thing "more of ornament than use."

Mr. Benison had brought with him the last remnant of his family. She was the daughter of his only son, who, with his wife, had slept many years in the tomb. Her name was Mary; and well might she be the object of all the earthly affections which still beat in the bosom of one whom death had made acquainted with sorrow, and who but for her had been left alone.

Mary Benison was now seventeen years of age. She had received her education in England, and had been but a few months in America. She was tall and slender, with a dark, expressive eye, whose slow movements seemed full of soul and sincerity. Her hair was of a glossy black, parted upon a forehead of ample and expressive beauty. When at rest, her appearance was not striking; but, if she spoke or moved, she fixed the attention of

every beholder by the dignity of her air, and the tone of tender, yet serious sentiment, which was peculiar to her.

The settlers had been in the valley but a few months, when some matter of business relative to a purchase of land, brought Pomperaug to the hut of Mr. Benison. It was a bright morning in autumn, and while he was talking with Mr. Benison at the door, Mary, who had been gathering flowers in the woods, passed by them and entered the hut. The eye of the young Indian followed her with a gaze of entrancement. His face gleamed as if he had seen a vision of more than earthly beauty. But this emotion was visible only for a moment. With the habitual self-command of a savage, he turned again to Mr. Benison, and calmly pursued the subject which occasioned their meeting.

Pomperaug went away, but he carried the image of Mary with him. He retired to his wigwam, but it did not please him. He went to the top of the rock, at the foot of which his hut was situated, and which now goes under the name of Pomperaug's Castle, and looked down upon the river, which was flashing in the slant rays of the morning. He turned away, and sent his long gaze over the checkered leaves of the forest, which, like a sea, spread over the valley. He was still dissatisfied. With a single leap he sprang from the rock, and, alighting on his feet, snatched his bow and took the path which led into the forest. In a few moments he came back, and seating himself on the rock, brooded for some hours in silence.

The next morning, Pomperaug repaired to the house

of Mr. Benison, to finish the business of the preceding day. He had before signified an inclination to accede to the terms proposed by Mr. Benison; but he now started unexpected difficulties. On being asked the reason, he answered as follows:

“Listen, father — hear a red man speak! Look into the air, and you see the eagle. The sky is his home; and doth the eagle love his home? Will he barter it for the sea? Look into the river, and ask the fish that is there if he will sell it? Go to the dark-skinned hunter, and demand of him if he will part with his forests? Yet, father, I will part with my forests, if you will give me the singing-bird that is in thy nest.”

“Savage,” said the pilgrim, with a mingled look of disgust and indignation, “will the lamb lie down in the den of the wolf? Never! Dream not of it. I would sooner see her die. Name it not.” As he spoke, he struck his cane forcibly on the ground, and his broad figure seemed to expand and grow taller, while his eye gleamed and the muscles of his brow contracted with a lowering and angry expression. The change of the old man’s appearance was sudden and striking. The air and manner of the Indian, too, was changed. There was now a kindled fire in his eye, a proud dignity in his manner, which a moment before was not there; they had stolen unseen upon him, with that imperceptible progress by which the dull colors of the snake, when he becomes enraged, are succeeded by the glowing hues of the rainbow.

The two now parted, and Pomperaug would not again enter into any negotiations for a sale of his lands. He

kept himself, indeed, aloof from the English, and cultivated rather a hostile spirit in his people toward them.

As might have been expected, difficulties soon grew up between the two parties, and violent feelings were shortly excited on both sides. These soon broke out into open quarrels, and one of the white men was shot by a savage, lurking in the woods. This determined the settlers to seek instant revenge; and accordingly they followed the Indians into the broken and rocky districts which lie east of the valley, whither, expecting pursuit, they had retreated.

It was about an hour before sunset, when the English, consisting of twenty well-armed men, led by their reverend pastor, were marching through a deep ravine, about two miles east of the town. The rocks on either side were lofty; and so narrow was the dell, that the shadows of night had already gathered over it. The pursuers had sought their enemy the whole day in vain, and, having lost all trace of them, they were now returning to their homes. Suddenly a wild yell burst from the rocks at their feet, and twenty savages sprang up before them. An arrow pierced the breast of the pilgrim leader, and he fell. Two Indians were shot, and the remainder fled. Several of the English were wounded, but none mortally, save the aged pastor.

With mournful silence they bore back the body of their father. He was buried in a sequestered nook of the forest, and, with a desolate and breaking heart, the orphan Mary turned away from his grave, to be for the first time alone in their humble house in the wilderness.

* * * * *

A year passed. The savages had disappeared, and the rock on which the pilgrim met his death had been consecrated by many prayers. His blood was still visible on the spot, and his people often came with reverence to kneel there, and offer up their petitions. The place they called *Bethel Rock*; and piously they deemed that their hearts were visited here with the richest gifts of heavenly grace.

It was a sweet evening in summer when Mary Benison, for the last time, went to spend an hour at this holy spot. Long had she knelt, and most fervently had she prayed. O, who can tell the bliss of that communion, to which a pure heart is admitted in the hours of solitude and silence! The sun went down, and as the veil of evening fell, the full moon climbed over the eastern ledge, pouring its silver light into the valley; and Mary was still kneeling, still communing with Him who seeth in secret.

At length a slight noise, like the crushing of a leaf, woke her from her trance; and with quickness and agitation she set out on her return. Alarmed at her distance from home at such an hour, she proceeded with great rapidity. She was obliged to climb up the face of the rocks with care, as the darkness rendered it a critical and dangerous task. At length she reached the top. Standing upon the verge of the cliff, she then turned a moment to look back upon the valley. The moon was shining full upon the vale, and she gazed with a mixture of awe and delight upon the sea of silvery leaves, which slept in deathlike repose beneath her.

She then turned to pursue her path homeward; but what was her amazement to see before her, in the full moonlight, the tall form of Pomperaug! She shrieked, and, swift as his own arrow, she sprung over the dizzy cliff. The Indian listened; there was a moment of silence, then a heavy sound, and the dell was still as the tomb.

The fate of Mary was known only to Pomperaug. He buried her, with a lover's care, amid the rocks of the glen. Then, bidding adieu to his native valley, he joined his people, who had retired to the banks of the Housatonic.

* * * * *

Almost half a century subsequent to this event, a rumor ran through the village of Pomperaug, that some Indians were seen at night, bearing a heavy burden along the margin of the river, which swept the base of Pomperaug's Castle. In the morning, a spot was found on a gentle hill near by, where the fresh earth showed that the ground had been recently broken. A low heap of stones on the place revealed the secret. They remain there to this day; and the little mound is shown by the villagers as Pomperaug's grave.



SELF-DECEPTION.

It is a startling paradox, but nevertheless it is true, that mankind sometimes set about cheating themselves. There is nothing in the mazy labyrinths of the human heart so strange, so absurd, as self-deception. That a man should enter into a conspiracy against himself; that one part of him should play hide-and-seek with another; that the sly and trickish intellect should put on a mask and seek to dupe honest plodding conscience; is one of those anomalies in human nature, which may well excite our utmost wonder. Perhaps the true explanation of this problem may be, that conscience, like some divinity within, acts without our volition, and is felt to be an independent agent. We regard it, perhaps, as a spy upon our thoughts, or as filling the place of the All-seeing judge, and if we hoodwink this, we may fancy that our actions pass unseen and unrecorded. However this may be, a familiar instance will render the fact of self-deception plain and palpable.

A poor man at the end of a week's work, has five dollars in his pocket, which his family needs for their comfort. As he passes the door of a grog-shop, the question arises, shall I stop and expend this money in gambling and licentiousness with these boon companions — or shall I go home, and bestow it in blessings

on my family? The question is, which is the best way — which will yield the man most happiness?

Here truth and conscience present the whole case. "If you go home, you will see that place rendered cheerful and bright by your presence, and the results of your toil. You will share in the confidence and blessings of a cheerful wife, and the affection of happy children. If you do otherwise—if you spend your money here, you will reduce yourself to the degradation of a brute, and on the morrow you will suffer all the pangs of outraged nerves, rendered more poignant by the reproaches of conscience setting before you a wife deserted — a family neglected — and the paradise of home converted into a scene of misery, because a husband and a father turns spoiler and betrayer."

Here then is the whole truth, fairly presented: but now comes the process of self-deception. A veil is dexterously drawn over this side of the picture, or perhaps it is forcibly thrust out of view — while the other is contemplated with a fond and favoring fancy. The mad delights of the bowl, the fierce revelry, the bewildering joys of intoxication, come over the yielding fancy like a spell. Thus passion presses its instant claims, and the conquest is already made. The victim, though he has actually made up his mind, still pretends to one part of himself, that he has not done so. "I will go home to my family," says he, whispering in the ear of conscience — at the same time, he enters the gate of perdition. "I will step in and take one draught, and then I will go home." He goes in, and is lost.

/ Such is self-deception — such is the enemy within

the fortress, too often ready to betray it. In morals, as well as in war, there are more garrisons lost by treason in the camp, than by the assailants without the wall. The great strife in the pursuit of truth is, to guard against self-betrayal.

One of the commonest instances of self-delusion, is that in which a man's wishes, passions, or interest lie on one side of a question. In this case, he covers up the truth that presents itself on the side against his wishes, or at least he puts it in the back-ground, as of little weight or importance; while he brings into full light, and bestows exaggerated consideration upon, those circumstances which accord with his desires. He thus uses in dealing with himself two sets of weights, and both of them false. He weighs those things he wishes to depreciate, with heavy weights; and those he wishes to have preponderate, he weighs with light ones. Under this process, nothing is correctly estimated — nothing is seen in its proper place or proportions. The mind is used as a spy-glass — in looking through it one way, all the objects are diminished and remote; reverse it, and the scene is brought close to the eye, and with enlarged dimensions.

Attachment to particular opinions is a common source of self-delusion. A man's pride, his habits of thought, his credit for sagacity, his self-esteem, all unite to create in him a desire to sustain and establish the creed in religion or politics, with which he is connected. Under such circumstances he will often shut his eyes to the plainest and most palpable facts. An instance of this is furnished by one of the English missionaries to

India. It appears that this individual had an interview with a Hindoo priest, in which the doctrine of transmigration was under discussion. The Bramin maintained this point of faith, and as one of its inferences, contended that it was wrong even to destroy insects, for these were doubtless associated with souls in some stage of transmigration. To show the priest the impossibility of observing this rule, the missionary argued that the earth and the air were thronged with insects, so minute as to escape observation, and that at every step in walking, we necessarily crushed numbers of them. "Nay, more," said the missionary, "the clearest water is filled with little animals, and at every draught, you swallow hundreds of these living things."

"I do not believe it—I will not believe it,"—said the Bramin.

"Then will I prove it to you,"—said the missionary, —and taking a microscope from his pocket, applied it to a glass of water, and showed to the astonished Bramin that it was alive with insects of varied forms, darting and wriggling about with great activity. The priest gazed through the glass for a moment—and then dashing the instrument to the floor, and crushing it in pieces with his heel, exclaimed—"Still I will not believe it!"

Thus it is in a thousand instances—the wish is father to the thought: that our feelings get the better of our understandings: that the lamp of truth is voluntarily put out, and some illusive meteor becomes our chosen guide.

Prejudice is a common source of self-delusion. The

mode by which it operates is, to blind the mind to every truth which is favorable to its object, while every thing that goes to sustain or establish it, is received, believed and exaggerated.

“There is something,” says a certain writer, “exceedingly curious in the constitution and operation of PREJUDICE. It has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness of reception. But prejudice, like the spider, makes every where its home. It has neither taste, nor choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire and water, in which a spider will not live. So let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking; let it be hot, cold, dark or light, lonely or inhabited, still PREJUDICE, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live, like the spider, where there seems nothing to live on.

“If the one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate and use, the other does the same; and as several of our passions are strongly characterized by the animal world, PREJUDICE may be denominated the *spider of the mind*!”

Such is this evil passion — this mingled obliquity of mind and heart. Knowing it to be such, we still yield to it, and in a large share of our actions toward mankind, we permit ourselves to be swayed, or perchance governed by it. This bad counsellor is often admitted

into village neighborhoods, and not unfrequently keeps persons apart, or even in a state of active hostility, who are entitled to each others esteem, and who, could they see each other as they really are, would be united in that friendship which is founded upon mutual confidence and mutual regard.

Beside these well-known sources of self-delusion, it may be well to remark that habit exercises an almost omnipotent control over us ; those therefore who seek the guidance of truth, should be careful to guard against errors from its influence. This is the more necessary, from the fact that what we have often repeated, has acquired a species of authority over our minds, from repetition alone. We are not only apt to do as we have done before ; not only are the wheels of thought inclined to slide into and follow out the tracks which they have themselves made — but we are reluctant to doubt, to question even, whether a path we have often trodden is the right one. Thus, in the formation of our habits we voluntarily mark out roads which we know our feet are likely to follow.

Among the habits of mind most to be feared, is that of credulity — an indulgence of the disposition to believe without evidence. This is not, perhaps, an unamiable characteristic — certainly it is often associated with great moral excellence. But to what labyrinths of error does it not lead ? — of what delusions is it not the parent. It is to this species of credulity that tales of ghosts and haunted houses are addressed. It is for such morbid appetites that legends of witchcraft and necromancy are handed down from age to age. The

proper remedy for the disease of credulity is, to bring every thing as far as possible to the test of common sense. A calm inquiry into facts will usually exorcise the most inveterate ghost, and restore any haunted house to a good reputation. A tradition of Charles II. of England furnishes a hint on this subject. He was a member of some learned society, where it was the custom to discuss profound questions of philosophy. On one occasion his majesty intimated a desire to propound an inquiry—whereupon a respectful silence was observed.

“I wish to ask,” said his majesty, “of this learned society, why it is that when you put a fish into a vessel filled with water, it will not run over?”

Various solutions of this curious fact were offered. One learned philosopher explained it upon one theory, and another upon another theory. But none of these seemed quite satisfactory, and it was at last agreed that no one present could answer the inquiry. It was therefore requested that his majesty would offer his royal views upon the matter. Thus solicited, King Charles spoke as follows: “I asked you, gentlemen, why, if a fish is put into a tub full of water, it will not run over. I have only to say, that it will run over.”

The first inquiry, then, in almost all cases, when any extraordinary statement is made, should be this—what are the facts? This will often save a vast deal of wondering, guessing, and philosophizing, which are usually the entrances—the gateways to the mists and mazes of self-delusion.

Another pernicious habit, is that of incredulity. The

man that doubts or denies every thing, is quite as likely to be deceived, to be the dupe of error, as the credulous man. This habit too, like all others, grows by indulgence, until one may almost doubt his identity or his existence. It soon becomes a part of character, and then is usually associated with an ill opinion of mankind, and not unfrequently leads to habitual satire and spleen. I once knew a person of this species, who was called upon as a witness to the reputation of one of his neighbors. When asked by the lawyer what the character of the witness was — he replied, “bad, sir, — very bad.”

“But,” said the lawyer, “I wish to know the character of this man for truth and veracity.”

“Bad, sir — very bad,” said the witness.

“But,” inquired the other, “I wish to know if the man’s character for truth and veracity is as good as that of mankind in general?”

“Oh, yes,” said the witness; “I have no doubt that it is as good as that of mankind in general; but it is bad, very bad.”

The spirit of satire is a frequent source of error. This disposes the mind to see every thing in an unfavorable light; to look upon the world through an uneven glass, which throws all objects into grotesque attitudes. A man infected with this spirit, loves to see the world in its undress—to paint mankind in their hours of weakness or folly—and perhaps, not content with this, will even bestow upon dignity itself some association which imparts to it an air of ridicule. Such a man is like a French marquis, who invited a large dinner-party in the time of powdered wigs, taking care

to place in the receiving-room a mirror, that gave an oblique direction to every image thrown upon its surface. As the several visitors came, they adjusted their wigs by the glass, and of course, in order to make them appear upright, they gave them a slanting position. When they were all seated at table, they presented a grotesque appearance, and were a fair illustration of the view a satirist takes of his fellow-men. His mind is a mirror, the obliquity of which is imparted to every thing it reflects. In such cases, the ridicule is not in mankind, but in the satirist who abuses his own reason, for he follows a standard of falsehood, and not of truth. It is strange, but still it is a reality, that people who value themselves for their wit — who pretend to be better and wiser than other men,—who assume the seat of judgment, and pronounce their decisions upon the world, with an air of authority, should themselves be the voluntary dupes of their own evil habits: that reason — a mirror of truth, as God and nature gave it — should be bent and twisted by its possessor, till it reflects not things as they are, but as they are not, thus becoming an instrument of delusion and error.

Another species of self-deception arises from an indulgence of the spirit of satire, till it results in a greediness, an avidity of lashing — the ambition of saying piquant and pungent things; and which, at last, begets an utter indifference to justice or truth. The biographer of Byron tells us a curious instance of this. In the first draught of the great poet's "British Bards and Scotch Reviewers," he introduced the following line —

“Topography I leave to *stupid* Gell.”

In this state it went to press; but a few evenings before the proof was sent to him, Byron was introduced to Sir W. Gell, and being treated by that gentleman with some attention, he was pleased with him, and when the proof-sheet came he altered the epithet “stupid” to “classic,” thus converting a contemptuous and condemnatory couplet into one of eulogy and commendation. Such is the justice of a determined satirist; the colors with which he paints are not furnished by the rainbow of truth, but by the capricious flickerings of his own heart. He sees not things as they are, but as they are reflected in an uneven glass.

Another source of delusion nearly allied to credulity, is the love of the marvellous. This inclines the subject of it to believe what is extraordinary merely because it is so. To such a person, simple truth is insipid. It is only the high-seasoned tale of the wild and wonderful, that pleases his palate. This disposition seems born with some men, and the effort to correct it is reluctant and painful. It is to persons of this cast that ghosts usually pay their addresses — and I fancy, if the truth were known, that the hero of the Salem turnpike, of whom the legend tells us, was one of these. As he was passing along in the gray mists of the evening, a solemn vision arrested his attention. A disembodied spirit stood by the road-side, and with awful and majestic air, lifted up its arm as if to warn the traveller from proceeding on his journey! Obedient to the mysterious mandate, the traveller retraced his steps to Sa-

lem, and told the tale. There were persons present who had a fancy to see a ghost, and accordingly they returned with the traveller to the spot where the vision had appeared to him. There it stood, but on being approached, it proved to be an honest pump, with its long handle elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees !

I have heard another story — which may afford a lesson on this subject — and it is of the more value, that I have reason to believe it true. Some years ago, an eminent physician of Hartford, in Connecticut, was called to a patient in the adjacent town of Berlin. He was detained by his duties there till past midnight, when he set out on horseback, for his return. It was winter, and the snow, about a foot deep, was incrustated with ice, so as to bear a man upon its surface. It was one of those clear frosty nights, when the “ cold round moon shines deeply down,” imparting to nature an aspect of melancholy repose, and suggesting the idea that death has stolen in and turned sleep to dissolution.

The physician pushed his horse forward with a rapid step, until, as he was passing a lonely grave-yard that lay at some distance from the road, an object at once attracted his attention, and curdled his heart with a cold and chilling sensation. He saw, or fancied that he saw, the form of a female, wrapped in a mantle scarcely less white and dazzling than the moonlight, passing slowly over the space between the road and the grave-yard, and advancing toward the latter. He drew in his reins, and gazed steadily at the object, for several seconds. It seemed to be no illusion. He imagined that he could distinctly see the folds of drapery, and mark a

slow but gliding progress over the snow. But he could hear no sound. He listened intently. Not a whisper of the breeze was heard — all nature seemed breathless — and even the foot-fall of the mysterious image was noiseless as the tread of a spirit.

The physician was a man of nerve, and an habitual disbeliever in ghosts; but here seemed a refutation of his creed. He passed his hand over his brow, as if to assure himself that it was no illusion of his senses. He gazed around, and gathered up his recollections of the day, to determine whether he might not be dreaming. He satisfied himself that it was no illusion, no dream. There was the mysterious and unearthly figure, still before him, and still proceeding with a noiseless and gliding step toward the little collection of white tombs at the extremity of the field.

The conduct of the physician was that which became a man. "I will know the truth," said he, "or perish in the attempt." He sprang from his horse, and entering the field, proceeded directly toward the object of his attention. It still continued to recede from him — but at last he seemed to approach it. Having reached the grave-yard, it quietly seated itself upon a tomb by the side of a new-made grave. As the physician came near, the moonlight fell full upon the form, which seemed to be that of a female; but the face, which was marked with indescribable sorrow, was pallid and colorless as the stone upon which she sat.

The figure seemed not to notice the physician, but there was something in the scene which touched him with indescribable awe. He could not resist the idea

that he stood in the presence of a disembodied spirit — but still with a phrenzied effort he approached it — and laid his hand upon the shoulder. The figure started — uttered a wild shriek, and fell to the earth! The physician lifted her up, and found that it was a mother who had walked forth in her sleep, wrapped in a sheet, to visit the grave of her infant that had died the night before, and for which the fresh tomb had been prepared.

The moral of this anecdote is plain; resistance of the impulses of superstition, resulted in explaining an appearance, that had otherwise passed into a well-authenticated ghost.

A fertile cause of self-delusion is found in an indulgence of the love of mysticism. This has been one of the stumbling blocks to truth in all ages. It is confined to no sect, to no country. It may be discovered among the followers of Fo and Bramah; among the worshippers of the Grand Lama and the devotees of Mahomet, and among christians of all creeds. It is a spirit in man, which ebbs and flows like the eternal tides. Perhaps too, like those very tides, which are the result of impulses given to our earth by the heavenly bodies, that yearning after the unseen and the spiritual is also a movement deriving its origin from above. If it be so, surely we should not abuse it to the purposes of error and evil.

The readiness of certain persons to be cheated by medicinal quacks, may be traced in part to the love of mysticism. The whole science of medicine is itself peculiarly occult and hidden, in one respect. We can never see the process by which medicine chases away disease, and restores health. Even to the student

of medicine, this is a riddle; to the credulous, the imaginative, the ignorant, there is something in it that partakes of magic. They are prone, therefore, to believe that the power of healing is a gift, and not an art — that it comes by nature, and not by study. Thus they are ever disposed to run after ignorant pretenders and impudent quacks. So far does this folly extend — so far does it operate among us, even in this enlightened age, and here in the heart of New England, that hundreds of persons among us lose their lives every year, by the operations of quack doctors and quack medicines. The extent to which this is carried may be imagined by taking a single instance. A man in Philadelphia manufactures a medicine, to which he gives the name of *panacea* — and such is the extensive sale of it, that he has realized a fortune in a few years. Yet, according to the testimony of Dr. Bigelow, in the trial of Mrs. Kinney, a leading ingredient of this medicine, taken indiscriminately, is arsenic — one of the deadliest of poisons. How many a life that hung upon a thread has been sundered by the arsenic administered in that *panacea* — that pretended cure of all human diseases!

Among the instances of delusion, arising from a love of mysticism, is that afforded by the Mormons. The history of superstition tells not of a more barefaced imposition, than this. Here are no bulrushes of antiquity in which to hide the cradle of the infant religion: it is born in our own day, and bred up under our own eyes. It is a naked falsehood, and were it not that it appeals to man's love of the mysterious, could not dupe any mind endued with a ray of common sense.

Yet this hoax has become the basis of a settled creed, — the platform of a sect, which is now drawing its votaries from various parts of both hemispheres, and beginning to point its upward spires among villages and cities, in testimony of its prevalence and power!

Such are some of the vulgar forms of delusion, proceeding from an indulgence of the love of mysticism — a hankering for mental excitement, which becomes like the habit of physical intoxication, a master of the soul, prostrating and degrading the most exalted portion of man's nature.

Before we notice another remarkable case of modern mysticism, it may be well to make a few preliminary observations. It is now somewhat more than half a century, that the great efforts of the human mind throughout the civilized world have been bestowed, almost exclusively, on natural science. During this period, metaphysics, the philosophy of mind, has been treated with comparative neglect: matter has been the chief subject of investigation. In this, immense strides have been made. The three great kingdoms of nature have been explored, and not content with investigating these, as they now exist, philosophy has plunged into the past and revealed to us races of animals and tribes of trees, plants, and shrubs, which existed before the flood, but which are now extinct. Nay more — the structure of the earth has been examined, the foundations thereof have been scrutinized, and the very art of world-making and world-building is now a study in our common schools.

Thus the entire field of nature, the kingdom of matter, has been explored, from the growth of a blade of

grass, to the mechanism of the celestial bodies; from the grain of sand, to the revolving planet. So far indeed has the investigation of matter proceeded, that not merely its chemical properties, but its more subtle principles, have become the theme of familiar observation and study. Magnetism, once so mysterious, is now well understood, and mankind, not content with having enslaved the three great elements of air, fire, and water, as the means of locomotion, have been attempting to put a yoke on magnetism, and attach this also to the triumphal car of human art. One of the petitioners before the General Court of Massachusetts, in behalf of the Seekonk Railroad, a few years since, in addressing the committee, urged as an argument in favor of this road, that it was so constructed as to admit the use of electro-magnetic engines, — thus providing for dismissing the lazy and ineffectual power of steam, and hitching on thunder and lightning in its place!

Nor is this all. The element to which we allude — passing under various names, and eluding pursuit, like some notorious felon, appears to be fairly caught at last. A learned gentleman* of New York has just published a book, in which he asserts that electricity or magnetism is the great motive power throughout the universe: the instrument by which plants bud and blossom, and yield seed; by which animals live, and breathe, and have a being; by which the planets revolve in their orbits. Even animal life, it would seem, is no longer a

* SHERWOOD, on the Motive Power of the Universe.

riddle or a mystery — it is only one of the pranks of magnetism. If this be so, we may expect that animal magnetism will soon be among the exact sciences.

In the great march of natural science to which we allude, the philosophy of Bacon, making truth and experience the starting point of our reasonings, has been the guide of the age, and the results have been generally useful and practical.

But while such has been the main tendency of science among the leading nations of Europe, there has been a school in Germany, whose disciples have been occupied with the mysteries of mind. As the philosophy of Locke impressed itself strongly upon the people of England, so that of Kant had cast the mind of Germany in its own image. The general theory of this great metaphysician is, that instead of acquiring our ideas through the instrumentality of the senses, as Locke maintains — we have many, such as that of time, space, unity, multitude, substance, existence, &c., which are the pure offspring of the understanding. Thus he maintains that we have some ideas which transcend the senses, and accordingly his philosophy is called *transcendental*.

It is under the pervading influence of Kant, that German literature has been prosecuted for the last half century, and every thing capable of reflecting its hues seems to be tinged with it. Even poetry, romance, the drama, — almost every form in which the spirit of the age manifests itself, is occasionally touched with the transcendental mist, that the mighty magician has evoked from the deeps of philosophy.

This mist slowly but gradually crept over to England, and at last has become visible even here. There is now a transcendental school, expressly avowed, in this Yankee land, and, through a periodical devoted to its interests, seeks approval and propagation here. The members of this school set themselves forth as possessing "an intense desire to pierce into the mysteries of the universe" — to "outwatch the Bear, to unsphere the spirit of Plato" — to "wrestle with day-break to obtain a benediction from the angel of truth."

They speak of themselves as "a small class of scholars who value literature as an instrument for the solution of problems that haunt and agitate the soul. They wish to look into the truth of things. The universe in its mysterious and terrible grandeur has acted upon them. Life is not regarded by them as a pageant or a dream; it passes before their eye in dread and solemn beauty; thought is stirred up from its lowest depths; they become students of God unconsciously; and secret communion with the divine presence is their preparation for a knowledge of books, and the expression of their own convictions."

Believing, as we do, that a high self-estimation has a conservative tendency, we are not disposed to censure this somewhat flattering self-portraiture. It might indeed be natural to ask, if these persons are alone in their "desire to look into the truth of things?" — if the "universe in its mysterious and terrible grandeur" has acted only on them? — if they only, of all the world, "are students of God?" — if "communion with the divine presence" is a new phenomenon, and only vouch-

safed to these wrestlers with day-break ? But these questions we do not ask, for we will not impute arrogance or egotism to those of whom we are speaking. They rank among their number some of the finest minds and most elegant scholars of the day, and so far as we know them, they are pure and virtuous members of society.

Could their theories be confined to persons of this class, we should have little fear of their consequences upon the community. But let us consider that, judging the world by themselves, some of these individuals believe that all the accustomed restraints of religion and law are useless, not to say mischievous, and that, accordingly, they come before the world denouncing the existing state of things, and ask us to join them in a radical reform of society. Some of them go so far as to call upon us to pull down our churches — to banish the priesthood, to annihilate the visible church in all its forms — to sweep away the sabbath with its hymns of praise, to prostrate the barriers which protect life and property, and home and conscience. They ask us to base government, not on laws sustained by power — but on taste and feeling. In short, they call upon us to hurl down the present fabric of society, and in disdain of experience, in defiance and rejection of all that history teaches, to take their scheme, and crystalize anew, according to their theory. Such is the request of those who have wrought no miracles, and shown no sign in attestation of their authority — and so far as plain minds can judge of the matter, set up no higher claim to our confidence, than that they have seen visions and dreamed dreams.

Is it possible to produce a more startling illustration of the power of mysticism over the mind than that persons of cultivated intellect, elevated tastes and pure morals, and withal brought up in New England, — the land of common sense, — should start a scheme for the renovation of society, upon such a basis of seeming visions; and should connect theories so beautiful with measures and designs so baneful! The whole subject suggests reflection and caution. It tells us that the refined, as well as the vulgar mind, has a principle within, designed to elevate the soul, but which — divorced from experience and common sense, and indulged in seeking to be wise above what is written — may become the source of delusion, and of that most hopeless and helpless species — self-delusion.



THE MONKEYS IN PROCESSION.

A TRAVELLER in Africa was one day astonished to observe a vast procession of monkeys marching over a plain, with countenances indicative of the deepest sorrow. There was the little frisky green monkey — but his countenance was grave and wo-begone; there was the red monkey, and the baboon, and the chimpanze, and all seemed full of grief, as if some great calamity had befallen them. Instead of the leaps and frolics and grimaces usually seen among this four-handed family, they marched forward with long and regular steps, to a grave and solemn tune, sung by a choir of appointed howlers.

After marching a considerable distance, the vast procession, consisting of many thousands, approached a low mound of earth. Here the head of the train halted, and the rest came up and arranged themselves around the mound. Then the whole troop set up a most piteous wail; then some of them began to dig into the mound of earth, and pretty soon they disclosed the half-decayed skeleton of a monkey. This was raised upon an altar, and then all the monkeys bowed down to the bones, and paid them reverence. Then one of the most noted of the monkeys, a famous lawyer among them, stood up and made an eloquent address. The monkeys, apes and baboons sobbed, and sighed, and howled, as the orator proceeded. At length he finished with a pathetic and sublime flourish, and the

congregation shed tears, and wiped their eyes, and then they laid the bones in the ground again, and then they heaped up the earth over it to a vast height; and they reared a monument upon it, with an inscription setting forth the virtues and services of the dead monkey, and then they all went away.

After the multitude had dispersed, the traveller went to the orator, and asked him what all this meant; whereupon he said, that it was the custom with the monkeys, when any one rose up among them of supreme sagacity, or superior excellence, to envy and hate him—to persecute him and put him to death; but after many years they always dug up the decayed bones and worshipped them, to testify their gratitude, and repair their injustice, by honoring the memory of the monkey that they had reviled while living.

This sounded so ridiculous to the traveller that he laughed outright; but he was soon rebuked by the monkey, who spoke gravely as follows: “Your mirth, sir traveller, is ill-timed, and shows a want of due reflection. We monkeys are great imitators, and in this matter we do but follow the fashion of our betters. Some monkeys have travelled as well as you, sir, and they tell us that mankind usually revile those who are remarkable for goodness or greatness, while they are living, and often bring them to a premature grave, either by persecution or neglect; but afterwards, when their bones are decayed, they make up for their folly and injustice, by paying great honor to their memory, digging up their remains, singing hymns, delivering orations, and erecting monuments over their ashes!”

THE GREEDY FOX.

ON a winter's night,
When the moon shone bright,
Two foxes went out for prey;
As they trotted along,
With frolic and song
They cheered their lonely way.

Through the wood they went,
But they could not scent
A rabbit or goose, astray;
But at length they came
To some better game,
In a farmer's barn — by the way.

On a roost there sat
Some chickens as fat
As foxes could wish for their dinners;
So the prowlers found
A hole by the ground,
And they both went in, the sinners!

They both went in
With a squeeze and a grin,
And the chickens were quickly killed;
And one of them lunched,
And feasted and munched,
Till his stomach was fairly filled.

'The other, more wise,
Looked about with both eyes,
And hardly would eat at all;
For as he came in,
With a squeeze and a grin,
He remarked that the hole was small.

And the cunning elf
He said to himself,
"If I eat too much, 't is plain,
As the hole is small,
I shall stick in the wall,
And never get out again."

Thus matters went on,
Till the night was gone,
And the farmer came out with a pole;
Then the foxes flew,
And one went through,
But the greedy one stuck in the hole!



THE TWO SHADES.

ALONG that gloomy river's brim,
Where Charon plies the ceaseless oar,
Two mighty Shadows, dusk and dim,
Stood lingering on the dismal shore.
Hoarse came the rugged Boatman's call,
While echoing caves enforced the cry —
And as they severed life's last thrall,
Each Spirit spoke one parting sigh.

“Farewell to earth! I leave a name,
Written in fire, on field and flood —
Wide as the wind, the voice of fame,
Hath borne my fearful tale of blood.
And though across this leaden wave,
Returnless now my spirit haste,
Napoleon's name shall know no grave,
His mighty deeds be ne'er erased.
The rocky Alp, where once was set
My courser's hoof, shall keep the seal,
And ne'er the echo there forget
The clangor of my glorious steel.
Marengo's hill-sides flow with wine —
And summer there the olive weaves,
But busy memory e'er will twine

The blood-stained laurel with its leaves.

The Danube's rushing billows haste
With the black ocean wave to hide —

Yet is my startling story traced,
In every murmur of its tide.

The pyramid on Giseh's plain,
Its founder's fame hath long forgot —

But from its memory, Time, in vain
Shall strive Napoleon's name to blot.

The bannered storm that flouts the sky,
With God's red quiver in its fold,

O'er startled realms shall louring fly,
A type of me, till time is told.

The storm, a thing of weal and woe,
Of life and death, of peace and power —

That lays the giant forest low,
Yet cheers the bent grass with its shower —

That, in its trampled pathway leaves,
The uptorn roots to bud anew,

And where the past o'er ruin grieves,
Bids fresher beauty spring to view: —

The storm — an emblem of my name, —
Shall keep my memory in the skies —

Its flash-wreathed wing, a flag of flame,
Shall spread my glory as it flies."

The Spirit passed, and now alone,
The darker Shadow trod the shore —

Deep from his breast the parting tone
Swept with the wind, the landscape o'er.

“Farewell! I will not speak of deeds, —
For these are written but in sand —

And, as the furrow choked with weeds,
Fade from the memory of the land.

The war-plumed chieftian cannot stay,
To guard the gore his blade hath shed —

Time sweeps the purple stain away,
And throws a veil o’er glory’s bed.

But though my form must fade from view,
And Byron bow to fate resigned, —

Undying as the fabled Jew,
Harold’s dark spirit stays behind!

And he who yet, in after years,
Shall tread the vine-clad shores of Rhine,

In Chillon’s gloom shall pour his tears,
Or raptured, see blue Leman shine —

He shall not — cannot, go alone —
Harold unseen shall seek his side:

Shall whisper in his ear a tone,
So seeming sweet, he cannot chide.

He cannot chide; although he feel,
While listening to the magic verse,

A serpent round his bosom steal,
He still shall hug the coiling curse.

Or if beneath Italian skies,
The wanderer’s feet delighted glide,

Harold, in merry Juan’s guise,
Shall be his tutor and his guide.

One living essence God hath poured
In every heart — the love of sway —

And though he may not wield the sword,
Each is a despot in his way.

The infant rules by cries and tears —
The maiden, with her sunny eyes —

The miser, with the hoard of years —
The monarch, with his clanking ties.

To me the will — the power, were given,
O'er plaything man to weave my spell,

And if I bore him up to heaven,
'T was but to hurl him down to hell.

And if I chose upon the rack
Of doubt to stretch the tortured mind,

To turn Faith's heavenward footstep back,
Her hope despoiled — her vision, blind —

Or if on Virtue's holy brow,
A wreath of scorn I sought to twine —

And bade her minions mocking bow,
With sweeter vows at pleasure's shrine —

Or if I mirrored to the thought,
With glorious truth the charms of earth,

While yet the trusting fool I taught,
To scoff at Him who gave it birth —

Or if I filled the soul with light,
And bore its buoyant wing in air —

To plunge it down in deeper night,
And mock its maniac wanderings there —

I did but wield the wand of power,
That God intrusted to my clasp,

And not, the tyrant of an hour —
Will I resign it to Death's grasp!

The despot with his iron chain,

In idle bonds the limbs may bind —
He who would hold a sterner reign,
Must twine the links around the mind.
Thus I have thrown upon my race,
A chain that ages cannot rend —
And mocking Harold stays to trace,
The slaves that to my sceptre bend.”



THE HUNTERS OF THE PRAIRIE:

A SKETCH FROM A TRAVELLER'S MEMORANDUM BOOK.

THE night had covered the earth with a thin robe of snow. As the morning dawned, we saw a deer straining across the prairie, as if urged by some imminent peril. He went at full bounds, and looked not behind. For a long time we watched his progress; and though he flew onward with great rapidity, such was the vast level over which he passed, that after a while he seemed rather to creep than run. By degrees he dwindled in size, till he appeared but a speck. At length he reached the hills, which lay like a flight of steps at the foot of the Rocky Mountains; and as he ascended them, he seemed an insect crawling over a sheet of white paper.

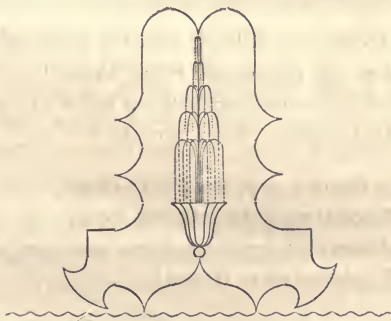
Scarcely was he lost to view, when a pack of eight wolves of the prairie were seen on his track, speeding forward with that eagerness which characterizes the race. Two were in advance of the rest, with their noses near the ground; yet proceeding with a directness, expressive at once of assurance and determination. The rest followed, as if they placed implicit reliance upon their leaders. On they went; and long before

they reached the mountains, they were lost to our view.

It was a scene that suggested a long train of musings. One might have fancied that peace would hold her reign over the solitude, as yet disturbed by no intrusive footsteps of man. Far away was the ocean; far away the busy marts along its border, whose bosoms, like the fretted sea, are agitated with the surges of contending billows. Before us was the spotless prairie, untouched and unsullied, with a mantle thrown over it from heaven. Yet here were things to remind us of scenes which are witnessed in human society. There was indeed no buying and selling; yet that poor animal fled like a creditor, and those blood-hounds of the forest pursued like sheriffs. There was here no distinction of sects, no diversity of creeds; yet that pacific deer might seem a quaker of the forest, carrying his non-combative doctrines to the utmost extent. Poor fellow! both he, and William Penn, found that a peaceful life is not a sure protection against the malice of the world.

Fancies like these crossed my mind, till other scenes suggested other thoughts, and the deer and the wolves were forgotten. As the sun was setting behind the mountains, however, my attention was suddenly attracted by the whistling of the deer, and the sharp cry of the wolves now close upon him. He had re-crossed the prairie, and sought for shelter in a little rocky mound, situated in the midst of the plain. In vain his endeavors to escape, for during the whole day his unwearied pursuers had maintained the chase. He was now worn and weary; and the sight of the wolves at his heels,

with teeth laid bare, and eyes staring upon their prey, was sufficient only to produce a staggering gait, between a walk and a bound. Having left his cover and crossed a little brook, he faltered as he ascended the bank, and one of the wolves springing upon him, fixed his fangs fatally in the back of his neck.



THE BLUE-BIRD.

HARK ! on the air some music floats
By, with a breezy wing ;
See ! 't is the blue-bird's welcome notes,
Coming to tell of spring.

There on the topmost bough above,
He sits by his gentle mate !
With trembling wings and a voice of love,
He fondly seems to prate.

Welcome, sweet bird, with thy wing of blue,
And thy round and ruddy breast !
Thou hast come again these fields to view,
And choose thyself a nest.

'T is many a day, my pretty cheat,
Since thou didst quit the trees,
And leave us here mid storm and sleet,
To shiver or to freeze !

While we with winter clouds of black
Were wading through the snow,
Our fingers pinched by frosty Jack,
And all our spirits low ;

Thou, thou wast in some southern clime,
Where flowers are ever found,

Singing thy song, in mellow chime,
With other birds around.

And didst thou, in those happy hours,
Sing of thy native land;
And of the orchard filled with flowers,
Where thy birth-tree did stand?

I know thou didst; for home is blest,
When we are far away;
And thou hast come with a beating breast,
Back to thy native spray.

There thou dost sit, and seem to sing
About thy youthful days;
And thy soft mate, with fluttering wing,
Approves thy mellow lays.

And thou art innocent and blest,
And I forgive thy wrong,
That thou didst leave us, when oppressed
And sad, all winter long.

I do forgive thee; for thy wing,
On the first southern breeze,
Comes whistling back, and notes of spring
Thou bringest to the trees.



THE LAMP.

A YOUTH was once walking along in the obscure passages of an ancient building. The place was rough and dark, and in some parts he could hardly discern the objects around him. Several times he ran against the stone pillars or projections that came in his way, and severely wounded his flesh. In one instance, he was plunged headlong down a flight of steps, and at last he fell into a pit. From this he extricated himself with much difficulty, and he was so disheartened that he burst into tears.

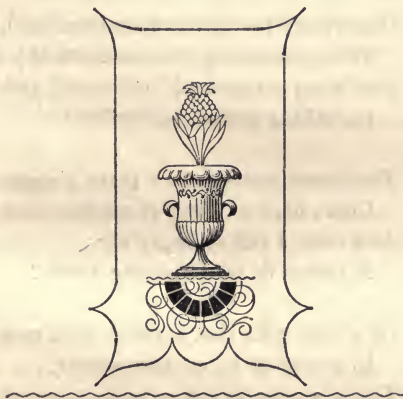
While he stood weeping in the dark passage, a door opened in the floor, through which a flood of light burst forth, and immediately a lovely female was before him. She had a winning smile upon her face, and asked in gentle tones what he desired?

"Give me a lamp — pray give me a lamp!" said the boy, "to guide me through this labyrinth!" No sooner was the request made, than it was granted; a lamp was in the boy's hand, and the fairy image disappeared.

The youth now tripped gaily forward, but pretty soon he ran so fast that the light of the lamp was nearly extinguished, and several times he suffered the same injuries he had done before he received it: At last, he proceeded so rapidly, in his impatience to get forward,

that the lamp went out, and left him to grope his way in total darkness.

There is a meaning in this fable, if we desire to find it; the lamp may be likened to reason, which God has given as our guide in life. This is the light to show us the dangers and evils that beset our path. If we bear it steadily, it will continue bright, and serve us effectually; but if we become impatient, if we allow our passions to hurry us onward, the light of the lamp will grow dim, and in some moment of excess it will go out, leaving us in obscurity or total darkness. How often does it happen that the passions of men completely blind them; how often is the lamp of reason blown out in the haste and violence of our wishes, our prejudices, or our resentment!



THE SAGE AND LINNET.

A wise old man, one summer's day,
Was walking in a lonely wood,
And there, upon a leafless spray,
A linnet sang in solitude.

The old man spoke : " Come, pretty thing,
Pray tell me why you nestle here ?
And why so cheerly do you sing,
When all around is dark and drear ?

" Why spurn the meadow and the field,
Where blushing flowers invite thy stay,
And many a raptured bird would yield
Its willing praises to thy lay ? "

The linnet answered : " Hath a sage
Come here to learn of me the truth ?
And must I tell to hoary age
A lesson fit for blooming youth ?

" Of all the gifts that Heaven doth mete
In mercy to its creatures dear,
There 's none to me so pure, so sweet,
As peace ; and, Sage, I find it here !

“ Mid garnished fields, and meadows gay,
There's many a falcon, many a snare ;
I shun them all ; and, far away,
Poor, yet content, my lot I share.

“ The listening of my gentle mate
Repay me for my happiest song,
And oft, from dawn to evening late,
I sing, nor find the hours too long.

“ Yon rippling stream my cup supplies ;
The wild flowers yield for me their seed ;
This bowering fir, from winter skies,
Is all the shelter that I need.

“ Then do not scorn my humble lot,
Nor deem that wealth alone is bliss :
For peace within the humblest cot,
With calm content, is happiness.”



TO A WILD VIOLET, IN MARCH.

My pretty flower, how cam'st thou here?
Around thee all is sad and sere, —
The brown leaves tell of winter's breath,
And all but thou of doom and death.

The naked forest shivering sighs, —
On yonder hill the snow-wreath lies,
And all is bleak; then say, sweet flower,
Whence cam'st thou here in such an hour?

No tree unfolds its timid bud,
Chill pours the hill-side's lurid flood,
The tuneless forest all is dumb;
Whence then, fair violet, didst thou come?

Spring hath not scattered yet her flowers,
But lingers still in southern bowers;
No gardener's art hath cherished thee, —
For wild and lone thou springest free.

Thou springest here to man unknown,
Waked into life by God alone!
Sweet flower! thou tellest well thy birth, —
Thou cam'st from Heaven, though soiled in earth.

THE WOUNDED ROBIN.

WHY, pretty robin, why so late
Prolong thy lingering stay?
Why, with thy little whistling mate,
Art thou not far away? —

Away beneath some sunny sky,
Where winter ne'er is known;
Where flowers, that never seem to die,
Down sloping hills are strown?

Thou shiverest in the bitter gale,
And hast a piteous air;
And thy low plaint doth seem a tale
Of sorrow and despair.

Say, is thy frame with hunger shaken,
Or hast thou lost thy way?
Or art thou sick, and here forsaken,
Desponding dost thou stay?

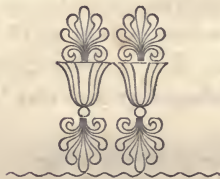
Alas, I see thy little wing
Is broken, and thou can'st not fly;
And here, poor, trembling, helpless thing,
Thou waitest but to die!

Nay, little flutterer, do not fear,
I 'll take thee to my breast,
I 'll bear thee home, thy heart I 'll cheer,
And thou shalt be at rest.

And oh, when sorrow through my heart
With bitterness is sent,
May some kind friend relieve the smart,
And give me back content.

And in that sad and gloomy hour,
When the spirit's wing is broken,
And disappointment's wintry shower
Hath left no verdant token,

To bloom with budding hopes of spring, —
Then may some angel come,
And bear me on a heavenward wing
To a sweet and peaceful home.



THE ANGEL'S PRIVILEGE.

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

THERE was once an Angel to whom was given the privilege of coming down to earth, and bearing up a soul to Heaven. As he was passing over the world, he saw a fine house, and in looking into it, he discovered the proprietor. He was of a noble aspect, so the angel took him in his arms, and began to ascend with him to the skies. But it so chanced, that the man's heart was tied to his wealth by a great multitude of strong but invisible threads, and accordingly, his silver, and gold, and merchandise, clung to him, rendering it extremely difficult for the angel to lift him toward the skies. Nor was this all. The devil seeing what was going forward, hung on to the money and merchandise, and made such a ferocious jerking and twitching, that the rich man, with his silver and gold, was wrested from the angel's grasp, and fell down to the earth with a severe concussion.

The angel, leaving the sable fiend to congratulate the man on his escape, proceeded in his search for one that was worthy of being translated to the world of bliss. As he passed on, he noticed a poor but humble laborer in a field. He put his arms around him, and lifted him

toward the skies. *He* was not pulled down to the earth by silver or gold, for he had none; nor did the fiend seem to consider him of sufficient consequence to make a pothor about; so being free from drawbacks and incumbrances, the poor man's spirit rose lightly on the angel's wings, and was soon admitted within the sapphire gates of Paradise.



CHATSWORTH, TEN YEARS AGO.

FROM A TRAVELLER'S MEMORANDA.

AFTER leaving Haddon castle, we proceeded toward Chatsworth. A considerable part of our road lay through the park of the Duke of Devonshire, the extent of whose estate, here, is immense. The hills and slopes in every direction seemed spotted with herds of deer, which were nearly as gentle as sheep; they continued by the path, as we passed at a little distance, the only notice they seemed to take of us being that the fawns gathered a little closer to the sides of their mothers. Most of these animals were white beneath, and very light red above, with longitudinal rows of white spots along the sides and back. Many were nearly and some quite white, and others were almost black.

At the small village of Chatsworth we ordered fresh horses, and walked forward to the castle. As we approached it, the Duke passed at a little distance, on horseback, with a mounted servant following behind at the distance of some fifty yards. He is forty-two years of age, and is still a bachelor. The reason for his remaining unmarried is said to be, that he is not the legitimate heir to the estate, the title and possession of which he enjoys; being only permitted by Lord Caven-

dish, the lawful heritor, to retain them during his lifetime, on condition that he shall not marry. For the truth of this intimation, however, I cannot vouch. He is one of the lords of the bed-chamber, and seems to be treated as if there were no imperfection in his claims to rank and fortune.

The edifice of Chatsworth is rather a palace than a castle; and is one of the most magnificent country seats in England. It is situated upon the eastern border of a narrow valley, through which the Derwent flows at no great distance. This valley, with the sloping hills which form its boundary, constitutes a part of the manor, and presents a beautiful picture of green lawns, waving woods, and sparkling waters.

It is hardly possible to do more than note some of the wonders of this gorgeous villa. It is surrounded by cascades and fountains, which seem to send forth liquid silver; and rectangular lakes, which appear like glowing mirrors set in the earth, with frames formed of flowering plants and shrubs. There are long vistas of green trees, deep solitary woods, shady bowers and rosy arbors, and all that can gratify each range of humor, from gayety of heart to moody melancholy.

The interior of the palace is a wilderness of marble stair-cases, boudoirs, saloons, cabinets, dormitories, galleries, &c. In the hall are some fine statues, among which is a Venus de Medici, by Canova. In several of the apartments, there are statues and pictures, including a fine head by Thorwalsden and the original Hebe of Canova. Some of the rooms are richly decorated by carvings in wood by the celebrated Gibbons. Many

of these, representing birds and other game, are wonderful specimens of art. But the most interesting object is the library, which fills a room ninety feet in length. This is fitted up in a style of great magnificence. The furniture, the chairs, sofas, and tables, are luxurious to the last degree, and the white marble fireplace, carved in Italy, is worthy of a Venitian palace. In the centre of the room is a window of about twelve feet in height, consisting of a single plate of glass. The view from this window is enchanting. The books in the library are not only very numerous, but they embrace the best and most costly editions of works in all languages. The Duke is now spending a great part of his time in arranging this library.

We had not time to bestow a minute examination upon this seat of luxury. Indeed, a large portion of it, consisting of recent additions by the present proprietor, and said to have cost a million sterling, is yet in an unfinished state.

We found our post-chaise at the gate, and having paid the well-dressed old dame who showed us over the place, we departed. As we proceeded on the road towards Sheffield, we had leisure to reflect upon this land of lords and beggars. Here is the Duke of Devonshire, with an annual income of three hundred thousand dollars or more, and nothing can exceed the magnificence and luxury of his establishment. But what is the offset to all this splendor? At least some thousands of peasants and paupers, who were born in poverty and bred in poverty, and who have no other hope for themselves or heritage for their children, than that which

they received of their fathers, — to slave the body for the wants of the body — throughout an existence that is as much a curse as a blessing. Such is the prodigious cost of a titled aristocracy! Some thousand of persons must live in ignorance and degradation, from generation to generation, and the compensation offered to the community is a duke and a palace! Such views, — and are they not just ones? — may well content an American with the uniformity of society, in his own country, where there are no lords and no beggars. It is easy to bear the gibes of the Trollopes, and Halls, and Martineaus, excited by our happy distribution of wealth — when we perceive the advantages of our equality, over the monstrous disproportion in the conditions of different ranks in England.

But let us take a farther view of the case. Suppose we introduce the English system into America, and see whether the change will be an improvement. Let us, for instance, turn our attention to such a place as Worcester in Massachusetts. This town contains perhaps seven thousand inhabitants. The lands around belong to some hundreds of farmers, merchants and mechanics. The houses are generally the property of the persons who occupy them; the shoemaker, the carpenter, the cabinet-maker, is usually the proprietor of a dwelling, and he has his garden and his cow, and often he possesses sufficient land for pasture. Such then is the situation of the people in a place like Worcester. Almost every individual has some property which not only secures him against the fear and the danger of want, but gives him a certain station and respectability in society. He therefore comes up

to the full measure of a man : a being who thinks and acts, not as a slave, not as a dependent — not as a tool or subject — but as a freeman ; one who is alike conscious of his rights and his responsibilities. Society thus constituted becomes a fabric of great strength. It is like a ship, every timber of which is sound : nor is this all. As most individuals have acquired what they possess by their own exertions, the generation that is coming forward is stimulated by the examples of success before them, and putting forth their best efforts, have their faculties called into full and hopeful exercise, and are thus placed in that condition, which of all others, is most likely to insure individual happiness and public prosperity.

Now what we propose is, in supposition, to destroy this equality, this general distribution of wealth, and in imagination convert this American town into an English one. The process is obvious. All the lands for several miles around must be taken from the numerous farmers, whose white houses are scattered over the hills and valleys. These houses must be erased from the landscape, and the thatched hovels of peasants must take their place. The farmers themselves, with the exception of some dozen or twenty, must descend from their station in society, and become ignorant drudges who work for a shilling a day. Their wives and daughters must sink into vulgar companionship with these drudges, and learn to carry burdens, to do the work of men, and labor with men in the field. The herds and flocks which are now collected into a hundred folds, and contribute to the independence and happiness of hundreds of families ; these

with the lands must change masters; they must all become the property of the Duke of Worcester. Besides, a large portion of the houses in the town must become his also; the shoemaker must give up the proprietorship of his dwelling, his garden, and his little pasture-ground, and he must become a tenant and vassal of His Grace. Many of the mechanics, and merchants, and professional men, must do the same.

With the wealth accruing from this vast rental, we must build a magnificent edifice on some commanding eminence, and call it *Worcester Castle*. We must fill it with pictures, and statues, and carvings, and every other article of luxury and taste. Before it, we must spread a green lawn, and in this, carve out lakes, and set cascades; behind it, we must rear a noble forest of hoary oaks, and call it a park. We must build marble stables and fill them with well-trained horses, and these must be pampered with every luxury, even though the peasant starve. The Duke's horses and hounds must be first cared for; the peasant is secondary. We must construct carriages of many forms, and assemble a retinue of servants arrayed in a livery of green and gold.

We must now create a Duke; and what shall he be? If we take the Duke of Devonshire for a model, we shall obtain one who is supposed not to be the son of his reputed father, and who as a private citizen would hardly be esteemed a decent member of society. If we take other examples, shall we do better? Shall we get a man who is distinguished for his virtues, patriotism, or humanity? Shall we not rather run the risk of obtaining one who habitually violates the most impor-

tant rules of religion and morality? Shall we not in all probability get an individual who, if estimated according to his real character, and divested of rank and wealth, will be only worthy of detestation and contempt? But even though his character be such, the people must learn to look on him with reverence, as a being of superior mould; one who is above other men, and not responsible to the vulgar obligations of justice, truth, and honesty, which bind the rest of mankind. They must slave or starve their bodies to pamper him, his horses, his dogs, and my lady's poodle. They must abase their minds in subservience to his plans, whims and caprices. They must lose self-respect, and make the noble Duke the centre of their pride. Even if subjected by him to tyranny, insult, or violence—like the lashed hound, they must forget, forgive, and lick the hand that administers the blow.

It is for such a man and such purposes, that this palace is to be erected; is it for such a man that three or four thousand people are to be degraded. It is for one man, and that man worthless, if measured by a standard of truth and virtue—it is to contribute to his pleasures, to pamper his luxuries,—that the peace, happiness and dignity of thousands are to be destroyed. It is for one worthless individual that thousands are to exchange independence for dependence, and freedom of body and soul, for servility to rank; intelligence for ignorance; respectability for degradation. In other words, at least one half of the community is to be impoverished and debased—reduced from comfort and prosperity to a narrow subsistence and a withering dependence,

for the sole purpose of creating a palace that may be a depository of luxury and art, and furnishing it with a duke at once licentious and refined !

And this, no doubt, is the “consummation devoutly to be wished” by the lovers—the admirers of privileged aristocracy. But how great must be the prejudice of that mind which conceives the change we have imagined to be a desirable one ; and how fearful must be the wickedness of that heart, which seeing the subject in its true light, would reduce thousands to a state of misery for the purpose of bestowing wealth and rank upon a single family !



THE TURKEY AND RATTLESNAKE.

ON a fine day in summer, a wild turkey was walking across one of the prairies of the far West. As the sun shone upon his glossy neck, he cast his eye downward, and seemed lost in admiration of his own beauty. While engaged in this way, he heard something hissing in the grass; and soon a rattlesnake issued from the spot, and coiling himself up, placed himself before the turkey. The latter grew very red in the face, spread his tail and wings to their utmost extent, and having strutted back and forth several times, approached the snake, and spoke as follows:

“You impudent serpent! Was it you that I heard laughing at me in the grass? How dare you laugh at me, the handsomest cock-turkey of the whole prairie? Have I not the reddest wattles, the largest comb, the blackest wing, and the glossiest neck, of any bird that is seen on the plain? Did not my grandfather swallow an alligator alive, and could I not take down such a little insignificant thing as you, without winking?”

“Do n’t put yourself in a passion,” said the serpent in reply, at the same time swelling up — his flesh writhing, and the colors of his skin growing very bright. “Do n’t put yourself in a passion; I know you’re a

coward, like the whole of your race, and you are as vain as you are timid."

Upon this, the turkey seemed bursting with rage; his throat was so choked, that he could not speak distinctly, but he gobbled the louder. He also strutted round in a circle, grating the ends of his wings upon the ground. At length he came bristling up toward the serpent, who being mortally offended, coiled himself into a ball, and springing toward the turkey, struck him in the neck with his fangs and inflicted a fatal wound. The latter in return gave the serpent a deep scratch in the side, and both fell dead upon the ground.

A wise ant that dwelt in a little hillock near by, and saw the whole affray, crawled to the spot, and made the following sage observations: "It would seem that this vast prairie were wide enough for the creatures that dwell upon it to live together in peace; but alas! their angry passions lead to strife, and strife ends in death. Nor is this all. As the poison of the serpent taints these carcasses, so an evil name always follows those who 'die as the fool dieth!'"



THE SWISS BOY'S FAREWELL.

SWEET River Rhone ! Sweet River Rhone !

Thou playmate of my earliest day !

I've wandered many a weary mile,

And yet along thy banks I stray.

Mount Furca* now is far behind, —

That cradle which we both have known ;

And this,* they say, is France ; but still

I'm with a friend, sweet River Rhone !

I'm with a friend whose every wave

Leaps gaily by my father's door,

And many a pleasing thought I've had

To see thee there fret, foam, and roar.

I've wondered in my childish dreams,

If in thy tide some sky was thrown,

To make thy waters all so blue,

So like to heaven, sweet River Rhone !

The glaciers at old Furca's top

Did seem thy cold, blue, nursing mother,

And thou an infant chill and lone,

Toddling from one rough stone to t' other.

* The source of the Rhone is at the foot of one of the Alps, called Mount Furca.

But soon thou learned'st to leap and run,
 And then at last thou went'st alone,
 Yet brighter ever didst thou flow,
 When I was there, sweet River Rhone!

And now we've come together here,
 By many a turn, through many a dell, —
 O'er rock, and crag, and beetling wall, —
 To part at last — to say farewell.
 We part, — for thou must seek the sea,
 And go thy way to me unknown;
 And I must on to Paris hie,
 As lost to thee, sweet River Rhone!

Farewell! nor deem them idle tears,
 That down my cheek unbidden flow;
 For now thou seem'st my dearest friend,
 Thou'rt linked with home and parents so.
 Farewell! but rest and ease shall be
 To these young limbs unsought, unknown,
 Till, blest with wealth, the Swiss return
 To home and thee, sweet River Rhone!



THE OAK AND INSECT.

AN oak was tormented with a worm that had eaten into its vitals, and was gnawing at its very heart. In vain did the haughty tree wring, and twist, and groan in the wind; it had no means of reaching the insect. At last a little woodpecker alighted upon the tree, and heard its grievous wailing. Guessing at the cause of the trouble, he began to drum with his long bill upon the bark of the tree, and soon he heard the worm shrinking from detection. Thus he discovered his prey, and putting his barbed tongue into a hole, he lanced the worm through the body and pulled him out in an instant. Thus the mighty oak was relieved by a very humble bird, and thus the great and the powerful may be benefited by the weak and insignificant.



THE BENEFITS OF INDUSTRY.

THERE are many persons who regard every species of labor as an evil. Children are often unhappy, because they must study in order to acquire knowledge; and men and women sometimes complain, because they must sow before they can reap. To all such persons I would tell the following allegory, which may suggest the lesson, that industry is a blessing, and indolence a curse.

There was once in the city of Bagdat a little boy, who was poor, and obliged to earn his daily bread by rearing flowers in a small garden. As the price of flowers in that luxuriant climate is extremely low, he was compelled to be very industrious in order to obtain necessary food and clothing. But still he had good health, and he ate his coarse meal with high relish and satisfaction. But this was not his greatest pleasure; his flowers were a perpetual source of enjoyment. They were *his* flowers; *he* planted them, *he* watered them, pruned and nurtured them. Besides all this, they were the source of his livelihood. They gave him bread, shelter, and raiment. He therefore loved them as if they were his companions. He saw them spring out of the ground with pleasure; he watched the budding leaves and unfolding flowers with delight.

But at length discontent sprung up in his mind, and,

in the evening of a hot day, he sat down in his garden, and began to murmur. "I wish," said he, "that flowers would plant, and prune, and water themselves. I am tired of this incessant toil. Would that some good genius would step in, and bring me flowers already made, so that I might be saved all this trouble!" Scarcely had he uttered this thought, when a beautiful being in bright colors stood before him, and said: "You called me, boy; what do you desire?" "I am weary of my employment," said the boy. "I live by cultivating flowers. I am obliged to toil, day by day, with unceasing industry, and I am only able to obtain my daily bread. If I mistake not, you are a kind and powerful genius, who can give me flowers if you will, and save me all this toil."

"Here!" said the genius, holding forth a beautiful fan of feathers, "take this; wave it over the earth in your flower-pots, and the brightest blossoms of Cashmere will spring up at your bidding!" Saying this, the spirit departed.

The boy received the charmed fan with great delight, and waved it over one of his flower-pots. A bud immediately shot up through the soil, gradually unfolded itself, and in a few minutes a beautiful moss-rose, blooming and fragrant, stood before him! I need not describe the transports of the little gardener. He found his charmed fan to be just the thing he had desired. He had now no labor to perform; a few sweeps of his fan brought him all the flowers he needed. He therefore spent his time in luxurious indolence.

Things went on very well for a fortnight. But now

a different kind of weariness began to creep over him. His appetite, too, failed by degrees, and he no longer enjoyed his meals. He lost his interest, likewise, in the flowers. He saw no beauty in their bloom; their very odor became sickening. The poor boy was unhappy, and again began to murmur. "I wish," said he, "the genius would come back and take away this foolish fan." In a moment the bright being was standing at his side.

"Here," said the boy, handing forth the fan; "take back the charm you gave me! Forgive me, sweet genius, but I was mistaken. The weariness of indolence is far worse than the weariness of industry. I loved the flowers which were produced by my own skill and care; but things which cost nothing are worth nothing. Take back the charm, and leave me to that humble happiness, which my own industry can secure, but which your potent spell would chase away."



JACK FROST.

Who hath killed the smiling flow'rs
Once so fair in yonder bowers?
Who hath ta'en away their bloom,
Who hath swept them to the tomb?

Jack Frost — Jack Frost.

Who hath chased the birds so gay,
Lark and linnet, all away?
Who hath hushed their joyous breath,
And made the woodland still as death?

Jack Frost — Jack Frost.

Who hath chilled the romping river?
Who doth make the old oak shiver?
Who hath wrapped the world in snow?
Who doth make the wild winds blow?

Jack Frost — Jack Frost.

Who doth ride on snowy drift
When the night wind 's keen and swift —
O'er the land and o'er the sea —
Bent on mischief — who is he?

Jack Frost — Jack Frost.

Who doth strike with icy dart,
The way-worn traveller to the heart?

Who doth make the océan-wave —
The seaman's home — the seaman's grave?
Jack Frost — Jack Frost.

Who doth prow! at midnight hour
Like a thief around the door,
Through each crack and crevice creeping,
Through the very key-hole peeping?
Jack Frost — Jack Frost.

Who doth pinch the traveller's toes?
Who doth sting the school-boy's nose?
Who doth make your fingers tingle?
Who doth make the sleigh-bells jingle?
Jack Frost — Jack Frost.



THE PEDLER.

A CHAPTER FROM AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE.

I WAS now the proprietor of a book-store in Pearl street, my establishment being devoted chiefly to the selling of school books, and such works as were in large demand; psalms and hymns, bibles, and Webster's spelling-books, constituted a large portion of the articles in which I dealt. Thaddeus of Warsaw, the Scottish Chiefs, Young's Night Thoughts, Sanford and Merton, Paradise Lost, Mysteries of Udolpho, Caleb Williams, Lady of the Lake, Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, and the Castle of Otranto, were the class of books which constituted the belles-lettres part of my stock in trade.

My dealings were chiefly with country merchants and Connecticut pedlers, who operated in the southern and western States. A sketch of a single customer will throw light upon this portion of my life.

"Good morning, Doctor," — for the title I had acquired in the apothecary's shop, still adhered to me; — "how are you, my old cock?"

The man who entered my shop, and addressed me in these words, was tall and thin, with lank hair, and a pair of wide drab corduroy pantaloons, and a butternut-

colored coat, of ample width and prodigal length of skirts. His dress was loose as that of a Turk's, and the motions of the man within were as free as a wild-cat's. There was a careless ease in his gait, which seemed to show that he had not been accustomed to either the restraints of nicely-adjusted garments or tight-laced breeding.

My reply to the man was hearty. "Good morning, God bless you! how are you, Mr. Fleecer?" This was said while a mutual grapple of the hands took place, attended by an undulating motion of the whole frame.

After a few more congratulatory words, we proceeded to business. With a vast deal of higgling, the pedler laid out a variety of articles, generally selecting them with a reference to two points, bulk and cheapness. The idea he entertained of his customers seemed to be, that they would buy books, as they would load a boat, by the measure of size only. So nice a test as weight, even, was in his experience too subtile and delicate a principle to be used in the purchase of these articles. The subject, the manner in which it was treated, the name of the author, the quality of paper and print, were all considerations either secondary or overlooked.

Having made up the bulk of his purchases in this way, Mr. Fleecer looked over my shelves, and poked about in every nook and corner, as if searching for something he could not find. At length taking me to the farther end of my shop, and stealing a heedful glance around, to see that no one could overhear us, he spoke as follows, in a low tone.

"Well, Doctor — you're a doctor, you know, — now

let me see some books in the doctors' line. I suppose you've got Aristotle's ——?"

"No, indeed!" said I.

"Oh! none of your gammon: come, out with it! I'll pay a good price."

"Upon my word I have n't a copy!"

"You have! I know you have!"

"I tell you I have not."

"Well, have n't you got Volney's Ruins?"

"No."

"Nor Tom Paine?"

"No."

"Nor ——?"

"No, not a copy."

"Are you in airnest, Doctor?"

"Yes, I never keep such books."

"Who said you did? You do n't keep 'em, ha? Nor I nother; I only axed you to let me see 'em! Aint my father a deacon in Pokkytunk, and do you suppose I want to meddle with such infidel trash? Not I. Still, there's no harm in looking, I suppose. A cat may look on a king, may n't she, Doctor?"

"Yes, no doubt."

"Well, well, that's settled. Have you got Young's Night Thoughts?"

"Plenty."

"Let me see one."

Here I showed Mr. Fleecer the book.

"This is not the right kind," said he. "I want that edition that's got the picter at the beginning of a gal walken out by starlight, called Contemplation."

I handed my customer another copy. He then went on, —

“Aye, this is it. That are picter there, is a very material pint, Doctor. The young fellers down in Kentucky think its a wolloping kind of a story, you know, about some gal that’s in love. They look at the title page, and see ‘NIGHT THOUGHTS, BY ALEXANDER YOUNG.’ Well, that seems as if it meant something queer. So they look to the frontispiece and see a female all wrapped up in a cloak, goen out very sly, with nothing under heaven but the stars to see what she’s about. ‘Hush, hush,’ I say, and look round as if afeard that somebody would hear us. And then I shut up the book, and put it into my chist, and deliberately lock the lid. Then the feller becomes rampacious. He begs, and wheedles, and flatters, and at last he swears. I shake my head. Finally he takes out a five-dollar bill; I slip it into my pocket, and hand him out the book as if I was stealin, and tell him not to let any body know who sold it to him, and not to take off the brown paper kiver till he gets shut up tight in his own room. I then say, ‘Good day, mister,’ and clear out like chain lightning, for the next county.”

“You seem to be pleased with your recollections, Fleecer.”

“Well, I can’t help snickering when I think of them fellers. Why, Bleech, I sold more than tew hundred o’ them Night Thoughts, for five dollars a-piece, in Kentucky, last winter, and all the fellers bought ’em under the idea that ’t was some queer story, too good to be altogether decent.”

“So you cheated ’em, ha?”

“I cheated ’em? not I, indeed! If they were cheated at all, they cheated themselves, I guess? I did n’t tell ’em a lie. Could n’t they see for themselves? Hav n’t they got eyes? Why, what should a feller du? They come smelling about like rats arter cheese, and ax me if I haint got some rowdy books: I show ’em the Sky Lark and Peregrine Pickle, and so on, but they want something better. Well, now, as I told you afore, I’m a deacon’s son, and I do n’t like to sell Tom Paine and Volney’s Ruins, and that sort o’ thing. So, thinks I to myself—I’ll play them sparks a Yankee trick. They want some rowdy books, and I’ll sell ’em something pious. In this way they may get some good, and in the course of Providence, they may be converted. Well, the first one I tried, it worked like ginger. He bought the book at a tavern. Arter he’d got it he could n’t hardly wait, he was so fairse to read it. So he went into a room, and I peeped through the key-hole. He began at the title-page, and then he looked at the figger of Miss Contemplation walking forth among the stars. I could see his mouth water. Then he turned to the first part, and begun to read. I heerd him as plain as Dr. Belcher’s sarmon: it went pretty much like this,—

(Reads.)

‘THE COMPLAINT. NIGHT I.’—

“‘Good—that’s natural enough,’ says he. *(Reads.)*

‘ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY,’—

“‘Whew? I suppose it’s some feller in love, and is going to cut his throat.’

(Reads.)

‘Tired Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays,
When fortune smiles,’——

“ ‘That ’s all gammun!’ (Reads.)

‘Night! sable goddess — from her ebon throne,’——

“ ‘What in nater is the fellow at?’ (Reads.)

‘The bell strikes one; we take no note of time,’——

“ ‘Why, that ’s exactly what the parson said in his sarmon last Sunday!’ *He turns over several pages.*

(Reads.)

‘NIGHT II. ON TIME, DEATH AND FRIENDSHIP.

‘When the cock crowed he wept,’——

“ ‘By Saint Peter, I ’m gummed! That d—d Yankee pedler has sold me a psalm-book, or something of the kind, and made me believe it was a rowdy. The infernal hypocrite! And so I ’ve paid five dollars for a psalm-book! Well, it ’s a good joke, and the fellow deserves his money for his ingenuity. He, he, he! ho, ho, ho! I must laugh, tho’ I ’m mad as a snapping-turtle. Zachary! if I could get his nose betwixt my thumb and finger, I ’d make him sing every line in the book to a tune of my own. To sell me a psalm-book! — the canting, whining, blue-light pedler! Fire and brimstone! it makes me sweat to think on ’t. And he did it so sly, too — the wooden-nutmeg rascal! I wish I could catch him!’

“ ‘By this time I thought it best for me to make myself scace. I had paid my bill, and my horse and waggon were all ready, for I had calculated upon a bit of a breeze. I mounted my box, and having axt the

landlord the way to Lexington, I took the opposite direction to throw my psalm-book friend off the scent, in case he was inclined for a chase; so I pursued my journey and got clear. I met the feller about six months arter, at Nashville; I was goin to ax him if he had a psalm-book to part with, but he looked so plaguey hard at me, that I cocked my beaver over my right eye, and squinted with the left, and walked on. Sen that, I haint seen him."



THE RIVER.

Oh tell me, pretty river!
Whence do thy waters flow?
And whither art thou roaming,
So pensive and so slow?

“ My birthplace was the mountain,
My nurse, the April showers;
My cradle was a fountain
O'er-curtained by wild flowers.

“ One morn I ran away,
A madcap hoyden rill —
And many a prank that day
I played adown the hill!

“ And then, mid meadowy banks,
I flirted with the flowers,
That stooped with glowing lips,
To woo me to their bowers.

“ But these bright scenes are o'er,
And darkly flows my wave —
I hear the ocean's roar,
And there must be my grave!”

G U E S S M Y N A M E .

Go, gather from the laughing wave,
Where ripples bright o'er sea-shells shine,
The sweetest tone thine ear can crave, —
A sweeter voice than this is mine.

Go, listen to the whispering leaves,
When summer's wooing winds are nigh; —
My breath, a softer music, weaves
Around the breast its magic sigh.

In every land where young hearts feel,
Love holds my service very dear, —
And many a bond I'm called to seal,
No witness, but the parties, near.

Both dear and cheap, at once am I, —
A thing that love will give away,
And shining gold can hardly buy :
Oh, need I now my name display ?



THE TWINS.

IN the autumn of 1826, I had occasion to visit the town of N —, beautifully situated on the western bank of the Connecticut River. My business led me to the house of B —, a lawyer of threescore and ten, who was now resting from his labors, and enjoying the fruits of a life strenuously and successfully devoted to his profession. His drawing-room was richly furnished, and decorated with several valuable paintings.

There was one among them that particularly attracted my attention. It represented a mother with two children, one in either arm, a light veil thrown over the group, and one of the children pressing its lips to the cheek of its mother. "That," said I, pointing to the picture, "is very beautiful. Pray, Sir, what is the subject of it?" "It is a mother and her twins," said he; "the picture in itself is esteemed a fine one, but I value it more for the recollections which are associated with it." I turned my eye upon B —; he looked communicative, and I asked him for the story. "Sit down," said he, "and I will tell it." We accordingly sat down, and he gave me the following narrative.

"During the war of the Revolution, there resided in the western part of Massachusetts, a farmer by the name of Stedman. He was a man of substance, descended from a very respectable English family, well

educated, distinguished for great firmness of character in general, and alike remarkable for inflexible integrity and steadfast loyalty to the king. Such was the reputation he sustained, that even when the most violent antipathies against royalists swayed the community, it was still admitted on all hands, that farmer Stedman, though a tory, was honest in his opinions, and firmly believed them to be right.

“The period came when Burgoyne was advancing from the north. It was a time of great anxiety with both the friends and foes of the Revolution, and one which called forth their highest exertions. The patriotic militia flocked to the standard of Gates and Stark, while many of the tories resorted to the quarters of Burgoyne and Baum. Among the latter was farmer Stedman.

“He had no sooner decided it to be his duty, than he took a kind farewell of his wife, a woman of uncommon beauty; gave his children, a twin boy and girl, a long embrace, then mounted his horse and departed. He joined himself to the unfortunate expedition of Baum, and was taken, with other prisoners of war, by the victorious Stark.

“He made no attempt to conceal his name or character, which were both soon discovered, and he was accordingly committed to prison as a traitor. The gaol in which he was confined was in the western part of Massachusetts, and nearly in a ruinous condition. The farmer was one night waked from his sleep by several persons in his room. ‘Come,’ said they, ‘you can now regain your liberty; we have made a breach in the

prison through which you can escape.' To their astonishment, he utterly refused to leave his prison. In vain did they expostulate with him ; in vain they represented to him that his life was at stake. His reply was, that he was a true man, and a servant of King George, and he would not creep out of a hole at night, and sneak away from the rebels, to save his neck from the gallows. Finding it fruitless to attempt to remove him, his friends left him with some expressions of spleen.

" The time at length arrived for the trial of the prisoner. The distance to the place, where the court was sitting, was about sixty miles. Stedman remarked to the sheriff, that it would save some expense if he could be permitted to go alone, and on foot. ' And suppose,' said the sheriff, ' that you should prefer your safety to your honor, and leave me to seek you in the British camp ? ' ' I had thought,' said the farmer, reddening with indignation, ' that I was speaking to one who knew me.' ' I do know you, indeed,' said the sheriff; ' I spoke but in jest; you shall have your own way. Go! and on the third day I shall expect to see you at S——.' The farmer departed, and, at the appointed time, he placed himself in the hands of the sheriff.

" I was now engaged as his counsel. Stedman insisted before the court upon telling his whole story; and, when I would have taken advantage of some technical points, he sharply rebuked me, and told me that he had not employed me to prevaricate, but only to assist him in telling the truth. I had never seen such a display of simple integrity.

" It was affecting to witness his love of holy, unvar-

nished truth, elevating him above every other consideration, and presiding in his breast as a sentiment even superior to the love of life. I saw the tears more than once springing to the eyes of his judges; never before or since have I felt such interest in a client. I pleaded for him as I would have pleaded for my own life,—I drew tears, but I could not sway the judgment of stern men, controlled rather by a sense of duty than by the compassionate promptings of humanity.

“Stedman was condemned. I told him there was a chance of pardon, if he asked for it. I drew up a petition and requested him to sign it, but he refused. ‘I have done,’ said he, ‘what I thought my duty. I can ask pardon of my God, and my king; but it would be hypocrisy to ask forgiveness of these men for an action which I should repeat, were I placed again in similar circumstances.

“‘No! ask me not to sign that petition. If what you call the cause of American freedom requires the blood of an honest man for a conscientious discharge of what he deemed his duty, let me be its victim. Go to my judges and tell them, that I place not my fears nor my hopes in them.’ It was in vain that I pressed the subject, and I went away in despair.

“In returning to my house, I accidentally called on an acquaintance, a young man of brilliant genius, the subject of a passionate predilection for painting. This led him frequently to take excursions into the country, for the purpose of sketching such objects and scenes as were interesting to him. From one of these rambles he had just returned. I found him sitting at his easel

giving the last touches to the picture which has just attracted your attention.

“He asked my opinion of it. ‘It is a fine picture,’ said I; ‘is it a fancy piece, or are these portraits?’ ‘They are portraits,’ said he, ‘and, save perhaps a little embellishment, they are, I think, striking portraits of the wife and children of your unfortunate client, Stedman. In the course of my rambles, I chanced to call at his house in H——. I never saw a more beautiful group. The mother is one of a thousand, and the twins are a pair of cherubs.’

“‘Tell me,’ said I, laying my hand on the picture, ‘tell me, are they true and faithful portraits of the wife and children of Stedman?’ My earnestness made my friend stare. He assured me, that, so far as he could be permitted to judge of his own productions, they were striking representations. I asked no further questions; I seized the picture, and hurried with it to the prison, where my client was confined.

“I found him sitting, his face covered with his hands, and apparently wrung by keen emotion. I placed the picture in such a situation that he could not fail to see it. I laid the petition on the little table by his side, and left the room.

“In half an hour I returned. The farmer grasped my hand, while tears stole down his cheeks; his eye glanced first upon the picture, and then to the petition. He said nothing, but handed the latter to me. I took it and left the apartment. His name was fairly written at the bottom! The petition was granted, and Stedman was set at liberty.”

THE LIAR.

IN Eden first, where flowers were blooming round,
And all was bliss, the creeping LIAR was found :
Envy and malice in his heart he bore,
And the sly Serpent's slippery garb he wore.
He entered, and the rose became a thorn —
Sorrow of Joy, and Care of Peace, were born !
And ever since that dark and gloomy hour,
The fell Deceiver loves to try his power.
Beauty or virtue, honor, worth — inspire —
As Eden once, the Serpent's venom'd ire.
To do the work, too paltry for the Mind
That struck a master-blow at all mankind,
The Tempter keeps, apprenticed to his art,
His dastard minions, taught to play their part.
Supplied by him with venom'd fangs to bite,
These little adders seek to shed their spite ;
Happy if some unguarded spot they find,
Where they may strike and wound the shrinking mind.

Thus oft the Critic, lowest of them all,
Essays to signalize his bosomed gall.
Alas, vain viper ! thou mayest plead the spite,
That nature did thee, — and maintain thy right,
To match a hunchback spirit, with a mind
As much a monster, and perfect thy kind.
Go on and do thy work ! nor fear to sting ;
'T were pitiful to crush so poor a thing !

TO * * * * *,
THE GENIUS OF PLAINTIVE MUSIC.

WHEN Eol's finger strikes the string,
It yields a wild and wailing tone, —
Yet, like some night-bird's whistling wing,
It seems a thing of sound alone.

The wooing dove, the lapsing rill,
The waves that faint on ocean's shore,
Can touch the ear with pleasure's thrill,
But all their art can do no more.

The notes of yonder breathing flute,
Soft as the voice of one above,
Would leave the unanswering bosom mute,
If fancy linked it not with love.

The spirit harp within the breast
A spirit's touches only knows,
Yet thine the power to break its rest,
And all its melody disclose.

Yes, — and thy minstrel art the while,
Can blend the tones of weal and wo,
So archly, that the heart may smile,
Though bright, unbidden tear-drops flow.

And thus thy wizard skill can weave
Music's soft twilight o'er the breast,
As mingling day and night, at eve,
Robe the far purpling hills for rest.

Thy voice is treasured in my soul,
And echoing memory shall prolong
Those woman tones, whose sweet control
Melts joy and sorrow into song.

The tinted sea-shell, borne away
Far from the ocean's pebbly shore,
Still loves to hum the choral lay,
The whispering mermaid taught of yore.

The hollow cave, that once hath known
Echo's lone voice, can ne'er forget —
But gives — though parting years have flown —
The wild responsive cadence yet.

So shall thy plaintive melody,
Undying, linger in my heart,
Till the last string of memory,
By death's chill finger struck, shall part !



THE GIANT AND THE ANTS.

A CERTAIN neighborhood was once infested with ants, and the people employed a giant to destroy them. Although the giant came with a mighty club, and laid about him furiously, he only, now and then, slew a single ant. The little creatures at first laughed at his efforts, and actually crawled up his legs, and began to annoy him terribly. They also increased rapidly. At last, it was seen that the giant could not extirpate them; and about the same time, a wren, offering his services, was accepted, and soon cleared all the ants away.

Thus, greatness is sometimes baffled by littleness, and meanness itself will often get the advantage in a struggle with the highminded and the honorable. The little and the low, should therefore be left to be dealt with by those of their own nature and kind—those whose instincts enable them to understand and conquer the enemy with whom they are to contend.



THE SUSTAINER OF ALL THINGS.

IF we carefully examine the various works of creation to be found upon the surface of this earth, we shall discover that they all testify to the existence of a God, of infinite skill and power. We shall find in plants, insects, animals, and man, contrivances which show a designing mind and a working hand, combining wisdom and ability, infinitely beyond those of any earthly being, and we shall therefore be compelled to refer their existence to a God, all-wise and all-powerful.

Even supposing that we could account for the ingenious structure of plants and animals — if we could show that they made themselves — still, who furnished the materials? Who made the elements, earth, air, fire, and water? If man made himself, who gave him the bone, the flesh, the blood, or the substance out of which to shape them? Who made the earth on which we stand, the air we breathe, and the sun whose light we share? We can only answer these questions by referring their existence to the creative power of God. If you go forth inquiring of the several objects of nature, who made ye? — each blade of grass, each leaf and flower and tree, answers, God! the insect, the reptile, the bird, the quadruped, answers, God! — man answers, God! instinct life and mind answer, God! the very elements answer, God! the mute stone answers, God!

But let us step in imagination for one moment beyond the surface of this earth, and contemplate the solar system. With this, we are but imperfectly acquainted, but we know the magnitude of the sun, and of the several planets which revolve around it. We know their motions and their several velocities. Let us take a view of this wonderful mechanism.

It appears that our earth is seven thousand nine hundred and eleven miles in diameter, and therefore it is about twenty-four thousand miles around it. What an inconceivable bulk! And now let us compare the strength of man with that of God. A man can lift a stone half as large as his own body; but God can lift this earth, with all its stones and rocks and mountains and rivers and seas and continents! He can do more — for the earth turns round every twenty-four hours, and as it is twenty-four thousand miles around it, every tree and house and man and animal goes with it at the rate of one thousand miles an hour! Nay, this world, with all its lands and waters and inhabitants, goes round the sun once a year. Its distance from the sun is ninety-five millions of miles. The whole distance it travels in a year is about two hundred and seventy millions of miles. This is about seven hundred and fifty thousand miles every day, thirty-one thousand two hundred miles every hour, five hundred miles every minute, eight miles every time your pulse beats!

Man then can lift a stone half as large as his body, but God lifts a world twenty-four thousand miles in circumference; nay, more, he tosses it into the air, and whirling it through the heavens, it goes at the rate of

three thousand one hundred and twenty miles an hour ! Nor does it stop in its progress. Age after age it continues, and when centuries have passed away, still it pauses not in its flight !

But what shall we say when we consider that the sun is as large as three hundred and thirty-seven thousands of our worlds? that Jupiter is as large as one thousand two hundred and eighty-one of our worlds? that Mercury flies along in its path at the rate of almost eighty miles in a second? and that Uranus is seventeen times as large as our world, one billion eight hundred millions of miles from the sun, and flies along at the rate of two hundred and forty miles every minute!

Here then is the power of God ! A world, with all its mountains and oceans and kingdoms, is but a pebble in the hands of the Almighty. Our solar system alone has eleven such worlds, beside the numerous moons that revolve around them, and beside the comets, those strange, mysterious, wandering worlds, some of whose trains are forty millions of miles in length, and whose velocity outstrips even the speed of the swiftest planets.

But these worlds of our system are but eleven of those thousand stars that glitter in the sky ; and far beyond those we can see, is an endless path, familiar to the footsteps of God, glittering with stars whose very light has not yet travelled down to man. And these, no doubt, are suns, around which other worlds revolve ; and He who made the insect is the Maker of them all !

Yes, He who made the little violet of the valley, made the sun, which is three hundred and thirty-seven thousand

times larger than our earth. He who made the butterfly that dances in the breeze, made that planet Mercury, which flies eighty miles upon its journey, every time your heart beats. He who made the little sparrow that nestles in the bush, made that great planet Jupiter, which is one thousand two hundred and eighty-one times as large as this earth. He who made the squirrel leaping from bough to bough, made the comets which sweep through the heavens with fiery trains, millions of miles in length. He who made man, built the ocean and the land, and strewed the vault of heaven with stars, as the sea with pearls!

And now let us contemplate these things as all the work of one Being; and let us consider that they are not only made by Him, but that every moment they call upon him to sustain them. Let us remember that God has not only made plants and animals, but that if not continued, supported, and carried forward by Him, they would instantly perish; let us remember that but for Him the rivers would cease to flow, the air would be still, the planets would halt, the stars would be quenched from the sky. It is God who gives to all, life and motion. Let Him take his power from them, and the kingdoms of nature would be shrouded with everlasting forgetfulness.

God, then, is the maker and sustainer of all things. Let us consider Him as such. We take the vegetable kingdom. Every leaf and stem and fibre is made by him; each blade of grass is woven by his fingers. Day by day, hour by hour, He must be there to attend to the process of their manufacture. And He must at the same

moment attend to every blade of grass throughout the world, in the same way. In the same way, He must shape every leaf, unfold every flower, and braid every stalk and stem. Think of the myriads of plants in a single field, and consider that God is attending every moment to every one of them, and not to them only, but to all others that are in the universe! To each of these He is every moment giving heat and light and moisture, and to each of these He is attending, more carefully than a nurse to an infant.

Let us consider the insects. There are forty thousand species of these, and countless myriads of each species. The air, the land, the very depths of the sea, are filled with them, and the Creator must attend to each one of them every moment. Where there is life and motion, there must He be, to sustain it. There He must be to mould the eggs, to endow them with life, to frame all the nice mechanism of the young, and to preserve that of the old. And besides, they must all be endowed with their several instincts. Every bee must be taught the wonderful art of making and storing honey; every ant must be instructed in the political economy of the hill; each spider must be enabled to spin his thread of four thousand strands.

The birds of the air claim the attention of their Maker. He must construct every feather, and mark it with the hues of its kind; He must preside over the nice machinery of every wing—the whole internal structure must be his. Every egg must derive the principle of vitality from his touch. Think of the myriads of the feathered tribes, that are scattered over

the earth, in vale and meadow and mountain and marsh : along the pebbly shore of the deep — upon the lonely seaward isles — upon the bosom of the ocean — and consider that every wing that winnows the air, every downy breast that divides the wave, must call upon God every moment for support. Think, too, that each and all of them are to be supplied by Him with that teaching which alone enables them to support existence, or to perpetuate their several races !

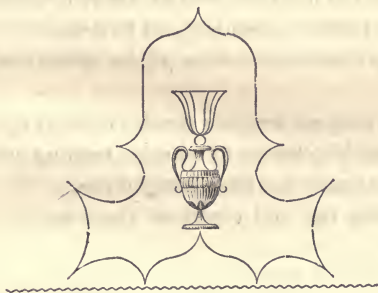
And the myriad fishes of the sea — these too depend upon God. He must measure and fit the scales of the perch, He must construct the delicate bony frame-work of the fins, and cover them over with their silky film. The little minnow — nay, the minute eel of transparent water — invisible to the naked eye, and only to be discerned by a microscope, must receive from God every bone and muscle and nerve. And while He attends to these, He is called upon to preside over the whale, to measure out the beatings of its heart, and impel the cataract of blood through its mighty veins and arteries !

And quadrupeds too depend upon God. Every one of them must have his frame built by the divine Architect ; every one of them calls upon God for his devising skill, his creative power, his sustaining care ; for while He watches over the squirrel of our forest, He must bestow his care upon the elephant and rhinoceros of Asia and Africa !

And man too calls upon God every moment, for his attention and care. There are eight hundred millions of people in the world. In each there is a spine of twenty-four joints, with other nice machinery ; in each,

there is a heart and veins and arteries; in each, that heart is beating at the rate of seventy strokes in a minute; in each, the whole blood of the body is changed every five minutes; and all this is the work of one God!

And remember that while every blade of grass, every insect, every fruit, every quadruped, every living being throughout the universe, is receiving the care of the Almighty, He is heaving the planets along in their courses, and turning the mighty crank which keeps the whirling spheres in motion. Remember too that in each of these worlds there are probably races of beings like those on our earth, claiming the care of their Creator!



L I F E .

ON May-day morn, the tasselled willow swings
In golden green above the brimming brook;
But soon November's gale that willow wrings,
And to their bed its silken robes are shook.

A few brief years ago Fitzroy was fair
And young — the vanquisher of hearts and steel:
See'st thou yon gray, old, maundering man? He's there,
Munching in toothless age his vacant meal!

Mark him! with muttering lip and tottering tread,
As down the hill-side, staff in hand, he goes;
With idiot instinct, seeming still to dread
The grave he seeks, — the pillow of life's woes!

'T is thus with all around; youth yields to age,
Age bows like leaves to winter's rushing sweep, —
And generations pass life's hurried stage,
As bubbles rise and vanish on the deep.

Such are the sad monitions of our state:
Our feet are set upon the yielding wave;
And yet we build of adamant, — our fate,
To sink, with all our castles, in the grave.

The day is but an inroad on the night, —
Life an invasion of the realms of death;
And yet we count on both, — on life and light,
As if these were not meteors of mere breath.

Time's trembling arch with giddy foot we tread,
Deaf to the tide that speaks below in foam;
And on this bridge of air — a spider's thread —
We stay our hopes and seek to found a home!

Why are we cheated thus? Alas! the Liar
Of Paradise is round us day by day,
Making the false seem fair, till wrong desire
Fills every pulse, and willingly we stray.

We seek the high, the dazzling, — not the true;
Invest our hopes, our wishes, and our prayers
In earth's poor toys, or gold, that cheats the view,
And stays behind to curse our grumbling heirs.

Life is a journey, and its fairest flowers
Lie in our path beneath pride's trampling feet;
Oh, let us stoop to virtue's humble bowers,
And gather those, which, faded, still are sweet.

These way-side blossoms amulets are of price; —
They lead to pleasures, yet from dangers warn;
Turn toil to bliss, this earth to Paradise,
And sunset death to heaven's eternal morn.

A good deed done hath memory's blest perfume, —
A day of self-forgetfulness, all given
To holy charity, hath perennial bloom
That goes, undrooping, up from earth to heaven.

Forgiveness, too, will flourish in the skies —
Justice, transplanted thither, yields fair fruit;
And if repentance, borne to heaven, dies,
'T is that no tears are there to wet its root.



THE PERSECUTED EAGLE.

UPON a certain mountain there once dwelt an eagle that had the gift of foreseeing and predicting the weather for some days before it came to pass. Accustomed to fly far above the clouds, his range of vision was vastly greater than that of the jays that dwelt in the valley, or of the bitterns that muddled in the swamps. He could see the tempest, the squall, and the thunder storm, long before others perceived them; and being in the habit of imparting his knowledge to others, he was of the greatest advantage to the feathered tribes around. He was of particular use to those that dwelt in the valley, and who, by their situation, had confined views, and enjoyed fewer advantages for knowledge, than others.

Now among these birds were a number of crows, who were jealous of the eagle, because he was so much their superior. "What right," says one of them, "has this eagle to be so much above us?" "Sure enough!" says another; "what right has he to be soaring away up in the clouds, and seeing what is going to happen, long before it comes to pass?" "Ah, ha," says a third; "and he's as proud as Lucifer!" "He's a sorcerer," says a fourth. "Down with him!" says a fifth.

Having worked themselves up to a pitch of fury, the crows dispersed among the other birds of the mountain and the valley, and began to excite their jealousy against the eagle. Their main charge was that he was proud,

and this took wonderfully. It was not a little curious, that the lowland birds, to whom the eagle was most useful, became the most excited against him. In a short time there was a general murmur through meadow and mountain, against the eagle, as an aristocrat, a privileged bird, and the cry spread far and wide, "down with him!"

Upon this, the birds of every degree rose upon their wings, and went in pursuit of the eagle. They found him sitting upon a rock, and immediately they prepared for the attack. He made no resistance, for his heart was broken, to find that his philanthropy was misconstrued, and that his efforts to benefit the feathered race had only excited their jealousy and resentment. So he patiently received their gibes and jeers, and when they fell upon him with blows, he laid himself down, and submitted to his fate. There was a great strife among the more ignoble birds, to see which should inflict the deepest wound upon the eagle, and he was therefore soon deprived of life.

When he was fairly dead, the resentment of the birds ceased, and they began to consider whether they had done well or wisely. "After all," says one, "he was a fine fellow!" "Indeed he was," says another; "he was the great benefactor of our race." "Yes," added a third; "he was an ornament to the feathered family." "He was inspired," says a fourth. "He was a god," says a fifth. "Let us worship him," says a sixth; and so the birds bowed their heads, and paid homage to the dead carcass of the eagle, after they had themselves quenched the spirit that animated it!

THE MONKEYS' PETITION.

IN ancient times, when foxes were lawyers and monkeys were physicians, a deputation of the latter appeared before Jove, and begged an opportunity to lay a petition at his feet. This was graciously granted, and the chairman of the deputation addressed the King of gods and men, in substance, as follows :

“Whereas, if it please your gracious majesty, the foxes being the lawyers of the animal tribes, and we the monkeys, being the physicians, we have to complain of great inequality and injustice. The foxes have the making of the laws, and are therefore able to contrive them in such a manner as to profit by them, in a very high degree. In the first place they have them expressed in blind language, using many hard words, which are only understood by themselves ; they also make them very complicated, so that few, beside the profession, are able to interpret them. Thus the laws are difficult to be understood, and every question that arises is not only of doubtful issue, but no one can manage cases which arise, but the lawyers themselves. Now, all this is arranged by the shrewd foxes, so that their business may thrive. The blindness of the law occasions many lawsuits, and so well do the lawyers understand this, that they have an exulting proverb, which speaks of the “glorious un-

certainly of the law ;" a thing, which at once proves the facts we state, and gives them their true interpretation. Thus their business is kept up, and as they make the laws which regulate their own fees, they extort vast sums from the people, and become rich, respectable, and powerful. The law which rules, fashions, and moulds society, is actually put into their hands; it is their instrument; and as they wield it for their own purposes, they become the masters of the people. Thus, silyly, but effectually, do they govern. They are, in short, a privileged class, enjoying powers and immunities, which even legitimate princes, who pretend to rule by divine right, may hardly claim or exercise.

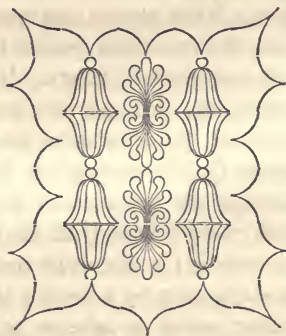
"Now, we physicians, may it please your most gracious worship, wish, as far as may be, to be put on a footing with the foxes—the lawyers. As they make the laws, out of which they are to get a living, we wish to make the diseases out of which we are to get a living. As the foxes, or lawyers, are permitted to infuse into the body politic just what diseases may make their profession flourish, we wish to be empowered to put what diseases we please into the natural body, so as to make our profession flourish. Beside this, having made what diseases we please, we wish, like the foxes, to have the privilege of fixing our own fees, for curing these diseases. In short, we wish to be put on an equality with the lawyers. This is our petition, most exalted Jove, and for this we shall ever pray!"

"I have heard your prayer," said Jove; "but I wish to point out a difference in the two cases, which you present to my consideration. The natural body is my

work, and I can permit no one to interfere with that ; but laws are the work of society — of the people. If they are so soft as to employ the foxes, the lawyers, to make the laws ; if they intrust power to a certain profession, and make it the interest of that profession to cheat their employers, let the people who act thus reap the consequences. I have made my creatures free, but I have given them the light of reason to guide their footsteps. If they blow out this light, they must not complain when they get lost amid the labyrinths of delusion, or injure themselves by falling over precipices.

“ I have seen the evil of which you complain, but recommend you to keep quiet, for the human race act in this matter, much in the same way as you say the brute creation do ; particularly when the people undertake to govern themselves. They always call upon the lawyers to make their laws, and thus these become the managers, wire-pullers, and masters of society. Their tyranny would be intolerable, but that it is invisible. The lawyers not only control the legislature, and thus make the laws to answer their own purposes, but they make themselves justices of the peace ; they occupy all the benches of justice ; they fill nearly all the high and profitable stations in society ; at the same time, the profession are cemented together by a feeling that they have a common interest, which is adverse to the community. Thus acting unitedly, they become irresistible. The people dare not attack them, and the press itself is rather their tool, than their judge. There is no despot in any land, whose power is more complete or secure, and whose tyranny is more pervading, than that

of the profession of the law, among certain portions of mankind. They not only make the laws but administer them; they embody in themselves the legislature, the judiciary, and the executive, thus absorbing the three great powers of government. I trust, therefore, that you monkeys will rest satisfied, seeing that you have so good authority for submitting to craftiness and tyranny, in the conduct of the lords of creation; and especially among those wise nations who fancy that they are free, merely because their fetters are forged by themselves."



THE GIPSIES' PRAYER.

OUR altar is the dewy sod,
Our temple, yon blue Throne of God ;
No priestly rite our souls to bind,
We bow before the Almighty Mind !

Father — thy realm is wide as air !
Thou wilt not spurn the gipsies' prayer —
Though banned and barred by all beside,
Be thou the Outcasts' guard and guide.

Poor fragments of a nation wrecked,
Its story whelmed in time's neglect,
We drift unheeded on the wave,
If God refuse the lost to save.

Yet though we name no father-land,
And though we clasp no kindred hand —
Though houseless, homeless wanderers we,
Oh ! give us hope of Heaven with thee !



THE SENSES.

THE eye is but a grated pane,
Through which the clay-imprisoned soul
Looks dimly forth on earth and sky —
Yet deeming all a heaven-writ scroll.

We gaze and gaze, and sometimes dream
That these may satisfy the heart;
But, lo! an after longing comes,
Which makes the cheated dreamer start.

We feel that these are signs — not things —
Prophetic visions cast before;
And yearning fancy turns to faith,
Making us sure of something more.

The ear doth catch sweet tones around
From woman's tongue and Eol's choir;
Yet this earth-music is but one
Sweet, stolen string from heaven's lyre.

And this is whispered to the heart;
For, though the raptured sense be blest
With song — a yearning wish will rise
For something still to *fill* the breast.

The rose regales, yet seems to cheat,
Not satisfy, the sense it woos;
The jaded palate turns away
From that which first it seemed to choose.

The nerve with sweet sensation thrills;
Yet languor comes to claim its turn,
And leaves the sickened soul within,
For something better still to yearn.

Thus every sense exalts the soul,—
Bestows a transient draught of bliss,
Then breaks the cup, to make us thirst
For surer, purer joys than this.

They lift us to the mountain top,
Where earth and heaven in contrast lie,
And bid us spurn this lower sphere,
And spread the wing for yonder sky!



INDUSTRY AND INDOLENCE.*

It is now about two centuries, since the little plain upon which we live, was discovered and settled by our English ancestors. Within this long period, it has never, so far as I have been able to trace its history, been the theatre of any great crime, or the scene of any great calamity. It has been marked, in a singular degree, by peace and gradual prosperity. As none of its inhabitants have been excessively rich, so few have been very poor. The gifts of Providence, or the bounties of fortune, have been scattered with an equalizing hand; and the result has been, an equality of condition, and a community of feeling, to be met with, to the same extent, in no other place within my knowledge. The rich man here, asks no consideration which all do not accord; and the poor, if there are any such among us, are never denied that charity which their condition demands. The truth is, that all, or nearly all, are independent — alike free from the fear of want, and safe from the temptations of undue riches. And hence it is a fact, that the envy, strife, and malice, which wrestle in the bosoms

* From an Address delivered at Jamaica Plain, July 4, 1835.

of other societies, have no dwelling-place here — or, if they live among us, their voice is not heard, and their power is not felt.

Our community, then, may be compared to a single family, the members of which are not divided by those palpable barriers of poverty and wealth, which separate other communities into distinct castes. The questions with us are not, is a man rich, or is he poor? — but, rather, is he honest? is he a lover of truth? is he a promoter of peace? is he a good citizen, a kind and faithful neighbor? Is a man possessed of these characteristics — then is he truly honored, and not otherwise.

This I conceive to be a fair delineation of, at least, one prominent feature in our little community of Jamaica Plain. It is, that the condition of its inhabitants is marked with singular equality — alike removed from suffering poverty and pampering wealth. And, connected with this condition, and partly flowing from it, is the custom of looking at every member of society according to his character, and not according to his circumstances. I do not mean that the people are insensible to the advantages of wealth, or the evils of poverty; but it is not the house a man lives in — it is not the dress he wears, that forms with us, a reputation. These outside circumstances, husks to the kernel within, are cast away and rejected, when the inner man is to be examined. It is the naked mind and heart that are studied, as forming the real man. Nor is this true of the present race alone; it was also true of those fathers of the land, who sleep in their quiet graves. If you look

into their place of rest, and learn their history, you will find that the honored dead are but the prototypes of the honored living.

Let us, in seeking out the causes which have made this people what they are, go back to the first settlement of this village, and briefly note the progress of events. The town of Roxbury was settled in 1630; the same year that Boston was settled. The neighboring country was doubtless soon explored. Let us, in imagination, accompany the grave pilgrim, who first visited the place where Jamaica Plain now stands. This beautiful level was no doubt originally covered with lofty pine trees. The hills around were mantled with the oak, the chestnut, the beech, and the maple. Let us go with the pilgrim in his march through these woods. Remember that he has a gun in his hand, and a knife in his belt; for the bear and the wolf are now lords of the forest.

With what delight must he have surveyed this valley, as he first viewed it from the hills—with what transport must he have looked, for the first time, upon the waters of our little lake! What must have been his emotions, when, stooping to drink from its margin, that mirror reflected a white man's face for the first time since the Creator poured it into its hollow bed, saying, "Here shall thy waves be stayed."

Our pilgrim fathers were lovers of God—they were, therefore, lovers of nature. The ancient Greek, who heard the footsteps of a Dryad in the rustling leaves, or the voice of a nymph in the sighing winds, was even less poetical than the Puritan; for, while the imagination of

the former filled the forest with substantial forms, the latter saw in every thing around, as in the fragments of a mirror, reflections of a more glorious Image. I need not tell you, then, how his bosom swelled, as the wanderer looked over the crystal water — a glass set in the wilderness, to reflect the face of Heaven, and beautifully fitted to so holy a use.

With a heart strung to religious emotion, and a spirit of devotion, which appropriated every thing to a religious use, all nature was full of music and meaning — the wind and the wave spoke, and to him they ever spoke in the beautiful language of scripture. Could the pilgrim fail, then, as he mused over the discovered lake, to think of the worship which had ascended for ages from these waves, sometimes as the gust swept by, “clapping their hands” in joy, and again giving back the image of Heaven, as the Spirit whispered, “peace, be still?” Under the influence of such thoughts, could he hesitate? No. Here, says he, shall be my resting place — here will I make my tabernacle. Sheltered by these hills — fed by this fertile soil — inspired by these crystal waters, I will spend the remainder of my days; and when my work is done, these sands shall furnish a pillow for my final rest.

And now what are the first steps of the settler? To cut down the trees — to build a house — to clear the land — to plant and sow. And when this is done, what is his situation? His soil is well adapted to the cultivation of all those plants which give nutriment to man. Near by is the growing mart of Boston. The inhabitants there being engaged in commerce, are glad to pur-

chase his corn, his wheat, his fruit, and his vegetables. His course is now clear. Husbandry and horticulture become his employments. He has neighbors — these are their employments also. The village thrives — the forest falls around — society grows up — and Jamaica Plain, a century ago, was the germ of what it is now. The people were farmers and gardeners, like their descendants, and drew their wealth, in the same way, from the sale of their products to the people of Boston.

I think we can see, in this slight sketch, the main causes of that character which I have attributed to the inhabitants of this village. Circumstances early induced a life of industry. They could not get rich in a day, by the rise of stocks, or the success of a voyage. No; they must toil to-day, to-morrow, and through the year. Toil, then, became their destiny; but was it not a happy destiny? When the sentence was pronounced upon the exiled inhabitants of Eden, *thou shalt eat thy bread with the sweat of thy brow*, there seems to have been relenting grace in the very malediction.

When man from Paradise was driven,
And thorns around his pathway sprung,
Sweet Mercy, wandering there from heaven,
Upon those thorns bright roses flung.
Ay, and as Justice cursed the ground,
She stole behind, unheard, unseen,
And, as the curses fell around,
She scattered seeds of joy between.
And when the evils sprung to light,
And spread like weeds their poison wide,
Fresh healing plants came blooming bright,

And stood, to check them, side by side.

And now, though Eden blooms afar,
And man is exiled from its bowers,

Still Mercy steals through bolt and bar,
And brings away its choicest flowers.

The very toil, the thorns of care,
Which Heaven in wrath for sin imposes,

By Mercy changed, no curses are —
One brings us rest — the other, roses.

Toil, then — bodily toil — is no curse; it is a blessing. It is alike salutary to the body and the soul. It is ordained of Heaven, as giving vigor to one, and wholesome discipline to the other. Let no man spurn it; let no man deem himself degraded by it; let no man feel elevated, by being placed in a situation which does not require it. No one is injured by toil — but thousands perish, and tens of thousands drag out lives of misery, for the want of it. Some of the greatest and best men who have lived, were men of toil. Washington was a farmer — Greene, a blacksmith — and Sherman, a shoemaker. The fathers of this village were men of toil — they practised it habitually — and industry became with them a prominent virtue.

If industry be a homely virtue, still, is it not worthy of all praise? Experience, religion, philosophy, alike inculcate it. Even nature herself reads us a frequent lecture upon it. Let us go, for a moment, from the haunts of men, to the bosom of the quiet forest. Here we shall find no droning sound of the mill, the hammer, or the saw. It is silent; but look around, and see what has been done, by the busy, though noiseless hand of nature. See the rock — how artfully it is woven over

with moss, as if to hide its roughness; and how is an object, of itself uninteresting, thus rendered beautiful? Look at the rugged banks of the brawling stream! See the tufts of grass, the spreading shrubs, and gaudy wild flowers that cover it, and thus turn into beauty the very deformity of the wilderness! Look down upon the valley, and see how the withered leaves, the mouldering branches of trees, the scattered stems, and other objects, witnesses of decay and death, are carpeted over by grasses and flowers! How beautiful, how ornamental, are the works of Nature, even in the wilderness and the solitary place! She seems to decorate them all, as if each spot were a garden, in which God might perchance walk, as once in Eden; and she would have it fitly arrayed for his inspection.

And shall not man learn a homely lesson from this lecture in the woods? Will you look at Nature, and see her, with industrious fingers, weaving flowers and plants, and grasses, and trees, and shrubs, to ornament every part of the earth, and will you go home, no wiser for the hint? Will you go *home*—to that dear spot upon which the heart should shine, as the cheering sun in spring-time upon the flowers—and permit it to be the scene of idleness, negligence and waste? Will you permit it to be a naked shelter from the weather, like the den of a wild beast? Will you not rather adorn it by your industry, as Nature adorns the field and the forest?

If it be said that this is somewhat fanciful, and should be regarded rather as illustration than argument,—let it be admitted. Still, are not the works of Nature designed to have an influence of this kind upon us? Why

do we feel their beauty, and carry their images in our bosoms, but as a language in which our Creator would speak to us, move us, educate us? If the trembling string that is set in the wind, yields melody to the ear, shall we not listen to it? And if Nature would thus become a monitor, shall we not learn of her? If she sets before us an example, shall we not follow it? If she beautifies the dell, the vale, the slope, the hill — covering up whatever may offend, and displaying in rich colors and beautiful forms her fairy designs of leaves and flowers — shall we not imitate her?

It seems to me no violent stretch of faith, to deem all this as meant for practical teaching to man. Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions; and man, to whom this beauty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious, in adorning his domain — in making his home — the dwelling of his wife and children — not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasing objects — in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order — a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which in absence draws back the heart, by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness, kindness, and peace.

The excellence of industry may be illustrated by contrasting it with indolence. There is no person more truly unhappy, than one who is given up to idleness.

Whether rich or poor, he is a wretch who is wedded to it. It was the design of Him who made us, that we should be active, and he has always laid happiness in the paths of effort and exertion. He, then, who travels in the ways of indolence in search of happiness, always misses it. He is like a lazy fellow, whom I once knew, who sat waiting at a woodchuck's burrow a whole day, expecting the animal to come out and be caught; but the brute was the wiser of the two, and went out by another way.

Indolence by indulgence, may at last become a disease. A man dressed in rags, haggard, and marked with misery, once approached a rich man, and begged for a few pence. "But why do you beg?" said the rich man. "I am afflicted with a disease," said the beggar, "and shame prevents my naming it to you." "Let us step aside," said the rich man, "and tell me your disease; if it is in my power, I will relieve you." They stepped aside, and the pauper opened his robe. But the rich man could discover no evidence of disease. "Listen," said the beggar. "My disease does not show itself on the skin — it lurks in my bones — it infects my blood — it reigns over my nerves and sinews — it restrains my efforts — it paralyzes my body and mind — it makes me weak, imbecile, useless — it renders me a wretch — it makes me what you see me, a beggar!" "What is this horrid disease?" said the rich man. "It is INDOLENCE!" said the pauper.

And thus, while indolence brings disease and misery, industry brings health. "I pray you," said a poor man who was starving, to one who was fat and bloated with

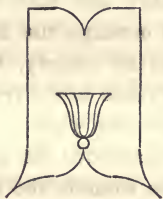
indulgence ; " I pray you give me some bread, for my hunger is past endurance." " I would give all my wealth," said the voluptuary, " for your good appetite." The beggar, then, has the advantage of a man who, in the midst of abundance, has lost the power of enjoying it. And the idle man loses this power, while the industrious have their perceptions quickened and their capacities enlarged by their course of life.

From what I have said, it seems a plain inference, that to be industrious, is the duty of every man ; it is his duty, alike flowing from his obligations to society and himself. No degree of wealth, no love of pleasure, no distaste for exertion ; nothing but physical incapacity, can confer on any man the right to lead an idle life. Each individual has some gifts, and he is bound to use them wisely for himself and for mankind. In these remarks, I have a primary reference to industry of the hands. I do not insist, however, that every one shall practice this species of industry ; for intellectual activity may produce the greatest benefits to society, and bring happiness to him who uses it. Mental labor may, as it regards its general effects, be considered of a higher nature than bodily labor. But I believe no man can be happy without some habitual bodily toil ; and, surely, if I were to choose a plan of like, most likely to insure a balance of happiness, in the summing up of life, it would be among those who labor with their hands as a vocation. If envy could, for once, have her eyes freed from the scales of prejudice, she would not teach us to desire the high places of those who labor not ; but she would

choose, as most desirable, a condition among the intelligent and industrious farmers and mechanics.

Of all the delusions, with which man has been accustomed to cheat himself, the idea that freedom from labor confers bliss, is the most fallacious. To live without work, is the halcyon, but deceptive dream of millions. It has inspired many a man to put forth painful efforts; but when the bubble is caught, it vanishes into thin air. Go to our cities, and ask those who are looked upon as the successful men in life; those who have risen to wealth by their own exertions; ask them, which is the best part of life — that of effort, or that of luxurious relaxation. They will all tell you, that the era of happiness, to which they look back with delight, is the humble period of industrious labor. They will tell you, that the remembrance of those days of small things, dimmed, as it might seem, by doubts and difficulties, is better than all their shining wealth. How idle, then, is that sour dissatisfaction, with which some persons look upon their lot, because it involves the duty and necessity of habitual industry! How unjust that poisonous envy, with which the laborer sometimes regards the other classes of society! Let us rest assured, that those who occupy what are called, often falsely, the higher stations in life, pay dearly for their giddy elevation. The rich have sorrows, which the poor know not of: there is often a bitter drug in the golden cup, which is never tasted in the glass of humbler life. Let us think better of the ways of Providence; with hearts free from vexing envy, and embittering discontent, let us accept and follow the advice of the homely poet:

——— “Industrious be your lives —
Alike employed yourselves and wives —
Your children, joined in labor gay,
With something useful fill each day.
Those little times of leisure save,
Which most men lose, and all men have —
The half days when a job is done —
The whole days when a storm is on.
Few know, without a strict account,
To what these little times amount.
Nor think a life of toil severe —
No life has blessings so sincere —
Its meals so luscious — sleep so sweet —
Such vigorous limbs — and health complete.
No mind so active, brisk, and gay,
As his who toils the livelong day.
A life of sloth drags slowly on,
Suns set too late, and rise too soon —
Youth, manhood, age, all linger slow,
To him who nothing has to do.
The drone, a nuisance to the hive,
Stays, but can scarce be said to live —
And well the bees, those judges wise,
Plague, chase, and sting him, till he dies.”



THE THREE CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

SOCIETY is often spoken of, as divided into three castes—the high, the low, and the middling. These terms, I am persuaded, often bear a false signification, and are the foundation of infinite mischief. Wealth exerts a magical influence over the imagination; and those who possess it, are honored with an epithet which implies an enviable superiority of condition to the rest of mankind. But this is mere assumption, and that, too, in the face of fact and reason. Wealth is not happiness—it is a mere instrument—and often fails to accomplish the end for which it is designed. In the hands of one who knows how to use it, and has that stern self-control which enables him to act according to knowledge, wealth is a blessing. But there are few men of this character. Most possessors of wealth are seduced by its blandishments from the straight and narrow way of peace; and that which Heaven gave for good, frequently becomes the instrument of evil.

This classification of society, then, which assigns the first and highest place to the rich, is founded upon what might be, and not upon what is. The rich are not the happiest portion of mankind; for wealth is a two-edged sword, and too often wounds the hand that wields it. The only just sense in which the rich man can be said to be above his humbler neighbor, is, that he occupies a station

of more responsibility. He has more influence, more power; for gold dazzles the eye — and mankind, like the moth, are disposed to follow the glare. The rich man's actions, then, become efficient examples to those around him — lectures of more power than those of the pulpit preacher. The rich set the fashion, and fashion is a goddess of almost unlimited sway. A wise and good man who has riches, may therefore be, and often is, a light set on a hill; but a selfish, or even a reckless rich man, either hides his light under a bushel, or uses it to dazzle and delude those who are around him, to their ruin. The vices of the poor are generally hurtful only to themselves. The thief, the drunkard, the burglar, in the dirty streets of a city, do little harm by their example to others; for vice in rags is disgusting to all. But the vices of those who dwell in palaces of granite, seen through rose-colored plate glass, have a hue that turns deformity into an angel of light. Indolence, voluptuousness, extravagance, haughtiness, exclusiveness, affectation — all these, amid many others — vices of the rich — as truly vicious as theft and burglary — as truly founded in selfishness, and as truly going to deface the image of God in the soul, — have a character of gentility, and are as readily imitated as if they were Scripture virtues. They are imitated, too, with complacency; and that salutary fear, which attends other vices, and which may, soon or late, lead the soul to shake them off, does not exist. The rich may, therefore, be considered as preachers — their houses, as temples — and the world around, as their attentive auditory. Their situation is one of great responsibility. If a man

goes into the pulpit, and preaches atheism, every good mind is shocked, and starts back, as if that image in which Satan deluded our common mother, had suddenly come before him. But the rich man, who sets an example of indolence, or haughtiness, or voluptuousness — who brings up his children in idleness, or tolerates them in what is called dandyism, or exclusiveness, or an affectation of superiority — he is a worse enemy to society, if we regarded practical consequences, than the infidel preacher. He sows, far and wide, the seeds of seductive vice, and leaves society to reap the whirlwind.

In this point of view, the rich occupy a station of commanding eminence. They are the first, or highest class of society, if we regard power and responsibility; but not the first, in the common acceptance of the term; that of being the happiest. Nor do the poor, as being the least happy, occupy the last station. Happiness, indeed, is almost independent of condition. The terms, then, high and low, so often used, as marking out society into classes, are false; they are also mischievous, as tending to imbue the minds of some with conceit, and others with venomous discontent. They, at least, put into the hands of those who adopt the political doctrine, “divide, and conquer,” a power, by which they may array one part of the community against the other; and when the war is waged, lead on their dupes to the accomplishment of their own purposes.

Let us take a wiser and more just view of this subject. The happy class of society, is the industrious class — be they rich, be they poor, or be they in that better condition, petitioned for by him who said, “Give

me neither poverty nor riches." It is in this middle station, that peace and dignity are most frequently found.

I know of no better test of happiness, than simplicity of manners. Show me a person, who is free from affectation, free alike from disguise, uneasiness and pretence; one who seems solicitous to hide nothing, and to display nothing — one, in short, who bears upon him the impress of truth, and you show me a man, who, in wealth or poverty, is happy. Truth, in morals, is like gold among the metals; it is always valuable — always graceful. Whether rough in its native state, as in rustic life; or wrought up with the refinements of more artificial society, it is still truth, and constitutes the basis of all virtue, all happiness, all moral beauty. Every thing is trashy and base without it. The false imitations of it — affectation, pretence, assumption, arrogance — are brassy counterfeits, alike worthless to the possessor, and contemptible in the sight of true wisdom. And in what condition of society is this simplicity or truth of character most frequently found? I hesitate not to declare, that it is with those who occupy a station between the extremes of poverty and riches.

And how happy is it, thanks to our fathers, thanks to a beneficent Providence, thanks to this fair land, and this bountiful climate, that this happiest condition of life is accessible to all! Every man may not have gainful talents, or the favoring tide of fortune, to aid him in the acquisition of wealth; but every man may attain a better eminence — every one may be industrious, and acquire that middling independence, which is better

than wealth. I say, every one; for the exceptions arising from ill health, or casual misfortune, are rare. A man may be industrious and yet poor; in general, however, industry, patient, quiet industry, is a sure remedy for poverty.

There is poverty arising from indolence; there is poverty even among working people, arising from a greedy love of indulgence, which devours all they earn. These varieties of indigence are generally connected with vice, and are exceedingly apt to be attended with discontent. It is among such people you hear of bad luck; it is among such people you discover a feverish desire of finding out some lottery, or other royal road to riches; it is among such you find those who are willing to become the dupes of crafty agitators, pretending to seek the benefit of the working classes, whom they only wish to use as tools. This willing poverty — so blind, so ignorant, so pernicious, so easily duped — making its subjects even desirous of destroying the institutions which preserve wealth, is, happily, not found among us. Industry, here, has diffused a better light. Though there are not many rich among us, we still look upon the possessors of wealth, as entitled to their stores; nay, we regard these stores as reservoirs from which streams often flow out, for the benefit of all. As the lakes hoard up the waters which turn the mill, and perpetuate, even in time of drought, the rill and the river; so the rich man's wealth generally flows forth, turning the wheels of industry, and filling the cup of those who will stoop to receive it.

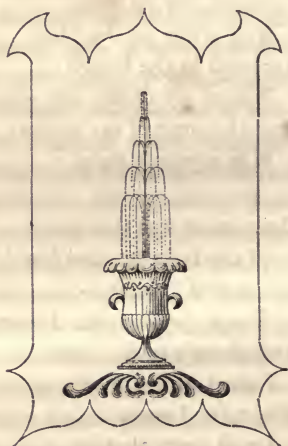
THE BIRD'S ADIEU.

FAREWELL to the meadow,
For summer is past ;
Farewell, for its leaves
Now whirl on the blast.
Farewell to the bough
Where my cradle was swung,
And the song of my mother
Was joyously sung.

How sweet was that song
Of the light-hearted bird !
No other I'll sing —
'T was the first that I heard :
And though to far lands
I must hasten away,
Wherever I roam
I will carry that lay.

How sweet are these scenes,
For my birth-place is here ;
And I know that in absence,
They will be but more dear.

I'll sing of them there,
In the land where I roam,
And, winter departed,
I'll return to my home.



TRAITS OF IRISH CHARACTER.

It is doubtless true, as has been frequently affirmed, that national character is formed by circumstances; and among those which exert a controlling influence are climate and government. But there appear to be original, constitutional traits, which long resist even the force of these. It is easy to discern, in the inhabitants of the different counties of England, differences, not of language only, but of complexion, thought, feeling, and character, which are evidently traceable to original differences in the tribes from which they are descended.

To the original Celtic constitution of the Irish, we may therefore attribute much of their distinctive character. That they have been cut off by their insular condition from easy and frequent intercourse with other nations; that they escaped the overwhelming dominion of Rome; that, while they have been the subjects of foreign dominion, they have still cherished a lively feeling of nationality, — are facts which both prove and explain the descent of their leading national characteristics, from high antiquity.

It might seem that language would be one of the frailest of monuments; but it is more enduring than castles, temples, pyramids, or obelisks. These moulder, and their inscriptions mingle with the dust; while words spoken from generation to generation, are handed down,

thus descending through long ages, and, in this instance, from the Celtic barbarian to the living sons of Erin. Nor do words descend as mere barren sounds, for they carry thoughts, feelings, and customs, with them. The provision which we see in nature for the perpetuation and distribution of plants, finds a parallel in the process by which ideas are preserved and disseminated. We see that, from the humble grasses to the monarch oak of the forest, each plant has some shell, or pod, or folded leaf, by which the seed is sheltered from the blast, and where it is brought to maturity; and we find that the winds and birds distribute these over distant fields, till the whole region is sown. There may be here and there a sullen desert which rejects the gift; but these are few and far between. The proffered boon is generally received and cherished by the soil, till, in the words of the rhymers,

— “ No spot on earth
The furrowing ploughman finds, but there
The rank and ready weeds have birth,
Sown by the winds to mock his care.”

It is so with human thoughts and feelings. Language is the great instrument by which these are perpetuated and disseminated. Words, phrases, fables, allegories, proverbs, are equivalent to the shells, and pods, and capsules, of the vegetable kingdom; and these transmit ideas from generation to generation, from dynasty to dynasty, from age to age.

Poetry becomes the depository of great events, and, like the winds which bear the winged seeds from field

to field, from season to season, wafts down the memory of heroic deeds, and the creations of genius, to after times. Nor is it indispensable to this process that a written literature should exist, or be diffused among the people; for tradition has a conservative power, which resists decay, and brushes away the gathering dust of oblivion.

The Irish nation has been peculiarly influenced by this process of moral and intellectual semination. Roman conquest, which ploughed up all the rest of Europe, sowing it with Roman civilization, left Ireland to the wild luxuriance of her original condition. Nor did Christianity effectually change the soil, or its products, but rather grafted new ideas upon the old stock, thus producing a new and peculiar fruit.

The isolated position of Ireland, with the pugnacity of the people, not only secured the country from Roman invasion, but, after the introduction of Christianity, for a time protected it from the hordes of barbarians which overran other countries. In its sheltered position, it became the retreat of monastic learning and piety, in that dark age, when the sun of heaven seemed withdrawn from the rest of Europe. During this, and at a still later period, the national bardic literature was cultivated and spread amongst the people. The annals of the nation were also collected and transcribed, thus being fitted for transmission to after times.

There are two other circumstances which are to be duly considered, in tracing the Irish national character to its sources. Though Ireland has been nominally conquered by the English, it has never been thoroughly

subdued. The Irish mind is still independent, and, deeply indignant at the oppressions of British dominion, erects itself in sturdy defiance to British laws, customs, and opinions. One half the Irish nation, to this very day, reject the religion, civilization, and government of England, in their hearts, and cling with undying pride to their national individuality. They cannot endure the idea of being quenched and forgotten in the supremacy of another people. Every where the traveller in Ireland finds a spirit of self-sustentation, which is often not a little amusing, when we compare the boastful assumption with the truth. A single proverb illustrates the whole matter. "An English hen cannot lay a fresh egg," saith the Hibernian adage.

If, then, we consider the Irish people as a nation, who, according to her accredited annals, links her name with antiquity; whose line of descent has not been crossed for ages; whose popular legends, carrying with them the popular faith, connect the generations of to-day with heroes of the olden time; whose minds have been the recipients of ideas, opinions, customs, and superstitions, transmitted from ages reaching back to the very cradle of the human family; whose hearts are full of the treasured memory of national wrongs; and whose Christianity, strongly woven into the popular faith, is still blent with something of Oriental paganism — we shall see sufficient causes for a peculiar national character. If education be the formation of character, and if circumstances are the instruments of education, we can see in the history of the Irish nation, at least in part, the sources of the tenacious pride, the poetic tempera-

ment, the rich, mosaic imagination, the quick feeling, the intense nationality, of the Irish people.

Among the conspicuous traits of Irish character, we may remark their *tendency to adhere to old customs*. There is more or less reverence for the past in all countries. It is the tendency of human nature, wherever it may be found, to fall into the beaten path, and follow it out. "Custom," says Lord Bacon, "is the principal magistrate of man's life." But there is something in the tenacity with which the Irish hold on to the thoughts, opinions, and usages, of past ages, which appears to surpass any thing of the kind to be found among other European nations. This is strikingly illustrated by an adherence to their political system for more than a thousand years, although experience had demonstrated that system to be destructive of the peace, happiness, and prosperity of the nation.

This national trait is also displayed in the numerous relics of ancient superstitions which are still preserved by the people, although the systems upon which they are founded have been swept away for almost fifteen hundred years. It may be remarked that many of the prevalent customs of Ireland, at the present day, many of the thoughts, feelings, and observances, of the people, are evidently the cherished fragments of paganism, saved from the wreck of Persian fire-worship, Carthaginian idolatry, or Druidical superstition. It would exceed our present limits to go into a detailed examination of these; it is perhaps only necessary to remark, that the perpetuation of the ancient Celtic tongue among the Irish, is not more plain and palpable, than the pre-

servation of ideas and sentiments as ancient as that language itself.

It is easy to perceive the conservative tendency of this national characteristic in the Irish; and we may readily believe that it has had its share of influence in saving the people from that waste and disintegration, which the shock of ages brings upon mankind. The direct operation of this adherence to old customs, is to unite the people by a strong bond of common sympathy.

Such a community will rally as one man to drive out a foreign people, who may come with new customs, to overturn the old ones. A slight examination of Irish history will show that facts have abundantly proved the truth of this theory. No foreign people have ever flourished in Ireland. The Carthaginian colonists were successively melted down and mingled in the mass of the nation. The Danes, though they occupied certain portions of the country for more than two hundred years, being of too stubborn a stock to become assimilated with those among whom they dwelt, and over whom they exercised at least partial dominion, were the unceasing objects of hostility, and at last were expelled from a country which they could not subdue. England bowed to the iron sway of the Danes, and was only delivered from it by calling in foreign aid; but Ireland never yielded to their dominion, and by her own arm at last freed herself from these ruthless oppressors.

It is now almost seven hundred years since Ireland was conquered by an English king; but, for at least five centuries after that conquest, the dominion of England over Ireland was little more than nominal. From the

time of Strongbow's invasion to the period of Elizabeth, though Ireland was regarded as an appendage to the British crown, two thirds of the Irish people held themselves, both in theory and practice, almost wholly independent of foreign control. And even down to the present day, there is a perpetual struggle on the part of the nation to heave off the giant that has thrown her down. After seven hundred years of either nominal or real dominion, England has been unable to Anglicise Ireland. Not only is the government still resisted by the Irish people, but, as before remarked, the religion, the customs, the opinions, and feelings of England, are obstinately kept at bay by a large part of the nation.

Among numerous illustrations of this, the following is furnished by Miss Edgeworth. She tells us of a wealthy young nobleman, who built a neat cottage, with all the modern comforts and conveniences, for an old Irish woman. On going to the place a few weeks after she had taken possession, he found that she had converted it, as far as possible, into an Irish hovel. Even the fireplace was disregarded, and a fire was built in the middle of the brick floor, the smoke, of course, circulating through the room. The old woman explained this by insisting that she was so accustomed to smoke, she could not live without it.

It may be said, and with much justice, that this sturdy adherence to old customs partakes of obstinacy and prejudice, and that it may be among the causes of that tardy march of improvement, which may be remarked in Ireland. It will also serve to explain, in some degree, the fact, that an Irishman seldom knows how to do more

than one thing well, and that he is wholly deficient in that versatility which enables the Yankee to turn his hand, successfully, to whatever may chance to offer.

But if a portion of the Irish people miss the true end of existence by adhering to old customs, permit me to suggest the caution that we do not rashly run into the opposite extreme. In a country like ours, having no antiquity and opening boundless fields of enterprise to all, we are apt to think only of the future, and, in our eagerness to lead in the race, to forget those more than golden treasures, which consist of memories and sentiments and usages. The truth is, man is not made wholly for action, but partly for contemplation. He is placed between two glorious mirrors—anticipation and retrospection—the one beckoning him forward, the other reflecting light upon the path he should follow, and casting a cool and wholesome shade over his passions. It is a departure from the just balance of his nature, to dash either of these in pieces. Whoever limits his existence to “that fleeting strip of sunlight, which we call *now*,” reduces himself like the ticking clock, to a mere measure of passing seconds. He who lives only in the future, never pausing to look back and take counsel of the past, never bending his gaze over the world of retrospection, softened with the mist and moonlight of memory,—lives the life of the restless settler of the far West, who never stops to secure or enjoy what has been won from the wilderness, but still pushes on and on, for scenes of new excitement and new adventure. A wise man, and a wise people, will use the past as the prophet of the future, and make

both of these subservient to the interests of each passing moment. The children of Israel would not stay in Egypt, but, in going to the land of promise, they took the bones of the patriarch Joseph with them. In pressing forward in the march of improvement, let us, in like manner, bear along with us the experience, the wisdom, the virtue, and the religion of our fathers.

But, while we admit that the Irish carry their observance of old customs to the length of obstinacy, it is proper to notice one remarkable exception afforded by their history. I mean the introduction and establishment of Christianity in Ireland by St. Patrick. The history of this event shows that even the pertinacity of superstition yielded in Ireland to the voice of truth, assuming the mild and gentle accents of persuasion; a fact that suggests the proper course of action to all who attempt to exert an influence over the Irish people.

Among the characteristics usually assigned to the Irish, is that of *pugnacity*. It has been said, that while the Englishman fights for the supremacy of the seas, the Frenchman for glory, the German for his prince, and the Swiss for pay and rations, the son of Erin fights for fun. Even the Irish song seems to lend countenance to this popular notion; for it speaks of knocking down a friend from mere affection!

It is not a little curious that the names of places in Ireland coincide with this attribute of the people. Ireland—the land of ire—is the designation of the country; and Killgobbin, Killkenny, Killmacthomas, Inniskilling, Killmany, Killmore, and a thousand others of like import, are the names of towns. Knockmeledown, Knock-

malloch, Knockmore, is the established nomenclature for hills. Every hill, indeed, is a *knock*, and every church a *kill*. The rhyme says,

“Who killed Kildare? Who dared Kildare to kill?”

“I killed Kildare, and dare kill whom I will.”

The frequent recurrence of names of places beginning with *kill*, might indeed seem alarming to a stranger in Ireland, especially if he be under the influence of those prejudices which have been excited against that country. The following mistake occurred when some of the English militia regiments were in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798. A soldier, a native of Devonshire, who was stationed at an outpost, stopped a countryman, and demanded who he was, whence he came, and whither he was going. The fellow replied, “And my name, my dear honey, is Tullyhog; and, d’ye see, I am just been to Killmany, and am going to Killmore.” Upon this, the sentinel immediately seized him, expecting to receive a high reward for having apprehended a most sanguinary rebel, just come from murder, and going to a fresh banquet of blood.

But there is graver authority for this view of Hibernian character. The first glimpses of Irish history present us with the spectacle of a nation almost constantly engaged in civil war. The division of the country into a number of petty kingdoms would tend to breed dissension, even among a people disposed to peace; but in a nation prompt to act and slow to reflect, it was sure to result in constant scenes of battle and

bloodshed. The appetite of the people, therefore, for strife, became strengthened by the successive practice of ages, until, at last, a state of internal war seemed to be the natural condition of the Irish people. This characteristic of the nation seems to have descended even to our more pacific times, though it is greatly mitigated.

But, in thus stating and illustrating the pugnacity of the Irish, we must remark that it is of a very peculiar kind. It seems to have no malice or ferocity in it; for the broken head of to-day leaves no soreness at the heart to-morrow. It is, in truth, but a species of chivalry resulting from high animal spirits, and an excessive appreciation of courage, excited and perpetuated, perhaps, by the deeds of their heroes, as set forth by the bards. A few instances will illustrate this characteristic. An Irishman, having had a large fortune suddenly devolved upon him, determined to make the grand tour of Europe. After passing through France and Italy, and part of Spain, with scarcely any emotions of delight, he entered a village in the latter country, where he saw a mob, fighting desperately; upon which, in a moment, he sprang out of his carriage, and, without inquiring into the cause of the battle, or ascertaining which side he ought in justice to espouse, he laid about him with his shilala; and after having had several of his teeth knocked out, he returned to his carriage, exclaiming, "By St. Patrick, it is the only bit of fun I have had since I left Ireland!"

We have among us a story of an Irishman, who was employed by a farmer of New Hampshire. He was, on one occasion, preparing to go to a fair, then annually held

at the town of Derry, when the farmer attempted to dissuade him. "You always come back from the fair, Pat," said the farmer, "with a broken head; now stay at home, and I will give you five dollars." "And do you think, sir," said Patrick, "I'd take five dollars for the *bating* I'd get?"

There is no nation on whom the gift of *natural courage* is more largely bestowed, than on the Irish. In the common people, it too often displays itself in noisy brawls; but in the disciplined soldier, it rises to the loftiest pitch of intrepid gallantry.

In battle, on shore and at sea, the Irish soldier and sailor have been remarkable for their valor, steadiness, and subordination. As far back as Spenser's time, the bravery of the Irish soldier was honorably mentioned. That happy genius says, "I have heard some great warriors say, that in all the services which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than an Irishman, nor that cometh on more bravely to his charge."

The instances of Irish intrepidity are numerous and striking. There is an affecting story of this sort, connected with the famous battle of Clontarf. In this engagement, many of the Irish princes joined their forces to those of Brian Borohm. This hoary monarch being eighty years of age, and unable personally to engage in the conflict, remained in his tent during the battle. Toward the close of the engagement, a few of the infuriated Danes broke in upon the unprotected chief, and regardless of his gray hairs and helpless condition, took his life. But the Irish were completely victorious, and

the death of Brian was deeply avenged. The battle being over, the Irish chieftians set out for their several dominions. One of these, the leader of a gallant band, who had shared largely in the perils, as well as the triumphs of the fight, was marching on, bearing the sick and wounded carefully toward their homes. They came, at length, to the territory of another chief, which they desired to cross. There they were met by an army, who refused permission to enter their district, but upon the payment of tribute. This was stoutly refused; and although the soldiers from the field of Clontarf were worn out with fatigue, crippled with losses, and encumbered by their sick and wounded, they still determined upon battle, rather than submission to a demand which they considered at any time unjust, and on the present occasion, in the highest degree dastardly. Even the sick and wounded, under these circumstances, seemed to be inspired with the spirit of battle, and insisted upon taking their share in the conflict which was about to ensue. Accordingly, at their request, stakes were driven in the ground, along the front of the line where the onset was expected, and to each of these, one of the sick or wounded soldiers was firmly tied in an erect posture, his sword and battle-axe being placed in his grasp. Thus prepared, the little army awaited the battle, which now seemed at hand. The inhospitable prince led on his troops, and was about to give orders for the attack, when seeing in the little army that opposed him, the sick and wounded tied to their posts, he was so smitten with admiration at this display of self-

devotion, that he withdrew his forces, and allowed the army to proceed unmolested on its march.

As connected with the courage of the Irish, it is proper to notice that *improvident restlessness*, which is a conspicuous characteristic of the people, particularly under the restraint of foreign dominion. Even during those periods in which they were only subject to their legitimate princes, and whose authority they seemed to approve, the Irish still were in a state of almost perpetual agitation. In more modern times, and since the cords of the English dominion have been drawn more tightly, this nervous excitability of the nation has even increased. Since the reign of Henry VIII., Ireland has presented an almost constant series of convulsions, insurrections, and rebellions. For these, indeed, there may have been ample provocation in the wicked injustice of their oppressors. The whole course of British policy toward Ireland, for three hundred years, appears to have been calculated to alienate the feelings of the people from their rulers, and rouse all their prejudices and passions against England and the English. The first of these impolitic acts was adopted in 1536. A parliament was then assembled, which formally proceeded to annul the papal power, and to declare Henry VIII. of England the supreme head, on earth, of the church in Ireland. Every person who refused to take the oath of supremacy was declared guilty of high treason. But to resist these usurpations, confederacies were formed all over the kingdom; and it was not till the year 1551, that the English liturgy was performed in the Irish churches. But in spite of all the

coercive measures of the English government, the bulk of the nation steadily adhered to their ancient faith, and the cause of religion became the cause of the nation. The attempts to force the people to renounce a faith which they had received from St. Patrick, and to adopt a new system of religion with an English ritual, naturally became blended with the national prejudices against English oppression, and coöperated to produce the famous insurrection of Tyrone.

The conduct of James I. estranged the affection of the Irish; and during the reign of Charles I. another rebellion broke out, which deluged the country with blood. Cromwell undertook to crush the restive spirit of the nation with the trampling heel of military power. His cruelties toward the people are almost incredible. During his sway, twenty thousand Irishmen were sold as slaves, and forty thousand entered into foreign service to escape from tyranny at home.

The distracted state of this unhappy kingdom in 1688, can hardly be described. It was then the theatre of one of the fiercest civil wars that ever raged in any country. The Catholics declared for James, and the Protestants for William, Prince of Orange. The battle of the Boyne, on the first of July, 1690, decided the fate of James, who fled to France. William acceded to the British throne; and heavy indeed were the punishments inflicted on the Catholics, who had taken part with the now defeated and exiled Stuart. The number of Irish subjects, outlawed on this occasion, amounted to nearly four hundred thousand, and their lands, confiscated, were more than a million and a half of acres.

In 1798, the injured Irish, deprived of the enjoyment of their dearest rights, and condemned to political disabilities on account of professing the Catholic religion, once more rebelled. This event is within the memory of many who are still living; and we have seen in our time one distinguished leader of that rebellion, having escaped from the pursuit of tyranny, seeking a home, and at last a resting-place, on our American shores. I speak of the late Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York. After the failure of their schemes, he and his associates were taken, tried, and condemned. Some were executed, and some transported; but he was himself permitted to escape from prison by the jailer, and it is supposed, by the connivance of the British Government. After many vicissitudes, he came to this country, and engaged in the profession of the law. His great learning, his powerful intellect, and his masterly eloquence, soon raised him to the highest honors of his profession. His mind was indeed haunted with recollections of his country and his home, and sometimes these bitter memories would find utterance. But in general, he displayed a character of great gentleness and generosity; and becoming an American citizen, he adopted the customs and feelings of our country. He died in 1827.

Robert Emmet, the brother of this distinguished individual, was concerned in the rebellion of 1803, but his fate was more melancholy. He was a lawyer; young, ardent, and full of talent. Greatly beloved for his virtues, and intensely admired for his genius, he became a leader among the conspirators. With the rest he was detected, seized, and brought to trial. Before

his judge he defended himself, with admirable dignity, eloquence, and power. Knowing that his fate was sealed, he sought not to save his life, but only to shelter his name and fame from after infamy. "Though you, my lord," said he, "sit there a judge, and I stand here a culprit, yet you are but a man, and I am another. I have a right, therefore, to vindicate my character and motives from the aspersions of calumny; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in rescuing my name and my memory from the afflicting imputation of having been a traitor to my native land."

He then proceeded with a stirring appeal to his countrymen, and finally closed his defence in the following words: "My lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is finished. The fresh grave will be soon ready to receive me, and I shall sink into its bosom. All I request at parting from the world is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man, who knows my motives, dare defend them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain undescribed, till other times and other men can do justice to my character."

Such was the lofty and intrepid bearing of Robert Emmet, then but twenty-four years old, in the hopeless hour of condemnation. But this could not save him; and he perished on the scaffold. The circumstances which attended his fate, however, entered into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy which dictated his execution. "But there

was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days, and fairer fortunes, Emmet had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of the celebrated Curran. She loved him with the fervor of a woman's first and only love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, — she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. Exiled from home by a father's stern decree, and haunted by the memory of her lover's dishonored grave; with nothing to soothe the pang of separation, nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent like dews to revive the parched bosom in the hour of anguish, — she gradually wasted away, and died the victim of a broken heart." Her melancholy story has found a chronicler in Irving, and Emmet himself is beautifully mourned by the poet Moore, who thus alludes to his last request — "the charity of the world's silence :"

" O breathe not his name ; let it sleep in the shade,
Where, cold and unhonored, his relics are laid :
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

" But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

Such is the pathetic story of Robert Emmet ; and thus the generous beatings of a noble heart for his country's freedom were silenced for ever. Alas for poor Ireland,

that patriotism in her children, should be a crime for which the gallows only can atone!

I have thus noticed some of the rebellions of Ireland; and though they may have been justified by the oppression of her despotic masters, yet in most of these cases, and particularly in the last, there was an improvidence, which, as it insured failure, almost cancelled the patriotism displayed by those who were ready to put life and property at risk for the sake of liberty. But beside rebellions, there have been many lesser disturbances: agitation is, indeed, but the common condition of Ireland. A large part of the people are miserable, and it is not strange that whoever will come to them with promises of improvement, should obtain ready listeners and obedient followers. How easy to stir up a wretched people, by reviving the memory of by-gone wrongs, and appealing to present sufferings! How strong the argument of revenge to the injured, and of relief to the oppressed! It is not wonderful that such a man as O'Connell—even though selfish and unprincipled, as some contend he is—should be able to lead the suffering Irish at his will. He is at least a man of extraordinary talent, and so long as his interest and that of Ireland may coincide, so long at least he will be her champion. He may, indeed, be the occasion of lasting good to his country. He is, as I have said, a man of extraordinary talent. We have seen him, in the British Commons, successfully breasting attacks which would have overborne any other than a man of dauntless intrepidity and gigantic power. Such a man, with Ireland at his back, is no mean champion. He puts his shoulder to the

edifice of Irish affairs, as did Samson to the pillars of the Philistine temple, and, shaking the tottering mass, says to the British Ministry, "Grant me what I ask, or I will bring down the whole fabric upon your heads!" Something has been already granted to Ireland, in O'Connel's day. The Catholic disabilities are removed, and the church tithes will ere long be mitigated or surrendered. Whether absenteeism, the greatest curse of Ireland, will cease, is a more doubtful question.

Beside the attachment of the Irish to old customs, their acknowledged pugnacity, and that improvident restlessness, which helps them rather to get into trouble than out of it, — common fame assigns to them another peculiar and striking characteristic; I mean a *laughable confusion of ideas*, which is expressed by the word *bull*, a term derived from the Dutch, and signifying a blunder. Whether the Irish are more addicted than others to this species of mental *faux pas*, there cannot be a doubt that much of what is attributed to them is imaginary, and, so far as it might seem to imply any intellectual imperfection, the mere invention of ill-natured prejudice. A person in using another language than his own, frequently falls into mistake. A Frenchman, once, speaking to Dr. Johnson, and intending to pay him a compliment by alluding to the Rambler, which at that time was the theme of universal admiration, addressed him as *Monsieur Vagabond*, the word *vagabond*, in French, being synonymous with *rambler*. An Italian gentleman, in speaking to an American lady, and intending to say that she had grown somewhat fleshy, since he had seen her, said, "Madam, you have gained very

much beef since I saw you!" Such mistakes as these are often made by foreigners; but good taste dictates that they should be passed over without remark, or in that polite manner in which a Frenchman is said to have noticed a blunder of Dr. Moore's. "I am afraid," said the doctor, "that the word I have used is not French." "No," said the Frenchman, "it is not; but it deserves to be."

Such is the tolerance we extend to the blunders of foreigners speaking a language with which they are imperfectly acquainted, unless forsooth, they chance to be Hibernians. In that case, the rule is reversed, of course. A poor Irishman, once being called upon to testify in an English court, was suddenly asked by the judge, "Who and what are you?" Pat was fresh from Ballymony, and his knowledge of English was limited; but he did the best he could. "Plase your honor," said he, "I am a poor widow!" — meaning widower. Now this mistake was no worse than we hear from others in similar circumstances; but considering that the blunder was from an Irishman, who would esteem himself restrained from laughter, by any polite regard to the man's feelings, or fail to discover in this instance an unquestionable specimen of the genuine Irish bull?

If a large portion of imputed Irish bulls are thus mere common-place blunders, such as all foreigners are liable to make in speaking any other than their native tongue, there is a still larger portion, that are attributed to the Irish, which may claim a different paternity. Many of our common proverbs, to which we have given a local habitation and a name, are in fact borrowed from other

countries. "You carry coals to Newcastle," might seem to claim John Bull for its father; but the sentiment had existed for ages before John Bull himself was born. "You carry oil to a city of olives," is a Hebrew proverb that has been in use for hundreds of years; and "You carry pepper to Hindostan," is an Eastern adage of perhaps as great antiquity. The fact is nearly the same in regard to many of the pithy sayings, smart jokes, and witty repartees, which are in common use among us, and are imputed to well-known individuals. A large part of Joe Miller's jokes, pretending to have originated with Englishmen, are told in France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, Persia, and perchance China, and in like manner descend from generation to generation, being successively attributed to such characters as they may suit. Some scandalous story being told of Dr. Bellamy, a person asked him if it were true. "No," said the doctor; "some fellow invented it, and laid it to me; but the rascal knew me." It is this suitableness of an anecdote to an individual, that often gives it much additional point. The discreet story-teller, therefore, always seeks to find some hero to whom he may impute his tale, in the hope that he may give to it this adventitious zest. An American was once telling some anecdote of Ethan Allen, of Vermont, to a German, remarking, by the way, that it must be true, for his grandfather was present, and witnessed the fact. "It is a good story, certainly," said the German, "but I have heard the same told of my great grandfather, Baron Von Hottengen, ever since I was a boy."

This incident throws a great deal of light upon our

subject. Let one acquire a reputation for any particular thing, and every anecdote from the time of Confucius down to the present day, that may seem to be illustrative of the qualities of this individual, is told of him. Thus it is that Ethan Allen is the hero of many wild adventures that he never achieved, and the witty Lord Norbury is credited for many a good joke that he never uttered. There is nothing like starting with a character beforehand, even though it may be the outright invention of ignorant prejudice. It is to this circumstance that the New-England Yankee is indebted for the credit, among our Southern brethren, of inventing wooden nutmegs, oak-leaf segars, horses with false tails, and all other ingenious modes of cheating in trade. It is from this circumstance that the Irish are charged with every ludicrous blunder, to whomsoever it may properly belong.

If the Irish were disposed to retaliate, it would be easy to find means; for it was an English orator, who said, in the House of Commons, that the proposed tax on leather would be an insupportable burden to the *barefooted* peasantry of Ireland. It is an English poet who says,

“A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a *naked* Pict his grandsire won.”

It was a French philosopher, M. Joinville, who, being prepared to observe an eclipse of the sun, at which the king was to be present, said to M. Cassini, “Shall we not wait for the king before we begin the eclipse?” It was a French gentleman who, hearing a lady exclaim

against the inhumanity of Buffon in dissecting his own cousin, remarked, "But, my dear madam, the man whom he dissected was dead!" It was also a Frenchman who, being asked by a young man for his only daughter in marriage, exclaimed, "No, sir, if I had fifty *only* daughters, I would not give you one of them!"

Such are a few samples of genuine bulls of other than Irish origin; but what story-teller, bringing them to market, and wishing to get for them the highest price, — a hearty laugh, — would fail of attributing them to the Irish?

There is another class of what are called Irish bulls, which appear to me to be specimens of wit rather than of blunder. There was once an Irish sailor by the name of Larry, who sailed for many years on board a little packet that plied between New Haven and New York. She was commanded by Captain B*****, who, I am sorry to say, was very profane. On a certain occasion, Larry was summoned before the Supreme Court of Connecticut as a witness. When he was called upon the stand, a doubt arose whether this Irish Catholic understood the nature of an oath. At length the judge made the inquiry of Larry, who replied as follows: — "Is it the nathur of an oath ye'd like to know? If your honor 'd sailed with Captain Ben B***** for six years, on board the Polly packet, as I have done, ye'd not be after asking that question." An Irish woman lately applied for the place of cook, to a lady of Boston. When the terms were agreed upon, the lady asked to whom she could apply for the woman's character; to which she replied, "O, my character? and you wish to

have my character? Well, I'm thinking nobody can give it to ye so well as myself." These and a multitude of other instances, which are set down as blunders, approaching to bulls, show any thing but confusion of ideas. They spring from a shrewd wit, veiled beneath the mask of simplicity.

But while we would thus maintain that a large share of the blunders attributed to the Irish do not belong to them; that bulls, and good ones too, are often committed by those in whom we can trace no Hibernian blood; and that many of those which are actually traceable to Irish origin are still, only such mistakes as might be expected from an imperfect knowledge of our language, still it must be admitted that a certain confusion of speech, or transposition of ideas, is common to the Irish people. A part of even this, however, arises from the inconsiderate haste with which they speak. An Irishman was once reading a newspaper, during the twenty years' war. He began a paragraph as follows:—"The French have taken *umbrage*——." He did not stop to finish the sentence, but exclaimed, "The rascals! it's the first British port they have got yet!" Pat's loquacity often leads him into mistakes. It is better, in his philosophy, to blunder than be silent. Some people were once speaking of the *Sphinx*. "Who's that?" said an Irishman present. "It's a monster, man," said the person addressed. "A Munster man?" said the other; "I thought he must be from *Connaught*, for I think I have heard of the family there!" The Irish generally speak as they act, upon the first impulse. They begin to express a thought the moment it strikes

them, and often before they fully understand it. "Look ere you leap," is a proverb which they reverse in practice. "Think twice and speak once," they also follow by the rule of contrary. Their mind is a mirror, and the ready tongue freely discloses all the figures, either confused or distinct, that may pass before it.

But let us now turn from these drawbacks in the Irish character, to the consideration of more grateful traits. Who, for instance, has not been struck with the natural *eloquence* of these people? We need not go to Grattan, Curran, or Burke, for specimens of this gift of genius. The rudest Irish laborer among us, seems to be endowed with it. If an Irishman really sets about persuading you of a thing, he seldom fails of his object, unless, indeed, it be to prove that black is white. It is curious to see how an Irishman can embellish the most naked idea, and amplify the commonest topic. There is a picture of a beggar, belonging to the Athenæum of Boston, painted by an artist of New York. It is the portrait of an Irishman, who presented himself one day at the artist's door, and begged for alms. "Walk in," said the painter, "and tell me your name." "My name, sir," said the beggar, "is Patrick McGruger, and it's true what I tell ye." "But," said the artist, "why don't you go to work, instead of begging about the streets in this fashion?" "Why don't I go to work, your honor? and it's that ye'd like to know? When ye're threescore years and ten, like myself, ye'll be more ready to answer such a question, than to ask it." "Well, well, my good fellow," said the artist, "you can at least sit down and let me paint your portrait." "Is

it my handsome portrait you're wanting? and do you wish me to sit down there and let you paint it? Faith, that's a thing I can do, though I was not brought up to it. The time has been, your honor, when Patrick McGruger could do better than sit for the portrait of a beggar. But I must do what I may; for these old limbs ask to be fed, though they refuse to work."

The author of the "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life," furnishes us with a fictitious, but characteristic specimen of this natural eloquence of the common people, in a poor woman who mourns at a wake over the dead body of her patron, Godman Lee. She was seated on the floor, her eyes closed, her hands clasped around her knees, while in a low and mournful tone she spoke as follows:

"Kind and gentle were you, and lived through sorrow and tears, frost and snow, with an open house and an open heart. The sun of heaven shone on you, and you reflected its warmth on others. The flower of the valley saw and loved you; and though she is of a strange country, you taught her to love the *green and weeping island*, to dry the widow's tears, to feed the orphan, to clothe the naked. O, why did you die, and leave behind you all the good things of life? and above all, the beautiful boy who will be the oak of the forest yet? O, the justice and the mildness were you of the country's side! and while grass grows, and waters run, we will mourn for Godman Lee. The beggar walked from his door with a full sack; and he turned wormwood into sweetness with his smile. But now his wife is desolate, and his full and plentiful home has no master?"

The *wit* of the Irish is no less natural and striking than their eloquence. That very transposition of ideas which sometimes produces a bull or blunder, not unfrequently startles us as if with the scintillations of humor. "What are you doing there?" said one Irishman to another, who was digging away the dirt before a cellar window. "I'm going to open this window," said Patrick, "to let the dark out of the cellar." A few years ago, as several persons were standing on a wharf at Liverpool, one of them slipped into the dock. The first individual to move for the relief of the drowning man, was an Irishman, who plunged into the water, and after a severe struggle rescued the person from the waves. When the man had at length recovered from his ducking, he took some change out of his pocket, and selecting a sixpence, handed it to the Irishman who had saved his life. The latter looked an instant at the sixpence in the palm of his hand, and then slowly measured the individual with his eye whom he had rescued; and observing that he was a very thin and small man, he put the money into his pocket, and turned on his heel, saying, significantly, "It's enough!"

But the recollection of my readers will readily furnish them with abundant specimens of Irish wit, far less questionable than these. Wit is, in fact, the whole stock in trade of one half the Irish nation; and though it often leaves them destitute of a dinner, it seldom fails to make even destitution and want, the occasion of its merry sallies.

It is perhaps this playfulness of fancy, that is partly the source of that *cheerfulness* which forms a remarka-

ble characteristic of the Irish people, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," is an injunction literally construed and implicitly obeyed. Cheerfulness seems indeed to be so natural to the Irish, as hardly to possess the self-denying ingredients of virtue. Not even poverty, want, or oppression, can wholly shut out the genial light of cheerfulness from an Irishman's cabin. If it come not in at the door or the window, fancy will strike out the spark, hope cherish it, wit blow it into a blaze. There is something even pathetic in the instances that are related of Irish wit and cheerfulness in the midst of poverty and destitution. A recent traveller in Ireland tells us, that on one occasion he went to an Irish cabin, where he found a peasant and his numerous family crowded into the only room in the building, which was scarcely more than twelve feet square. In one corner lay a pig; it being the custom among these poor people to fatten one of these animals every six months, for the purpose of paying their rent. The traveller describes the hut as exhibiting the most naked scene of relentless poverty that could be imagined. The gaunt form of the peasant, the sunken cheek of the wife, the pallid countenances of the children, all showed that the craving wants of nature were but half supplied. But the pig presented a remarkable contrast to this general aspect of want and wo. There it lay, luxuriously imbedded in aristocratic straw, sleek, round, and pampered. As the stranger entered the hut, it did not even condescend to rise, but seemed to imitate, by a delicate and affected grunt, the sentiment of the fat lady in the play, "Do n't be rude, for really my nerves won't bear it!"

The stranger felt his heart touched at this scene, for it seemed to show that, day by day, the food which the peasant and his children needed, was doled out to this pampered animal, to provide for the payment of the rent, and thus insure a shelter for the family. At length he said to the Irishman, "Pray, why do you keep this creature in the house; would not he do as well out of doors?" "Sure," said the peasant, with a smile, "your honor would not turn out the gentleman what pays the rent?" Thus it is that the Irishman's cheerfulness is made to solace his poverty; thus it is that the diamond can illuminate the darkness; that the playful light of a heavenly virtue may be drawn down to earth, even by the iron of which misery forges its fetters.

I have now given a feeble and imperfect sketch of certain characteristics of the Irish people; but I could wish that it might not wholly pass without practical benefits. I have presented this nation as of great antiquity, and as linking itself, by a remarkable power of self-perpetuation, with those nations which pass before us like mighty shadows in the morning dream of history. I have presented them as at various periods displaying a power of genius which commanded the admiration of mankind. I have presented them as blemished indeed, with imperfections in their social character, but as possessing indisputable claims to sympathy and respect.

In dealing with the Irish, therefore, I would ask my countrymen to recollect the position in which we Americans stand toward the Irish. We are of English descent, and share in the events of English history. If

we have our tales to tell of Bloody Mary, the Catholic, they have theirs of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Cromwell, all true Protestants, but as fell religious persecutors as ever disgraced a sceptre. The Irish have been taught by history, tradition, experience, to expect in the enemies of their religion, the enemies of their peace and prosperity. Protestant, with them, has too often been found synonymous with oppressor. Too often Protestantism has come to them in the unattractive guise of tyranny, tithes, and taxation. These emigrants come to our country, then, with a lynx-eyed prejudice, founded in their own bitter experience, and that of their fathers, and their fathers' fathers. How will you deal with it? Allow me very briefly to suggest one or two practical points.

Let us dismiss that narrow-minded maxim, which teaches that the Irish are a wrong-headed people, who can only be abused out of their errors. Let us recollect that St. Patrick introduced Christianity into Ireland in thirty years, and that too in the face of paganism, and by persuasion only; while the whole coercive power of England since the time of Henry VIII. has been vainly exerted to convert this nation to Protestantism. Remember that St. Patrick, by the mere magic of kind persuasion, did that in thirty years which the defied and baffled throne of Britain has not been able to accomplish by force in three hundred years.

Let us by no means join in the popular outcry against foreigners coming to our country, and partaking of its privileges. They will come, whether we will or no; and is it wise to meet them with inhospitality, and thus

turn their hearts against us? Let us rather receive them as friends, and give them welcome to our country. Let us rather say: "The harvest before us is indeed great, and the laborers are few: come, go with us, and we will do thee good." Our hills, valleys, and rivers stretch from ocean to ocean, belting the entire continent of the New World; and over this rich and boundless domain, Providence has poured the atmosphere of liberty. Let these poor sufferers come and breathe it freely. Let our country be the asylum of the oppressed of all lands. Let those who come, bent down with the weight of European tithes and taxation, here throw off the load and stand erect in freedom. Let those who have dwelt in the chill shadows of the Castle of Ignorance, erected by kings, and fortified by priestcraft, come here, and be warmed by the free sunlight of knowledge. Let those whose limbs have been cramped by chains, those whose minds have been fretted by hereditary error, come here, and, seeing happiness, be permitted freely to pursue it.

Let us, at least, extend the hand of encouragement and sympathy to the Irish. Their story for centuries is but a record of sorrows and oppressions. They have been made to feel, not only how cruel, but how universal are the miseries which follow a bad government; for government is as pervading in its influence as the air we breathe. In civilized society, we must eat and drink, and wear, and have shelter, and hold intercourse with our fellow-men; and government will come through bolted doors and grated windows, and reach us through these interests. The tyrant will come in and visit us

at our homes, dimming the very light of our firesides. Not only do we feel his taxes, and find our industry cursed, but the minds of our children are perhaps injured — degraded or contaminated — by the vices which injustice and evil example, from high stations, inculcate upon society. And from these miseries there is no escape but death. No condition can shield a man from mischiefs so injurious and so pervading. As well might the air become contagious, and the springs and rivers be tainted, as bad government become established over a nation. Yet poor Ireland has been subject to such a condition for ages; and even if her children leave their native soil they are obliged to carry with them the bitter memory of their country's wrongs. A people of quick and ardent sympathies, of a poetical and romantic love of country, they are, in exile, ever looking back to the Emerald Isle, with mingled sorrow and sickness of heart. How heavy is the burden which such bosoms must bear, as they wander over distant lands, in the bitter consciousness that their country is the desponding victim of oppression! Shall not those who come to our shores afflicted with such sorrows, find in the friends and sharers of freedom, both welcome and release? And let us beware of adding to their wrongs. Let us remember that there is other tyranny than that of chains and fetters — the invisible but cruel tyranny of opinion and prejudice. Let us beware how we exercise this towards the Irish; for it is wicked in itself, and doubly mischievous in its tendency. It injures both its subject and its object, and brings no counterbalancing good.

Let us be especially guarded against two sources of

prejudice, to which we are peculiarly liable. In the first place, in our personal experience, we are familiar with the most ignorant and unfortunate of the Irish nation. We see, in servile employments, those who have been exposed to all the debasing influences that degrade mankind. Is it fair to draw from these a standard by which to judge the whole people? Let us rather ask ourselves where there is another nation, who have been so long trampled down by oppression; who have been born in poverty and nursed in adversity; who have inherited little from the past but sorrow, and can bequeath nothing to the future but hope;—where is there a people so wronged, that has yet preserved so many virtues? How gallantly, indeed, do Irish wit, and cheerfulness, and hospitality, and patriotism, ride on the wreck of individual hopes, and sparkle through the very waves of adversity!

Let us beware of prejudice from another source. We read English books, papers, and pamphlets. We read them under the inspiring influence of Britain's great name. Say what we may of that country, the British empire is a mighty power, and her literature is even more potent than her armies and her navies. It is by this she casts a spell over the world, and binds the nations in moral fetters. We see in the English people nearly the same exclusive love of country that burned in the bosom of the ancient Roman. This spirit animates every offspring of the English press. It is this which leads them to vindicate the tyranny of the government in Ireland, by portraying the Irish as an untamable race, deaf to reason, and only to be ruled by

the harsh inflictions of power. Let us, Americans, see that our minds are not driven from the moorings of justice, by this sinister current in which they are placed. Influenced by such considerations as these, let us by all fair means bring about a good understanding between the Irish emigrants and society. Let us deal gently with them, even with their errors; — and thus we shall win their confidence; thus they may be persuaded to take council of the good, the wise, and the virtuous, and not throw themselves into the arms of those who would flatter their vices and minister to their passions, but to use and abuse them.

Let this reasonable and just policy mark our conduct towards the grown-up Irish among us; and in regard to their children, let us individually and collectively use our best endeavors to bestow upon them the benefits of education. But let us remember that even an attempt to educate the Irish will fail, if it be not founded in a recognition of the elements of their national character, quick perception, a keen sense of justice, and ready resentment of wrong. If over these, prejudice, suspicion, and pride, have thrown their shadows, let us adapt the instruction we would offer to the light they can bear. In this way a numerous people may be redeemed from misery to happiness, and rendered a blessing instead of a curse to our country. Let us deal thus with those Irish who have left their native land to find a dwelling among us; and in regard to the millions that remain at home; in the “green and weeping island,” let us hope for the speedy dawn of a brighter and better day. A youthful queen now sways the sceptre of Britain;

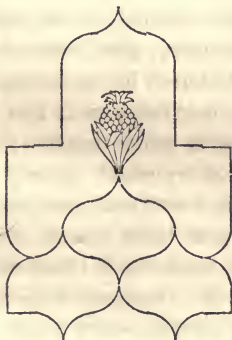
and what may not humanity hope from the generosity of *youth* and the heavenly charity of *woman*!

In closing this faint and feeble, but sincere appeal in behalf of the Irish people, I cannot feel that I urge a doubtful claim, or seek to enforce an ungracious suit. Might I not foot up a long account, and confidently ask its liquidation on the general ground of even-handed justice? Who is there that has not read the pensive tale of the "Deserted Village," and felt his heart both softened and purified by the perusal? Who is there that has not listened to the entrancing melody of that "Traveller,"

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"

who has painted pictures of life, beauty, and truth, on the soul, that will live as long as the heart retains its affections, or the imagination its enamel? Who is there that has not again, again, and yet again, forgotten the cares and vexations of life in the story of the simple-hearted "Vicar of Wakefield" and his family, and gathered from it more touching and effective lessons of virtue, than were ever found in the philosophy of the schools? Who is there that will not acknowledge a debt to the author of these works, and, if the appeal were made, would not heartily repay it to the land that gave him birth? Who can measure the debt of gratitude that the world owes to such a man as GOLDSMITH? for it is the influence of spirits like his, that aids in the redemption of mankind from barbarism, that civilizes society, that ennobles the heart, gives to love its purity, to friendship its truth, to patriotism its fervor, to home

its comfort, to human nature its dignity, to life its charm ! If the pleasure this single individual has excited, the virtue he has planted and cherished, the good he has done to his fellow-man, were heaped up in one monumental pile, the mighty pyramid would reach to the skies ; and its fitting inscription would be, TO THE MEMORY OF AN IRISHMAN, WHOSE GENIUS WAS A PERSONIFICATION OF THE IRISH CHARACTER, AND WHOSE LIFE WAS A FIT EMBLEM OF IRELAND'S FORTUNES : HE LIVED MINISTERING TO THE HAPPINESS OF OTHERS, HIMSELF THE VICTIM OF SORROWS THAT MAY BE FELT, BUT CANNOT BE REHEARSED !



CHINGFORD CHURCH.

By the London road, not far from town,
Old Chingford Church looks frowning down;
O'er buttress and tower the ivy is creeping,
In its lone dark aisles the weary are sleeping.
At a bow-shot's length flows a deep, smooth stream,
And it ever seems of that church to dream;
If you look in its depths at the hour of noon,
Or ponder the waves by the light of the moon,
With its mantle of ivy the church is there,
As things are in dreams, — more misty and fair.
Ay, and thy memory, when once thou hast seen
That gray old church in its vesture of green,
Like the river that flows at its foot, will give
Its image back in colors that live;
Will mirror that ivy which greenly lingers,
O'er window and wall with creeping fingers,
And seeks to hide in its mantle of leaves,
The moss that time o'er the buttresses weaves.

In days of yore, the green hill-side
By Chingford Church was the fairy's pride;
When the moon was bright and the blossoms sweet,
They brushed the dew with their airy feet;
They played mid the rays that fell on the brook,
And the blushing waves with their kisses shook:

By the sculptured stone where the weary slept,
They hovered light, or perchance they wept.
But the times are changed, and the whizzing car,
On pinions of steam flies by with a jar ;
By night and by day the rumbling wheel
Of the stage-coach plies, in its restless zeal ;
And every still nook in old Britain's bound,
By the noisy track of MacAdam is found.
So the fairies, scared from their chosen haunts,
Hold not on the greensward their merry dance ;
But timid and startled, they shrink from the sight,
And come no more but in visions of night.



THE SCHOOL OF MISFORTUNE.

THERE once lived in a village near London, a youth by the name of Raymond. His parents died when he was young, leaving him an ample estate. He was educated at one of the universities, travelled for two years on the continent, and, at the age of twenty-four, returned to the paternal mansion and established himself there. Being the richest person in the village, and the descendant and representative of a family of some antiquity, he became the chief personage of the place. Beside all this, he was esteemed remarkably handsome, possessed various accomplishments, and had powers of pleasing almost amounting to fascination. He was, therefore, courted and flattered by the whole neighborhood, and even lords and ladies of rank and fashion did not disdain to visit him. The common people around, of course, looked up to him; for in England, where distinctions in society are established by government, and where all are taught to consider such distinctions as right, the great, as they are called, are usually almost worshipped by the little.

Surrounded by luxuries, and flattered by everybody, it would seem that Raymond might have been happy; but he was of a discontented turn, and though for a time, these things pleased him, he grew tired of

them at last, and wished for some other sources of pleasure and excitement. At the university he had imbibed a taste for reading; but he could not now sit down to its quiet and gentle pleasures. He had been in the gay society of London and Paris, and had drunk the cup of pleasure so deeply, that nothing but its dregs remained.

Raymond was therefore restless, discontented, and miserable, while in the possession of all that usually excites the envy of mankind. He was rich beyond his utmost wishes; he was endowed with manly beauty and the most perfect health; he was admired, flattered, cherished, and sought after; yet he was unhappy. The reason of this he did not know; indeed, he did not look very deeply into the matter, but went on from one scene to another, seeking enjoyment, but turning with distaste and disappointment from every thing. He was, however, too proud to let the world see his real condition; he kept up a fair outside, sustained his establishment with magnificence, and dressed himself, when he went abroad, with elegance and care; he affected gayety in company, often led in the dance, was ever foremost in the chase, and was usually the life of the circle wherever he went.

There were few, perhaps none, who imagined that, under this aspect of prosperity, the canker of discontent was gnawing at the heart. Yet such was the fact: of all the people of the village, Raymond was esteemed the most happy and fortunate; but he was in truth the veriest wretch in the place. And though this may doubtless seem a rare instance, yet we have good reason to believe that often, very often, there is deep misery, un-

told and unsuspected, in the great house, where only elegance and luxury are seen by the world at large; very often the beggar at the door would not exchange conditions with the lord of the lofty hall, if he could know his real condition.

Raymond had now reached the age of thirty years, and instead of finding that his condition, or the state of his feelings improved, they seemed rather to grow worse. He became more and more unhappy. Every morning when he rose, it was with a kind of dread as to how he should contrive to kill time, to get through the day, to endure his own listlessness, or dissatisfaction, or disgust. The idea of setting about some useful or honorable employment, that would occupy his thoughts, give excitement to his faculties, and bring satisfaction to his conscience, never entered his head. He had never been taught that no one has a right to lead an idle or useless life, and that no man can be happy who attempts to live only for himself.

It is indeed a common opinion among rich people that they are under no obligation to engage in the active duties of life; that they are not bound to labor, or toil, or make sacrifices for society; that they are in fact privileged classes, and may spend their time and money with an exclusive regard to themselves. Raymond was educated in this foolish and narrow-minded opinion; and here was the real foundation of all his misery. Could he only have discovered that happiness is to be found in exercising our faculties; in using the means, and employing the power, that Providence has placed in our hands, in some useful pursuit, and in this way alone—he

might have been saved from a gulf of misery, into which he was soon plunged.

At this period, which was soon after the revolutionary war, America was attracting great attention, and Raymond having met with one of his college mates who had been there, and who gave him glowing accounts of it, he suddenly took the determination to sell his estates and set out for America, with the view of spending the remainder of his days there. He knew little of the country, but supposed it to be the contrast in everything to that in which he had lived, and thinking that any change must bring enjoyment, he sold his property, and taking the amount in gold and silver, set out with it in a ship bound for New York.

The vessel had a prosperous voyage till she arrived in sight of the highlands near the entrance of the harbor of New York. It was then that, just at evening, smart gusts began to blow off the land, and the captain showed signs of anxiety, lest he should not be able to get in before the storm, which he feared was coming, should arise. The passengers had dressed themselves to go on shore, and most of them, anxious to see friends, or tired of the sea, were anticipating their arrival with delight. Raymond, however, was an exception to all this. He went upon the deck, looked a few moments gloomily at the land that was visible low down in the horizon, and then retired to the cabin, where he gave himself up to his accustomed train of discontented and bitter thoughts.

“I, alone,” said he to himself, “of all this company, seem to be miserable; all are looking forward with plea-

sant anticipations of some happiness, some enjoyment in store for them. But for me — what have I to hope? I have no friends here; this is a land of strangers to me. It is true, I have wealth; but how worthless is it! I have tried its virtues in England, and found that it could not give me pleasure. Wealth cannot bestow happiness upon me; and I should not mourn if every farthing of it were lost in the sea. Life is indeed to me a burden. Why is it that everything is happy but myself? Why do I see all these people rejoicing at the sight of land, while I am distressed at the idea of once more mingling with mankind? Alas! life is to me a burden, and the sooner I part with it the better!”

While Raymond was pursuing this train of reflections in the cabin, the heaving of the vessel increased; the creaking of the timbers grew louder, and the deck became a scene of uproar, occasioned by running to and fro, the rattling of cordage, and the clanking of heavy irons. The commands of the captain grew rapid and stern, and the thumping of the billows against the sides of the ship, made her shiver from the rudder to the bowsprit.

Raymond was so buried in his own gloomy reflections, that he did not for some time notice these events; but at last the din became so tremendous, that he started to his feet and ran upon deck. The scene that now met his eyes was indeed fearful. It was dark, but not so much so as to prevent the land from being visible at a little distance; the wind was blowing with the force of a hurricane, and urging the vessel, now perfectly at its mercy, into the boiling waves that fretted and foam-

ed along its edge. The captain had given up all hope of saving the ship, and the passengers were kneeling and throwing up their hands in wildness and despair.

Raymond was perfectly calm. The thought of losing his wealth crossed his mind, but it cost him not a struggle to be reconciled to its destruction. He then thought of sinking down in the waves to rise no more. To this, too, he yielded, saying briefly to himself, "It is best it should be so." Having thus made up his mind and prepared himself for the worst, as he fancied, he stood surveying the scene. The force of the gale was fearful; as it marched along the waters, it lashed their surface into foam, and burst upon the ship with a fury that seemed every moment on the point of carrying away her masts. At last, the vessel struck; a moment after, her masts fell, with their whole burden of spars, sails, and rigging; the waves then rose over the stern of the helpless hulk, and swept the whole length of it. Several of the passengers were hurried into the tide, there to find a watery grave; some clung to the bulwarks, and others saved themselves in various ways.

Raymond was himself plunged into the waves. His first idea was to yield himself to his fate without an effort; but the love of life revived, as he saw it placed in danger. He was an expert swimmer, and exerting himself, he soon approached the masts, which were still floating, though entangled with the wreck. It was in vain, however, to reach them, owing to the rolling of the surf. Several times he nearly laid his hand upon them, when he was beaten back by the dashing waves. His strength gradually gave way, and he was floating

farther and farther from the wreck, when he chanced to see a spar near him; with a desperate effort, he swam to this, and, laying hold of it, was thus able to sustain himself upon the water.

The night now grew dark apace, and Raymond being driven out to sea, was parted from the wreck, and could distinguish nothing but the flashing waves around him. His limbs began to grow cold, and he feared that his strength would be insufficient to enable him to keep upon the spar. His anxiety increased; an awe of death, which he had never felt before, sprung up in his bosom, and an intense love of life — that thing which he had so recently spurned as worthless — burned in his bosom. So little do we know ourselves until adversity has taught us reflection, that Raymond, a few hours before, fancying that he was willing and prepared to die, now yearned for safety, for deliverance, for life, with an agony he could not control. His feelings, however, did not overpower him. Using every effort of strength and skill, and rubbing his chilled limbs from time to time, he was able to sustain himself till morning. He could then perceive that the vessel had become a complete wreck, and that the fragments were floating on the waves; he could not discern a single human being, and was left to infer that all beside himself had perished.

In this situation, benumbed with the cold, faint and exhausted with exertion, he was on the point of yielding himself a prey to the waves, when a pilot-boat came into view. It gradually approached the place where he was, and at last seemed so near him as almost

to be within the reach of his voice. At this critical moment she made preparations to tack, and thus change her direction. Raymond noticed these movements with indescribable anxiety: if she were to advance a few rods more, he should be discovered and saved; if she were to change her route ever so little, she would pass by, and he, unobserved and helpless, would perish. The experience of years seemed now crowded into one moment of agony. Weary, cold, exhausted, the poor sufferer wished not now to die, but to live. "Help, help!" cried he with all his strength. "O God, send me deliverance from these waves!" This earnest and agonizing petition was the first prayer he had uttered for years, and it was in behalf of that existence which, in the days of luxury and splendor, he had thought a burden and a curse!

Watching the pilot-boat with the keenest interest, poor Raymond now sat upon the spar, almost incapable of moving, on account of his sufferings and his weakness. He saw at last the helm put down; he saw the vessel obey the impulse; he saw her swing round, the sail flapping in the wind, and then filling again; he then saw her shoot off in another direction, thus leaving him destitute of hope. His heart sank within him, a sickness came over his bosom, his senses departed, and he fell forward into the waves! It was at this moment that he was discovered by the pilot. The vessel immediately steered towards him, and he was taken on board. In a few hours, he was at New York, and put under the care of persons who rendered him every assistance which he needed for his immediate comfort.

It was several hours after his arrival at the city before Raymond had fully recovered his senses. When he was completely restored, and began to make inquiries, he found that all his ship companions had perished. He who probably cared least for life — he who had no family, no friends, and who was weary of existence — he only, of all that ship's company, was the one that survived the tempest!

There was something in this so remarkable, that it occupied his mind, and caused deep emotions. In the midst of many painful reflections, he could not, however, disguise the fact, that he felt a great degree of pleasure in his deliverance from so fearful a death. Again and again he said to himself, "How happy, how thankful I feel at being saved, when so many have been borne down to a watery grave!" The loss of his property, though it left him a beggar in the world, did not seem to oppress him: the joy of escape from death was to him a source of lively satisfaction; it gave birth to a new feeling — a sense of dependence on God, and a lively exercise of gratitude towards Him. It also established in his mind a fact before entirely unknown, or unremarked — that what is called misfortune, is often the source of our most exquisite enjoyments. "It seems to me," said Raymond, in the course of his reflections, "that, as gems are found in the dreary sands, and gold among the rugged rocks — and as the one are only yielded to toil, and the other to the smelting of the fiery furnace, — so happiness is the product of danger, suffering, and trial. I have felt more real peace, more positive enjoyment from my deliverance, than I was able to find in the whole circle

of voluptuous pleasures, yielded by wealth and fashion. I became a wretch, existence was to me a burden, while I was rich. But, having lost my fortune, and experienced the fear of death, I am happy in the bare possession of that existence which I spurned before."

Such were the feelings and reflections of Raymond for a few days after his escape; but at length it was necessary for him to decide upon some course of action. He was absolutely penniless. Every thing had been sunk with the ship. He had no letters of introduction, he had no acquaintances in New York; nor, indeed, did he know any one in all America, save that a brother of his was a clergyman in some part of the United States; but a coldness had existed between them, and he had not heard of him for several years. Raymond was conscious, too, that this separation was the result of his own ungenerous conduct; for the whole of his father's estate had been given to him, to the exclusion of his brother, and he had permitted him to work his own way in life, without offering him the least assistance. To apply to this brother was, therefore, forbidden by his pride; and, beside, he had every reason to suppose that brother to be poor.

What, then, was to be done? Should he return to England? How was he to get the money to pay his passage? Beside, what was he to do when he got there? Go back to the village where he carried his head so high, and look in the faces of his former dashing acquaintances — acknowledging himself a beggar! This was not to be thought of. Should he seek some employment in America? This seemed the only plan. He began to make inquiries as to what he could find to do.

One proposed to him to keep a school ; another to go into a counting-room ; another to be a bar-keeper in a hotel. Any of these occupations would have given him the means of living ; but Raymond's pride was in the way ; — pride, that dogs us all our life, and stops up almost every path we ought to follow, persuaded Raymond that he, who was once a gentleman, ought to live the life of a gentleman ; and of course he could not do either of the things proposed.

But events, day by day, pressed Raymond to a decision. His landlord, at last, became uneasy, and told him that for what had accrued he was welcome, in consideration of his misfortunes ; but he was himself poor, and he begged him respectfully to make the speediest possible arrangements to give up his room, which he wanted for another boarder. " I have been thinking," said Raymond in reply to this, " that I might engage in the practice of physic. In early life I was thought to have a turn for the profession." This suggestion was approved by the landlord, and means were immediately taken to put it into execution. " Dr. Raymond, late of England," was forthwith announced ; and in a few weeks he was in the full tide of successful experiment.

This fair weather, however, did not continue without clouds. Many persons regarded " Dr. Raymond " only as one of the adventurers so frequently coming from England to repay the kindness and courtesy of the Yankees, with imposition and villany. Various injurious stories were got up about him ; some having a sprinkling of truth in them, and, for that reason, being very annoying. Raymond, however, kept on his way, paying little heed to

these rumors, fancying that, if left to themselves, they would soon die. And such would, perhaps, have been the result, had not a most unfortunate occurrence given matters another turn.

In the house where Raymond boarded, several small sums of money, and certain ornaments of some value, were missed by the boarders, from time to time. Suspicion fell upon a French servant in the family; but as nothing could be proved against him, he was retained, and a vigilant watch kept over his actions. Discovering that he was suspected, this fellow determined to turn the suspicion against Raymond; he, therefore, in the dead of night, took a valuable watch from one of the rooms, and laid it under the pillow of Raymond's bed. This was done with such address, that neither the gentleman from whom the watch was stolen, nor Raymond himself, saw anything of it at the time. The watch was missed in the morning, and the French servant was arrested. But as soon as the chambermaid began to make up Raymond's bed, behold, the pilfered watch was there! The French servant was at once released, and Raymond was arrested, briefly examined and thrown into prison.

The circumstances in which he had come to this country were now arrayed against him. The unfavorable rumors that had been afloat respecting him were revived; all the stories of swindlers that had visited the country for twenty years back, were published anew with embellishments. In short, Raymond was tried and condemned by the public, while he lay defenceless in prison, and long before his real trial came on. The subject became a matter of some notoriety; the circumstances were de-

tailed in the newspapers. A paragraph noticing these events met the eye of Raymond's brother, who was settled as a minister of the gospel in a country parish not far distant, and he immediately came to the city. Satisfying himself by a few inquiries that it was indeed his brother who was involved in difficulty and danger, he went straight to the prison, with a heart overflowing with sympathy and kindness. But pride was still in the way, and Raymond haughtily repulsed him.

The pious minister was deeply grieved; but he did not the less seek to serve his brother. He took care to investigate the facts, and became persuaded that the French servant had practised the deception that has been stated; but he was not able to prove it. He employed the best of counsel; but, in spite of all his efforts, and all his sympathy, Raymond was found guilty, condemned, and consigned to prison.

Up to this time, the pride of Raymond had sustained him; but it now gave way. He had borne the loss of fortune, but to be convicted of a low, base theft, was what his spirit could not endure. His health sunk under it, and his reason, for a time, departed. His sufferings during that dark hour, God only knows. At last he recovered his health and his senses, and then he heard, that, on his death-bed, the French servant had confessed his iniquity. It was from the lips of his brother, and under his roof, where he had been removed during his insanity, that Raymond learnt these events. He had been released from prison, and his character cleared of the imputation of crime.

From this period Raymond was an altered man. His

pride was effectually quelled; no longer did that disturber of earth's happiness, — the real serpent of Eden, — remain to keep him in a state of alienation from his brother. The two were now, indeed, as brothers. But there were other changes in Raymond; his health was impaired, his constitution enfeebled; his manly beauty departed; he was, indeed, but the wreck of former days. But, strange as it may seem, he now, for the first time, found peace and happiness. He had now tasted of sorrow, and was acquainted with grief. This enabled him to enter into the hearts of other men, to see their sorrows, and to desire to alleviate them. A new world was now open to him; a world of effort, of usefulness, of happiness. In the days of prosperity, he had no cares for anybody but himself; and mere selfishness had left him a wretch while in possession of all the supposed means of bliss. He had now made the discovery, that pride is the curse of the human race, and humility its only cure; that trial, sorrow, and misfortune are necessary, in most cases, to make us acquainted with our own hearts, and those of our fellow-men; and that true bliss is to be found only in a plan of life which seeks, earnestly and sincerely, the peace and happiness of others."



THE MAGICIAN.

A SAMOIDE TALE.

THERE was once upon a time an old Samoide fisherman that had the most beautiful daughter that ever was seen. She was very short and very fat, and her skin shone like blubber oil ; her eyes were small and black ; her teeth were large, and of a beautiful yellow hue. Her hair, also, was yellow, and being matted together, hung down in a thick mass upon her shoulders.

This fair girl was of an olive color, and such were her charms that all the young men who saw her fell desperately in love with her, save one. This latter was a fisherman, and famous for his skill in every species of adventurous sport. He was very dexterous in spearing the seal and sea-otter, in managing the seal-skin boat, and in driving the reindeer sledge over the snow.

Now, although the beautiful lady, whose name was Lis, enslaved all others, this hero of the fishhook and paddle set her charms at nought ; and, as the fates are very whimsical, the beautiful girl, disdaining the addresses of all besides, became desperately enamored of him. She took every opportunity in her power to please and fascinate him, but all to no purpose. Loord, for that was the name of the fisherman, resisted her

advances, and in fact treated her with marked neglect, if not disdain.

This appeared very wonderful to everybody, and especially to Lis, who made up her mind that some evil-minded spirit had bewitched Loord, and thus enabled and disposed him to resist her charms. She therefore determined to go to an island at some distance in the ocean, where she had an uncle living, and, under pretence of visiting him, to consult a famous sorcerer, or magician, who dwelt there, and, if possible, to obtain his council in the matter.

Now Lis was well skilled in the arts of managing a boat; so she determined to go alone. She got into a boat made of seal-skins, and set forth upon the sea, having bade her friends farewell who were at the landing to take leave of her. It was expected that she would return the next day—but she came not; the second day, the third, and the fourth, passed away, but the beautiful Lis did not return. At length some anxiety existed among her friends as to her welfare, and even the interest of Loord was roused. He determined to set forth in search of her; and that very day, entering his seal-skin boat, he departed for the magician's island.

It is important to observe, that previous to starting, Loord, who generally avoided brandy, took a large draught, by the advice of an aged fisherman, not so much to exclude the cold as to keep out witchcraft.

Things went pretty well with Loord in the first part of his voyage, but after a while, according to his account of the matter on his return, as he began to approach the magician's island, he caught a glimpse of it, but it

was bobbing up and down like a porpoise before a squall. He kept his eye upon it steadily for some time, when at last it sunk, and did not rise again. Loord used all his strength to reach the place, and finally came to it, and the water was whirling and boiling round; but not a bit of an island was to be seen. Loord sailed over and over the place, and waited a long time to see if he could not pick up somebody, and particularly the beautiful Lis, but he found no one.

Loord at last returned; he had been gone all day, and it was late at night when he reached his home. He was in a bewildered state, but told his story as I have related it. It was intimated to him that perhaps the brandy got into his head, and that the sinking of the island was all an illusion; but he laughed at the idea. In a few days, however, a boat came from the magician's isle, and behold the beautiful Lis was in it, as well and charming as ever. Her friends came to see her, and her lovers returned, and all congratulated her upon her good looks, and upon her escape from being carried to the bottom of the sea with the magician's island. This made her stare, upon which they told her the wonderful adventures of Loord.

It being now ascertained that the island of the magician was still standing in its place, Loord became an object of general ridicule; and as he was no longer a hero in the estimation of the people, Lis began to think she could live without him. Accordingly, when she met him she tossed up her head, and passed him by with disdain. This brought Loord to his senses, and he began to see that Lis was very beautiful, and pretty soon

he found out that he could not live without her. So he began to woo her ; but at first she would not listen to him ; after a great deal of teasing, however, she consented, and they were married. But ever after, if any thing went wrong, Lis would jeer him about the magician's island that bobbed up and down like a porpoise before a storm, and at last went down to the bottom ! This always brought Loord to terms ; and, in short, by means of this affair, Lis not only got a husband, but she used the story ever after to manage him ; for it gave her a power over him like that of a strong bit in the mouth of a headstrong horse.

Nor was this all. The people in those parts found out that Lis went to the island to consult the magician, and they imputed Loord's conduct entirely to his interference in behalf of the beautiful girl. But the only real magician in the case was the *brandy*, for Lis did not find the seer whom she sought at home ; and, though she waited some days, she did not see him !



THE HERMITESS.

SUCH is the texture of human society, that the conduct of every individual operates in a greater or less degree upon others. There are few, perhaps none, so separate or solitary, that the influence of their actions extends not beyond themselves. In truth, the dependences and relations by which a man is linked to those around him, are often such that his movements affect them scarcely less than himself. It is said, that, in the deep vales of the Alps, the breath of a traveller will sometimes detach the avalanche from its giddy resting-place, which descends and overwhelms the valley and its inhabitants. And so, a single action often, not only gives color and character to the whole life of the actor, but determines the destiny of others.

So long as an individual regulates his life by the divine rule, "Do to another as you would have another do to you," he is not chargeable with consequences. But if, through carelessness or contempt, he departs from the golden precept, he assumes the responsibility of all the evil that may flow from his conduct. It is remarkable that, while this is too plain to admit of controversy, still a large portion of mankind, in the eager pursuit of pleasure, fortune, and fame, either overlook or disregard the consequences of their actions upon

others. On close examination, it will be discovered that tears and blood are common ingredients in the cup of voluptuous pleasure; that the corner-stone of a fortune is often laid in cruelty and fraud; and the pinnacle of fame is sometimes attained by trampling on the rights of others. Among those who are esteemed the favored and fortunate, there are many who are indebted for their success to their want of principle, and whose reckoning with conscience at the close of life will exhibit a balance against them that far outweighs the transient pleasures they have enjoyed. Our story presents one of the many instances to which we allude.

About seventy years ago, there resided in Normandy a gentleman by the name of Charles Eustace Moribond. He was the last of an ancient family, and had spent his early life at Paris, where he was alike distinguished for gallantry and personal accomplishments. After a short career of dissipation, he returned to his paternal estate, a disappointed man, and became as remarkable for seclusion and misanthropy, as he had once been for gay and social qualities.

The inmates of his house were an only child, an interesting girl of eighteen; an aged Catholic priest, who had been long attached to the family; and an advanced maiden lady, a distant relation, who was tolerated there for the want of another home. Moribond, however, had little intercourse with any of these individuals. He seldom went abroad, but spent his time in reading. His countenance wore a look of deep gloom; and, occasionally, his eye gleamed with tokens of insanity, to which his family were said to have a predisposition.

His daughter, Lucille, had been chiefly educated by Le Clerc, the priest, except in music, drawing, and dancing, in which she had received the instruction of professed masters. Her mother had died when she was ten years old, since which time she had lived wholly at home, in the secluded mansion of her father, seeing little society, and indulging in few amusements, except such as could be enjoyed alone. In childhood, her vivacity was almost uncontrollable; but it had now given place to seriousness; and the face which used to beam with smiles, was serious, and sometimes sad. Her temper seemed to be strongly shaded by the gloom that rested upon every object around her. Perhaps, too, there was now a sentiment in her breast that waked desires for the society of one, at least, with whom she could sympathize; and such a sentiment may have touched her countenance with that mournfulness which sometimes came over it.

Though the situation of Lucille had offered little occasion for the display of character, it needed not much observation to discover that she was beautiful; her high brow seemed to speak of lofty thoughts, and her full, dark eyes to tell of elevated feelings. But, in dealing only with her tutors, waiting-maids, aunt Charité, and father Le Clerc, there was little to develope either the one or the other. An impression, however, existed amongst those who knew her, that she was endowed with great sensibility, and that her character was rather made up of soft and feminine feelings, than of strong and active qualities. But be this as it might, no one who had ever seen her would readily forget the beautiful

image that she gave to the mind, or fail to feel an interest in one so lovely.

One morning, at an early hour, Lucille received a summons from her father to attend him in his library. Such a thing was unusual, and she went to him with excited expectation. He held a letter in his hand, and seemed involved in absorbing thought. Lucille stood by him a few moments; at length he spoke to her. "Lucille," said he, "I have received a letter from a young man at Paris, who advises me that he is coming to pay me a visit; and he will be here to-morrow. Now I have some things to say to you, that you must listen to. This young gentleman is the last of one branch of our family. His father removed, many years since, to Canada; he was unsuccessful in his pursuits, and died, leaving two sons, who were twins, dependent upon his friends. They were fortunate in finding the protection of one who educated them as became their blood. One of them, however, married indiscreetly, and involved himself in debt. To escape from his difficulties, he entered on board a privateer which was about to sail from Quebec. The vessel was taken by an English ship-of-war, and Philippe Maurice, with the rest of the crew, was immured in a gloomy prison, where he soon after died. Pierre, the last that now remained, came recently to Paris to receive a considerable fortune, which was bequeathed to him by a kinsman who died there a few months since. He is coming to visit us as a relative, and, as such, must be received with distinction. I hated his father; but I would not that any one should see me deficient in the hospitality which characterized

my ancestors, and which in the decay of their house shall not be forgotten. I tell you the history of this young man, Lucille, that you may understand how I wish him to be received."

Lucille now left her father; and the next day Pierre Maurice arrived. He was a young man, about four-and-twenty, handsome, and possessed of engaging manners. There was something in his eye which bespoke undue warmth and quickness; but I know not whether a girl of eighteen would reckon such traits as unfavorable to manly beauty.

If the reader is gifted with a little second-sight, he has foreseen that Pierre and Lucille were destined to "fall in love" with each other. Such was the fact; and at the end of a fortnight Pierre had declared his passion, and Lucille had sighed a reciprocity of sentiment. She must be forgiven; for Pierre was not only a man after woman's own heart, but he was the first who had whispered love in her ear. Pierre, who was frank in his disposition, was prepared to make a declaration of his regard for Lucille to Moribond, when the latter, who looked with suspicion upon Maurice, had determined to put a period to his visit.

While each was seeking the other with these opposite views, they accidentally met in the garden. Moribond rudely told Maurice that he could no longer extend hospitality to one who could meanly attempt to throw poison in the cup of his host. Maurice did not exactly gather the meaning of the allusion; but understanding that it was meant for insult, he laid his hand hastily upon his sword. Moribond instantly drew his,

and there was a fierce clashing of steel between the parties. The sudden appearance of Lucille, shrieking in terror, separated them. Maurice withdrew, while the lowering look of Moribond pursued him with an expression of the sternest hatred.

Maurice immediately left the house; but, determining to see Lucille, he stopped at a neighboring village. He soon found means to interest father Le Clerc and aunt Charité in his case, who gave him secret admission into the chateau. Pierre at length persuaded Lucille to leave her father's house. Le Clerc hastily performed the marriage service, with none but aunt Charité to witness it; and, under cover of the night, Pierre and his bride set out in a carriage for Paris. Taking a circuitous route to elude pursuit, they were in a few days in the vicinity of that place.

It was late in the evening, just after they had entered the forest of Boulogne, that their carriage was suddenly stopped. Pierre pulled down the window, and demanded the occasion of it. "Viper!" said the voice of Moribond, "you need no answer to that." Maurice instantly threw open the door of the carriage; and, while he was descending, the frightened Lucille threw around his neck a chain, to which was suspended an amulet in the shape of a cross, exclaiming, "God preserve you, Pierre!—here! here!—take this—now no one can harm you." Maurice was met by Moribond, who fiercely assaulted him with his sword. At the same moment, the postillion was dragged to the ground, and the carriage driven rapidly away. Lucille shrieked, as

she heard the clashing of swords; which, however, the distance and the noise of the carriage soon drowned.

In three days, in a state bordering on insensibility, she again found herself at her father's house. She inquired for her father and her husband; but all around her were dumb. She implored them in vain to tell her the catastrophe of the conflict. She was at length told that her father had returned, and it was intimated that Pierre had fallen.

The situation of Lucille was distressing; deprived of her husband, and imprisoned rather than protected by her father, she contemplated her state with feelings of inexpressible bitterness. A month passed away. The gloom of Moribond had become darker and more desperate; and the belief in young Maurice's death was admitted by all.

At this time, a servant belonging to the family, who had just returned from Paris, privately informed father Le Clerc that he had seen Maurice there, and that he had ascertained that in a few days he would sail for America from Bordeaux. This was communicated to Lucille, and she determined, if possible, to see her husband before his departure. Accordingly, she secretly set off for Bordeaux, taking only a favorite Irish servant, by the name of Kelly, with her. On her arrival there, she found that the vessel had sailed for Quebec, and that Maurice was on board. Dreading to return to her father, she determined to enter a vessel that was to sail for the Canadas on the morrow. She did so, and was soon on the broad ocean.

It is easier for woman to sustain the burden of painful thoughts and agonized feelings, through a long period of inaction, than for the hardier sex. There is an impatience in men, that makes them at first restless, and then desperate, if they are obliged for a long time to brood in suspense over wrong and misfortune. Lucille saw her situation in its true light. She had separated herself from her father; the natural protection of the paternal roof could be hers no more. She was pursuing a husband; but one who, at best, had deserted her. She supported herself, however, with firmness. She wept bitterly, indeed; and often, at night, when, alone in her narrow apartment, she heard the waves strike against the plank on which she was reposing, and heard the winds howl through the rigging of the ship, she felt that she was cast off by Heaven, and deserted by her fellow-beings.

But she had now a new trial to sustain. The vessel had been at sea about four weeks, when a violent storm arose. For several days previously, a calm had overspread the sea; and the wide water lay smooth and level as the face of a mirror. Not even the zephyr rippled its surface with its airy foot-prints. But, at length, the ocean began to swell in long and heavy undulations; and the sky, which before was clear, was now overcast with ominous clouds. The gale soon began to pour from the southwest; and the sea, now changed from a green to an inky hue, tossed and tumbled in violent agitation.

The little vessel bent her side to the water, and gallantly danced along the top of the waves, running like a

frighted bird before the storm. One by one the captain had ordered her sails to be taken in, till now she only carried a single sail. Still she kept on before the wind; till, at length, the heavy sea, gathering and rising over her stern, fell upon the deck, and swept its whole length. Orders were given to lie to; but, in bringing the vessel about, her mainmast was carried away, and, now unmanageable, she became the sport of the waves. Fortunately, at this time the storm began to abate; and in a few hours the gale had wholly subsided. The sea, however, still swelled in heavy billows, and the wreck pitched and rolled violently.

During this scene, the conduct of Lucille exhibited a degree of firmness which drew forth many expressions of admiration from the rough beings around her. She looked out upon the sea, where the waters, "working in ceaseless undulation," only seemed a dark emblem of furious passion; she looked up to heaven, where the thick, hurrying clouds bore an aspect only of terror; she listened to the gale, which seemed the voice of a demon. She shuddered; but she found in all these aspects of nature something that accorded with the high-wrought state of her own feelings; she was elevated above the thought of immediate danger. The idea of death hardly came to her as an object of terror; and when it crossed her mind, it seemed a thing which would only bring repose to a heart oppressed with care and wrung with anxiety.

After remaining several days in a disabled condition, the suffering inhabitants of the wreck were taken off by an English sloop-of-war, and carried to New York. Lu-

cille now found her situation more perplexing than ever. She was in a strange land, and without friends. She was at a distance of many hundred miles from her husband, and the state of war between the English and French colonies rendered it impossible for her to pursue him, and difficult to communicate with him. Besides, she could not deny to herself the probability, that a husband who would desert her, would refuse to receive her; and, more than all, there was still some reason to doubt whether her husband were actually living. The evidences of his death by her father's hand were strong; the servant who supposed he saw him in Paris, might have been mistaken; and the man who sailed from Bordeaux, might have been another person bearing the same name. When she reflected upon it, a circumstance which seemed not material before, pressed itself now upon her attention. The name at Bordeaux was written *Morris*, instead of *Maurice*; and, on inquiry at New York, she found the former a very common name in America. Amid all this uncertainty, Lucille acted with decision. She adopted her father's second name, and passed under the title of Madame Eustace. Having obtained the respect of the officers of the English sloop-of-war, by whose influence she was received into the family of a respectable widow, as a lodger, she resolved to maintain herself by teaching some of the accomplishments of which she was mistress, while she should, at the same time, prosecute her inquiries respecting Maurice.

A year passed away and found Lucille the mother of a daughter. She had obtained such information, that

her mind rested in the persuasion that her husband was really dead, and that the individual whom she had pursued was a stranger. She would have been tired of existence, had not the maternal sentiment given her motives for exertion, and stirred those fears and hopes which generate attachment to life.

Lucille made friends rapidly, and was soon able to set herself steadfastly to the occupation she had resolved upon. The thoughts of high station in life, which she had been accustomed to indulge, she had laid aside. With a decision which evinced more courage than to face a battle, she closed forever all other hope for herself, than to support in silence her own sorrows, while at the same time she should take the humble path which now lay before her, and bring to the duties she owed her child, such cheerfulness of spirit as might enable her to discharge them with effect.

All this, we may believe, was not done without tears, or a struggle. Could we have looked into her heart, and witnessed the painful process by which hope was exchanged for blighted prospects, and love turned to bitterness, and pride made to bow in humiliation, and a sense of dignity and power to give place to a consciousness of humble dependence, we should have pitied her distress, and admired the energy of her character.

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We must now pass over a long interval, and come at once to the year 1776. At this time, Madame Eustace had been long established as a teacher of drawing and music; and in that capacity had secured the esteem of some of the most respectable families in New York.

She was still a beautiful woman ; but she had always avoided society, and lived as much in seclusion as her avocations would permit. She had obtained a genteel living, while, at the same time, she had sedulously devoted herself to the education of her daughter, Lucrece, now eighteen years old. The uncommon beauty of Lucrece had already attracted much attention ; and, although her mother had endeavored to keep her back from society, she had become a favorite in several families of high respectability, where she had seen some fashionable society, and drawn around herself not a few admirers. There were thoughts suggested by this state of things to Madame Eustace, which penetrated her with the keenest distress. She had submitted, without repining, for nearly twenty years, to painful uncertainty : she had imprisoned in her own heart her restless and anxious thoughts ; she had taken upon herself that cruel and humiliating station which the world will ever assign to an unprotected woman in her circumstances : all this she had borne ; and, what is more, she had, while young, uninstructed, and unpractised, chosen her own principles of conduct, and drawn from these sources of her own mind, and the impulses of her own spirit, the means of sustaining herself in this difficult course of conduct. But the circumstances of her daughter made her now regard, with fresh bitterness, the uncertainty which rested upon her fortunes.

Strange as it may seem, she could not, by every investigation she had been able to make, ascertain whether Maurice were living or not. Her father had died some years before, throwing no light upon his fate. There

were circumstances which inclined her to think he was still living; and others, again, which induced the belief that he died by the hand of her father. There was a mystery, however, which she could not penetrate, and which rendered it impossible for her to determine, whether she were a widow, or a deserted wife, or perchance the cast-off plaything of a deceiver. This uncertainty she had learned to bear so long as it affected only herself; but now that it must influence the fortunes of her daughter, and expose her to the most mortifying trials, her anxiety preyed upon her in secret, and her heart bled afresh. Such was her condition, in the fall of 1776, when the British were approaching New York. In anticipation of its capture, many of the inhabitants left their homes, and hurried back into the country, at a distance from the scene of the coming struggle. Among others who were preparing to leave the city was Mrs. Rosevelt, a widow lady of fortune and high respectability. She had been a kind friend to Madame Eustace, and was extremely partial to Lucrece. She proposed to Madame Eustace that Lucrece should accompany her in her retirement, which proposition was gratefully accepted. Accordingly, Lucrece soon left the city with Mrs. Rosevelt, who retired to the village of R——, on the western border of Connecticut, while Madame Eustace remained in New York.

It would seem that a country which is the theatre of war, must be wholly given to mourning and gloom. But there are quiet little valleys, even in such a country, where the lover's lute is not drowned by the voice of cannon; and in society where battle and bloodshed are

the absorbing topics, youthful hearts are still beating with lively emotions.

It will not seem extraordinary, then, that, in the winter of 1776-7, the little village of R—— was a scene of considerable gayety. It was at a distance of about seventy miles from New York: and, on account of its favorable situation, had been selected as the place of refuge for several wealthy families.

Among the most distinguished individuals in the village of R——, was Colonel Morris. He was a man of large fortune, and also of power and influence. He had been chosen a colonel of militia, but as yet had had no actual command. In truth, there was a sort of uncertainty as to his political views; for although he had declared himself favorable to the revolution, yet there were those who suspected that he entertained other sentiments. His wife had been dead for several years. He had but one child; and, what was remarkable, he seemed to have for him no very ambitious views. This son had been educated at home, and was about three-and-twenty. Though a young man of talents, he had been dissuaded by his father from entering the army, or engaging in any profession.

As it is a part of our story, we may as well disclose the truth at once, that this young gentleman, William Morris by name, soon formed a very ardent attachment for the fair Lucrece; and it is our duty to add, that his passion was not thrown away upon a cold and indifferent heart. In short, young Morris and Lucrece loved each other devotedly, and, before the winter was out, they had said and sighed it to each other a thousand

times. William now solicited, through Mrs. Roosevelt, the hand of Lucrece, of her mother. Every thing was represented favorably by Mrs. Roosevelt, and the connexion urged in the strongest terms. After many doubts and scruples, and many inquiries respecting the family of Morris, all of which were at length satisfactorily answered, Madame Eustace yielded a hesitating assent. Colonel Morris soon after signified his approbation of the match, and the young couple thought themselves the happiest beings in existence.

The time fixed for the wedding was the spring of 1777. Madame Eustace had promised to be present on the occasion. But, a few days before the appointed time, she informed Mrs. Roosevelt that unforeseen circumstances must prevent her being present on the occasion. She wished, however, that the ceremony should not be deferred, and said that she would come a few days after. The marriage accordingly took place. It was remarked, at the wedding, that a fairer pair were never united in the village of R——; and the striking resemblance between the bride and bridegroom was spoken of by all, and pleasantly commented upon, as a token of congeniality which fitted them to be happy with each other.

It was arranged that William should, for the present, take his wife to his father's house; and, accordingly, she was soon settled there. In a few days Madame Eustace arrived, accompanied only by her old servant Kelly, who had, twenty years before, attended her to America. It was late in the evening, and she found her daughter alone, and in some agitation. News had arrived that a large detachment of the British forces had

landed at the distance of about twenty miles, and were directing their march toward Danbury. It had caused great excitement; and Colonel Morris and his son had gone with others to learn the state of facts, and see what it might be necessary for them to do. Lucrece related the circumstances to her mother, and expressed her anxiety. "But I am safe," she added, "for see here; William has bestowed upon me an amulet, which will save me from all harm." "Let me see it," said Madame Eustace. She took it. It was a gold chain, with a cross of the same metal. It could not be mistaken; it was the same she had thrown about the neck of her husband, near twenty years before, at the frightful moment when he was descending from his carriage to meet her father.

A dreadful light now flashed on the mind of Madame Eustace; in an instant, her thoughts passed over a long train of circumstances, and the stunning conclusion fell like a thunderbolt upon her. At once she arrived at the conclusion that Maurice was living; that she was in his house: that he had been married to her while still married to another, and that her daughter was wedded to her own brother. She sank upon the floor, in a state of insensibility, from which, after some hours, she recovered. A physician was then by her side, and Lucrece, with her husband, was bending over her couch. She no sooner saw them, than she shrieked violently, and seemed convulsed with agony. At this moment, Colonel Morris entered the room. Madame Eustace bent on him a long, fixed, earnest gaze. "Yes, yes!" she exclaimed, "it is he. O God! why was I

reserved for this?" At the same instant, she sprang from the couch, throwing aside those who attempted to restrain her, walked up to Morris, and looking him in the face with a wild and fearful expression, she exclaimed, "Maurice, see, here is your work! I am Lucille Moribond, the wronged and ruined dupe of a deceiver! There," said she, pointing to Lucrece, "is thy daughter and mine, and there is her husband, your own son!"

Morris was a man of habitual self-command. It was seldom that any feature of his face was, for a moment, liberated from the strict guard which he kept over his looks and speech. He had learnt to govern himself, and to govern others. He was grave, calm, and taciturn; but, for once, his circumspection left him. He shrunk back from Madame Eustace as from a horrible spectre; his lips became pale as ashes; his hands were stretched forward; his fingers apart, and hooked like the talons of a bird of prey; and his eye glared, in fixed amazement, upon her. Then with a faltering and husky voice, he cried out, "Take her away — take her away!"

"Yes," said Madame Eustace, now relaxed, and fainting; "take me away; take me where I may never see the light of heaven again; take me away, that I may never see the face of one whom in charity I had hoped was dead." She now sunk into the arms of the physician, who alone, among those present, had sufficient self-possession to assist her. All around had been struck with the dreadful conviction of the truth of Madame Eustace's words. The mind of Lucrece was for a moment paralyzed; but soon the wildness with which she

looked, first on her husband, and then on her mother and Colonel Morris, and then again on her husband, at the same time drawing back from him, showed that she was making a frightful application of the seeming truth to herself. Young Morris clinched his forehead with a convulsive grasp, and writhed as if his sinews were torn by the rack; while Colonel Morris sank down upon a chair, and sat breathing quick and hard, his chin resting on his breast, and his arms swinging by his side.

Colonel Morris soon recovered his self-possession; but he had scarcely time to collect his thoughts, when the trampling of a horse was heard at the door, and he was inquired for. It proved to be a messenger, despatched by General Wooster to apprise the Colonel that the British, having succeeded in burning Danbury, would attempt to retreat through the village of R——; and urgently requiring his immediate attendance at a place about ten miles distant, to assist in devising means to effect their capture. It was about midnight, and not a moment was to be lost. Colonel Morris mounted his horse, and set off, determining to be back early the next morning.

The morning came, and found the house of Morris nearly deserted. Mrs. Roosevelt had caused Madame Eustace, who was in a helpless condition, to be removed to her own house, where she was attended by the agonized Lucrece. William Morris had drawn out from Kelly the story of Madame Eustace, and found in it what he deemed a corroboration of the dreadful hints which she had expressed. In a state of despair, he seized a musket, and, leaving his father's house, set out to join in

the conflict, which was now approaching, with the British troops.

The history of the expedition to Danbury, the object of which was to destroy the military stores at that place, is well known. Our story only requires that we should give a brief outline of it. The detachment, consisting of about two thousand men, under General Tryon, landed at Compo Bay, near Fairfield, and, proceeding through Reading to Danbury, a distance of about twenty miles, laid the town in ashes. Having accomplished their work, they set out, on the morning of the fourth day after their landing, on their return. They now chose a circuitous route through the village of R——, where they arrived about noon. General Wooster, with three hundred militia, was pressing upon their rear, and Arnold, at the head of five hundred militia, with magical celerity, had placed himself in their front. Taking possession of a little eminence, which rises at the northern part of the village of R——, these men placed themselves behind a hasty breastwork of logs, carts, ploughs, and harrows, along the stone fences, and behind the rocks, which are still to be seen covering the fields.

In this position, Arnold awaited the approach of the British troops. They had been apprized of the resistance that was to be made; but, as they ascended the hill, and came close upon the American line, not a man was to be seen. The points of muskets that were visible over the rocks and fences, however, admonished them of the reception they were about to meet with. There was a profound silence, only disturbed by the

tread of the advancing soldiery. At length, a solitary musket flashed from the fence, and then a hundred bullets, aimed with a keen and certain sight, were hurled upon the breast of the enemy. This was followed by an irregular fire, which soon obliged the British to retreat, leaving several of their men dead upon the field.

But again they advanced, and were again repulsed. The British officers now held a council of war; and were about proposing terms of capitulation, when, information that General Wooster was killed being communicated to them, they resolved upon a third attempt to break through the obstacle which opposed their march. Accordingly, the greater part of the forces, bringing up their cannon, pressed with a united effort upon the American line.

This attempt proved successful. The Americans were obliged to fly, and leave a free passage to the British troops into the village of R ——. But although the battle was over, the sharp firing of musketry still resounded from the left of the American line. Here a few gallant men, headed by William Morris, struggled with thrice their number; but, on the point of being overpowered, they all at length fled but one; — this was young Morris. Looking back for a moment upon his retreating companions, "Farewell," said he; "you have something still to live for: I have only to die." He had scarcely uttered these words, when a fatal bullet entered his breast, and laid him down in the repose of death.

The British troops now entered the village without further interruption. They encamped on its southern

border for the night. They committed few acts of violence, treating the place perhaps with more lenity in consideration that it was one of the few "tory towns" in Connecticut. Three dwelling-houses, however, were burnt, to give notice of the position of the army, to the ships that lay waiting in the Sound to receive the troops, at the distance of somewhat more than a dozen miles. The aspiring flames of village dwellings were indeed an appropriate telegraph to point out the progress of an invading army.

It was a bright morning in April, that the British troops in the early dawn, took their leave of the village of R——. It was the same morning, that Colonel Morris, who had been detained by circumstances which we need not detail, returned to his house. He found it desolate and deserted. He soon learnt the fate of his son; and on inquiry for Lucrece and her mother, he found that the latter had mysteriously disappeared from the house of Mrs. Rosevelt, and that Lucrece was in a state of indescribable misery.

Search was now made in every direction for Madame Eustace. She had been left apparently asleep in her room; but, in the absence of her attendant, she had disappeared, and left no means by which her fate could be traced. The search was continued several days, but in vain. At length, Mrs. Rosevelt was summoned to New York by the dangerous illness of a relative. She therefore left the village of R——, entertaining most fearful apprehensions for Madame Eustace, and taking with her the desolate and mourning Lucrece.

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We must now hurry our story to its conclusion. Years had rolled away; the British troops had long since left our shores, and Peace waved her banners over the land. The unfortunate Lucrece had found a quiet resting-place in the tomb, and the name of Madame Eustace had been forgotten in the village of R ——. There was one individual there, indeed, who remembered her still. This was Colonel Morris; and with him we resume our story.

On the western border of the village of R —— lies a range of broken mountains, forming the boundary between the states of Connecticut and New York. On the western side of this mountain, opposite the village of R ——, is situated the small town of Salem. To this place Colonel Morris had occasion to go, to transact business of importance, about fifteen years subsequent to the period of which we have been speaking. This was not accomplished till a late hour in the afternoon. As the distance in a direct line across the mountain to his house would scarce exceed four miles, while the circuitous road usually travelled was more than double that distance, he chose the former, though the path was obscure, and wound for nearly two miles through a thick forest.

The sun was sitting behind a thick cloud as Colonel Morris began to push his fleet horse up the steep ascent of the mountain. There seems to be a unity of feeling in both horse and rider, when the night begins to lend its shadows to the gloom of the forest around them, inducing both unconsciously to urge onward with a rapid step. It was, therefore, but a short time before

Colonel Morris had reached the summit of the mountain. He was now obliged, however, to reduce the gait of his horse to a walk, the road being no more than a narrow bridle path, leading through a crowded forest of lofty trees. The darkness, too, had approached with uncommon quickness, occasioned by the heavy cloud in the west, which now began to extend rapidly over the sky. But, proceeding without accident, Colonel Morris had penetrated about half through the forest, when his horse suddenly stopped, and seemed looking forward with intense surprise. In vain his rider attempted to urge him forward with whip and spur.

The horse trembled, and several times endeavored to wheel about, as if alarmed by some fearful vision. Colonel Morris bent his eye keenly forward, in the effort to discover the occasion of the animal's terror. He thought he could perceive, through the gloom, the figure of a human being standing in the path. Determined to ascertain the truth, he sprang from his horse, tied him hastily to the branch of a tree, and stepped forward to the spot where the figure seemed to stand; but it appeared to recede with a noiseless step, keeping the same distance between them.

Having proceeded in this manner a considerable distance, Colonel Morris at length paused. Something like a sensation of fear began to steal coldly over him. He was on the point of turning back, when he heard his name distinctly whispered, as if by a female voice. Determining to make one effort more to solve this mystery, he again pursued the figure, and with a more rapid step. But this he was soon obliged to abate, for

the path grew more rugged and narrow, and the darkness was now so thick that the objects around were nearly undistinguishable ; but the dim figure still flitted before him, and, with a feverish anxiety, he still pursued.

We sometimes look back upon our actions, and endeavor in vain to discover the motive which prompted them. Whether on some occasions, uncommon circumstances lend a mysterious influence to the soul, or some latent association is suddenly roused into activity, or the fingers of unseen spirits are playing at the heart, and guiding it on to its destiny, it is often not given us to know. Colonel Morris was a man of more than fifty, and remarkable for calmness and gravity. But he was now involved in a wild adventure at night, on a solitary mountain, and lent himself as freely to the suggestions of his imagination, as the youthful hero of romance.

Having eagerly pursued his object for nearly an hour, Colonel Morris at length lost sight of the image that had led him forward. He stopped, and began to think that he had been deluded by a phantasm of the brain. He passed his hand over his eyes, as if to wipe away a mist ; and then intently looked in every direction, to discover the form which had excited such an irresistible impulse in his breast. It was vain. The spaces beneath the thick branches of the trees were filled only with impenetrable darkness. He listened ; 't was silent as the house of death. He now determined to give up the pursuit, and set forward on his return ; but he soon discovered that he had entirely lost the path, and was wandering amid the trackless woods. This discovery did not, however, abate his efforts to proceed. Believ-

ing that he knew the direction to his horse, he pressed onward, [over rock and ledge, till fatigue obliged him to pause.

At this moment, the cloud, behind which the sun was setting when he began his ride up the mountain, had entirely involved the skies. It rolled along in thick and hurried masses, and the murmurs from the distant hills foretold an impending storm. Large, scattered drops of rain began now to fall. Colonel Morris cast anxiously around for shelter. A faint flash of lightning discovered to him that he was standing on the very brink of a fearful precipice, and that a single step might plunge him to its bottom. His perplexity was extreme. He stood still, waiting for another flash of lightning, that he might gain a more exact idea of his situation, when he felt his hand strongly grasped by another. At the same time, he was pulled forward, while a husky voice said to him, "Come, Maurice, come to my mountain bower. My father said you were false; but I told him you were true; and you have come again, and I have brought the thunder and the lightning to unite us. It is the voice of God, and what he hath joined, man shall not again put asunder." While this was said, Morris was led down a slope on the very face of the precipice. "Here you are safe," said the voice. "In the name of Heaven, who and what are you?" said Morris. There was a momentary pause; then a broad, clear flash of lightning followed for an instant, presenting every object to the eye distinctly, as at the clear hour of noon. Morris's question was answered. He saw standing before him the form of Madame Eustace, thin,

pale, and wild; her countenance bearing a look of lofty excitement. He exclaimed, involuntarily, "Good God! is it you?" "Whist, whist," said she, "you will scare my children. The fox sleeps at my head, and the rattlesnake at my feet. I sing to them, and they are happy. The eagle is perched on the roof of my castle; he knows my voice, and he loves it. Say, Maurice, will you come and live with us! This cave shall be our palace; and if you will come, I will be more beautiful and happy than when you stole me from my father's house. You shall be king of the valley and lord of the mountain."

Here the voice of the Hermitess was drowned by the thunder, which pealed down the sides of the mountain, and shook it to its very centre. The lightning came, too, in thick dazzling flashes, and the water began to pour from the cloud in torrents. Morris perceived that he was sheltered from the storm by a projecting rock, which formed a sort of cave that seemed the regular abode of a human being. He had before heard that a wild woman lived alone in the mountain, and he now perceived that woman to be Madame Eustace. It is not easy to depict his feelings. The extraordinary manner in which he had been led to the spot, the wildness of the place, and the terrific aspect which nature assumed,—all contributed to impress him with the idea that some frightful catastrophe was about to take place. He would have fled from the spot, and trusted himself to the wild uproar of the elements, had it not been a matter of extreme hazard to attempt it during the darkness. The cave in which he was sheltered

overhung a precipice of more than a hundred feet; and the path which led from it to the top of the rock, was a narrow projection, scarcely a yard in width. It was down this giddy footway he had been led by Madame Eustace in the darkness; and he could not but shudder to think how slight a deviation would have plunged him to the bottom of the gulf that yawned beneath.

Colonel Morris was at length able to take a calm survey of his situation; the result of which determined him to remain till morning, unless something should intervene to require some other course of conduct. Accordingly, he sat down on a projection of the rock, and remained in a state of watchful anxiety. The Hermitess filled up the intervals between the thunder with her wild conversation. But, at length, the storm began to abate; the flashes of lightning were fainter and less frequent, and the rain fell less heavily. In half an hour, the western sky was clear, and the low muttering of the distant thunder was scarcely distinguished by the ear. The full, round moon was rising over the thunder-cloud in the east, pouring a silver light along the edge of the dark mass that lay beneath.

Morris now looked out upon the scene. All around was calm, and nothing disturbed the silence save the rippling waters that flowed in a thousand currents down the sides of the mountain. At this moment, the Hermitess came to his side. "Look at yonder cloud," said she, pointing to the east; "'t is an emblem of this dark life we live. Look up to heaven; do you see the crystal palaces that are glimmering there? 'T is there the pure spirit shall find rest when our sad work is over

here. Come, come," said she, drawing him forward, "let us go now." Accordingly, she led him up the narrow path; and striding forward, bade him follow her. He did so; and after a long and wandering route, she led him to the place where his horse was standing. "Go to your home," said she, "and I will go to mine. You will sleep on your pillow of down, and I will lay my cold bones on my bed of rock. It matters not, for we are going away soon. Farewell, till we meet again." Morris now mounted his horse, and returned without further adventure to his house.

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We now come to a period several years subsequent to the foregoing adventure. Morris was now an old man; with wealth indeed, but without children or friends. His soul seemed divided between religion and avarice; and, while he paid a strict observance to the rites of the one, he seemed heartily devoted to the other. The time had arrived when he was apparently drawing near the close of his career. He had been for some months confined to his house; but on a pleasant Sabbath morning in the summer, he found himself able to attend "meeting," it being "sacrament day." As the members of the church, among whom was Morris, had gathered round the altar, and the clergyman was about to commence the solemn ceremonies of the Lord's supper, a woman of very extraordinary appearance was seen to enter the church. She was extremely aged; her long white hair fell over her cheeks and down her shoulders; her eye, which seemed once to have been black, was now nearly colorless. She wore round her

head a black hood, and over her shoulders a long dark shawl. On her arms were pinned a number of oak leaves, and an oak branch was wound around her head.

No surprise was manifested at the entrance of this singular being, into the meeting-house. She had long been known to the inhabitants, under the name of the Hermitess, as the occupant of a cave in the mountain which lay west of the village. For some years before her residence was known, she appeared occasionally in the towns that bordered the mountain; and usually attended one of the churches on Sunday. The following description of her is selected from the many that have been given :

Her long, snowy locks, like the winter drift,
On the wind were backward cast;
And her crippled form glided by so swift,
You had said 't were a ghost that passed.

And her house was a cave in a giddy rock,
That o'erhung a sullen vale;
And 't was deeply scarred by the lightning's shock,
And swept by the vengeful gale.

As alone on the cliff she musingly sate,
The fox at her fingers would snap;
The raven would sit on her snow-white pate,
And the rattlesnake coil in her lap.

And the vulture looked down with a welcoming eye,
As he stooped in his airy swing;
And the haughty eagle hovered so nigh,
As to fan her long locks with his wing.

But, when Winter rolled dark its sullen wave,
From the west, with gusty shock,
Old Sarah, deserted, crept cold to her cave,
And slept, without bed, on her rock.

No fire illumined her dismal den;
Yet a tattered Bible she read;
For she saw in the dark, with a wizard ken,
And talked with the troubled dead.

Let us now return to our story. Colonel Morris was the only individual that seemed particularly to mark the entrance of this singular woman into the church. His eye followed her along the aisle; and, as she approached the pew where he was sitting, and took her seat by his side, he seemed palsied with dismay. His habitual self-command, however, did not now desert him; he forced an appearance of calmness, and remained to the end of the service. As the Hermitess was about to leave the house, she turned her eye for the first time on the face of Morris. For nearly a minute, she stood before him, fixing her wild gaze with inexpressible solemnity upon him. She then slowly raised her hand, and, displaying a brown, shrunken arm, raised it over her head, pointing ominously to heaven, and said in a whisper, "We are going soon!"

Nothing can exceed the beauty of a summer moonlight night in New England. That which followed the day we have been speaking of, at the hour of twelve, saw the village of R—— sleeping in profound silence beneath the light of the "cold, round moon." All seemed peaceful as the still palace of death. Every

window was dark ; every house was hushed in repose, save one. There was one dwelling surrounded with aged elms and drooping willows, through whose deep shadows the lamp from a chamber threw a dim flame. Within this chamber lay Colonel Morris, on his death-bed. The room was faintly lighted, and around the couch stood several persons, expecting every moment to witness the last struggle. Not a whisper broke from any lip, and nothing disturbed the mournful stillness of the place, except the quick breathing of the dying man. At length a light step was heard, and an aged woman, with gray locks and a wild expression of countenance, approached the bedside. She spoke not, but fixed her eye keenly upon the face of Morris, who now rose in his bed, and glared upon her with an expression more fearful than that which death stamps upon the face. All around were paralysed with awe and astonishment : and the wild woman and the dying man gazed at each other for some moments. At length Morris raised his hand as if to clear his eyes from a mist ; but the cold, drooping fingers refused to perform their office ; the relaxed arm fell by his side, and at the same moment he sunk back upon his pillow. His attendants sprang to him ; but the spirit had passed : they turned to look for the apparition ; but that too had vanished.

The next morning, a farmer had occasion to cross the mountain in the direction of the wild woman's cave. The place was now well known, and was sometimes resorted to by the villagers. The farmer turned a little aside from his path to visit the spot. He found the Hermitess reposing on her bed of rock. He spoke to

her, but she answered not; he approached, and found that she was cold as the stone on which she slept.

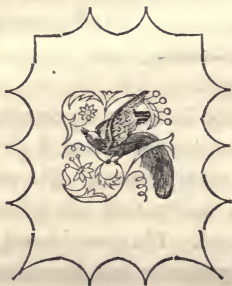
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Such is the tale of the Hermitess. We have now but to add such explanations as the seeming mystery of the story may demand. The reader will return with us a moment to the spot where *Pierre* Maurice descended from his carriage and met Moribond. They fought in the moonlight for some time, when Pierre was wounded. Moribond left him with his servants, and returned to his residence, whither he had directed his daughter to be conducted. He was influenced by the suspicion that the views of Pierre were base; to which a state bordering on insanity had added excitement.

The wounded Pierre was taken by his servants to a hotel in Paris. His twin-brother *Philippe*, who had been supposed dead, had at length escaped from prison in England, and arrived at the hotel just before Pierre was brought in. The latter had only time to execute a will, giving his fortune to Lucille, and to commend her to the care of his brother, who promised a faithful execution of his wishes.

Philippe Maurice had now a powerful struggle in his breast. One act of baseness would give him possession of his brother's ample fortune. He resolved to secure it. Accordingly, his brother was privately buried, and his death concealed. He gave himself forth as Pierre Maurice, which pretence his uncommon resemblance enabled him to support. He signed the necessary papers, and set out for America in possession of his brother's estate, which he had converted into money.

On his arrival at Quebec, having changed his name from *Maurice* to *Morris*, he concealed his return, and taking his wife and child, settled himself in the obscure village of R——. Here he had since lived, devoted to the increase of his fortune, and absorbing every other sentiment in the passion of avarice : his life was a perpetual struggle between the claims of conscience and the still stronger dominion of mammon. His story shows that an act of successful villany, hidden in the breast of its perpetrator, is sometimes tracked to its home by the events of Providence, and deeply avenged, even after years of seeming security have rolled away ; and that he who takes upon his soul the commission of crime, is likely to bring ruin upon all whose fortunes become woven with his own.



SKETCHES IN PARIS.*

ON the twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth of July, the citizens of Paris celebrated the three glorious days. On the first and second day, there were pavilions, booths, and tents filled with toys and cakes, throughout the whole extent of the Champs Elysées; there were rope-dancers and tumblers, dancing dogs, and frisking monkeys. On the latter day, there was a grand review of sixty thousand troops. They extended from the Barrière du Trone, along the Boulevards, to the Barrière de l'Etoile. The king and his suite made a procession in front of the extended line. He then took his station in the Place Vendome, where the whole army passed before him. The soldiers presented arms at the word of command, and at the word of command, cried "Vive le Roi." The ceremony continued for about seven hours, during the whole of which time, his majesty was on horseback. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the king, the duke of Orleans, the queen, &c. passed in front of our lodgings. The king was on horseback, and graciously saluted the mob as he passed, they also graciously saluting him. He frequently bowed, sometimes took off his hat, and often laid his hand impressively upon his heart. He shook hands with sev-

* From a Memorandum Book, 1832.

eral of the people, some of whom being rather shabby, it excited the ridicule of the Carlists. The display made by the troops, a great part of whom passed in front of our hotel, was truly magnificent. The lancers and cuirassiers in particular, made a very gallant appearance.

In the evening there was a magnificent illumination of the gardens and public buildings. The Louvre beamed with thousands of lamps, and every part of the Tuilleries shone with pyramids of fire. The hotel of the minister of finance, was illuminated with gas, and the chamber of deputies was exceedingly brilliant. The vast dome of the Pantheon glittered as with diamonds. Near the chamber of deputies, and far aloft in the air, seeming to be set in the sky, and self-supported, blazed the star of the Légion d'Honneur. It was of many colors, and had a magical effect. All Paris was abroad ; all Paris shone with lustre and light ; no other city could exhibit such a fairy scene. Aladdin's lamp alone could produce such enchanting effects. There was no boisterous noise in the streets or in the gardens. The people ebbed and flowed like a tide from one scene of interest to another, but you heard only the moving feet, and the mingled hum of approving and admiring voices.

About 9 o'clock, rockets began to ascend, slowly at first, and after long intervals ; but soon they became more frequent, and now they were of various colors, and stars of many hues seemed to drop from the skies. Then there were wheels of fire, and towers and castles, and a noise like musketry, and then there was darkness, and all was still. But suddenly a scene of indescribable

beauty broke upon the view. Ten thousand rockets of many colors, began at once to rise upon the air. These were so disposed as to form a bouquet of fire, nearly a thousand feet in height. They continued to ascend for several minutes, exhibiting a prolonged display of this grand vision, till the sight was almost weary of its beauty and magnificence. It then vanished, and half a million of people talked of it for a month.

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The Louvre is certainly one of the most interesting places in Paris. From fifty to a hundred artists employ themselves here in copying pictures. I often saw M—, our countryman, there, who was painting a picture of the gallery, in which he introduced some of the masterpieces of the celebrated artists. He has been more than two years in Italy, and has seen all the collections there ; yet he declares it to be his opinion, that the Louvre is superior to any one of them. The moonlight pieces of Vernet appear to me, not only as the best moonlight pieces ever painted, but also as among the sweetest landscapes ever executed. The landscapes of Dujardin are also much after my own heart. There are several pictures of Raphael, not one of which, however, excited my admiration ; I greatly prefer the pictures of De Vinci, Titian and Guido. Correggio I admire above all other painters. Domenichino is admirable. Rubens I detest. Rembrandt's management of light and shade is wonderfully fine, but he has somewhat of the gross and monstrous fancy of his master, Rubens, in drawing the human face and figure. On the whole, the gallery of the Louvre becomes absolutely fascinating, after

it has been visited for a few times. At first you are bewildered, and fix your attention upon no one particular picture. But this passes off, and you begin to make acquaintance with this painting and that. Soon you have your favorites, and you love to look at them again and again. It often happens that the sudden aspect of a picture that you have frequently dwelt upon, seems to salute you, and excites an emotion like that produced by a favorite piece of music, suddenly struck up, when you did not expect it.

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M. S ——'s house in the Place Vendome is considered one of the finest in Paris. It occupies an extensive square, and the whole establishment forms a quadrangle, one side of which consists of the stables; the other three sides, of the house. One side is occupied by two suites of rooms; that on the first floor belonging to Monsieur; that on the second belonging to Madame. M. S ——'s apartments consist of an anteroom, a library, a breakfast-room, sleeping-room, dressing-room, and bathing-room. The apartments of Madame S —— are six or seven in number, beautifully and tastefully furnished. The last of these opens into a conservatory, filled with a collection of choice plants. The second side of the house contains a grand saloon, dining-room, &c. &c.; the third is occupied by the servants, for culinary purposes, a dormitory, &c.

The best way to describe this establishment, is to begin with the stables. These are of marble, and are as carefully kept as a parlor. The horses are about twenty-five in number, and are all English.

Some of them cost ten thousand francs each. The coach-house exhibits six or seven different kinds of vehicles, one or two of which are in a style of magnificence altogether royal. Madame S——'s barouche is certainly more beautiful than that of the queen. The harnesses, saddles, whips, and other equipments, are superb.

I can hardly stop to describe the macaws which flourish in the beautiful green court, within the quadrangle, in all the brilliancy of eastern climes; but I must not pass by the aviary. There are here a multitude of little twittering birds, more exquisitely beautiful than any thing I had ever conceived of. They are of various forms too, and possess a variety of physiognomy, as well as costume. Some are of a grave and solemn demeanor, while others are perpetually engaged in hopping about, jerking their tails, and singing jolly songs. Some are of one color, and some of another, and some of many colors. Some are inconceivably brilliant, while others are in solemn black. There are birds from India, and Africa, and the islands of the sea, and from Mexico, and one I recognized as my countryman — a blue jay! How often has this officious fellow spoiled my sport in the woods, by giving the alarm to the tenants of the forest — and how had I learned to hate him! but now, in this strange land, I met him as cordially as if he had been one of my own kith and kin. Beside these beautiful creatures in the aviary, there are monkeys in the menagerie of the most *recherché* pattern, squirrels from the four quarters of the globe, and many other things, worthy of description — if I had time and space for it.

But let us leave the aviary and the menagerie — which I mention only as an index to the scale upon which the establishment is constructed — and enter the grand staircase. This is of white marble, and is worthy of a palace. It leads to various suites of apartments, all of them magnificently furnished, and decorated with paintings. The audience room has two capital pictures, by Horace Vernet; one is a tempest, and represents a number of persons upon a cliff, witnessing the shipwreck of their friends. This has been lithographed, but the print does no justice to the painting. The other picture represents M. S —, with nine or ten of his companions, and with eight horses attached to his hunting carriage, setting out upon their silvan sports. This is one of the most effective pictures I ever saw.

The saloon is of princely dimensions. The furniture is adorned with gilding so rich, as to appear like massive gold. The chairs and sofas are covered with crimson silk of the richest and glossiest manufacture. The tapestry is also of crimson silk. The ceilings and wainscotings have rich gilding, and the mirrors are superb. The paintings on the ceiling are by the first artists. On the whole, there is probably no room in Europe, more gorgeously decorated.

But who is the proprietor of this palace? He is the son of a Prussian banker, with an income of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year. He is young, has a pretty wife and several children. But he is still unhappy — dissatisfied — *ennuyé* — and declares that life in the midst of all his luxuries is a burthen scarcely capable of being supported. He occupies his house in

Paris very little, never rides in his coaches, and seldom mounts his horses. He has a magnificent library, but never opens a book. He has a sort of armory, where he has the most beautiful fowling-pieces, and rifles of every description, and weapons of many ages and lands — and yet they remain untouched. His bed is of eider-down, but he never sleeps there. His dressing-room is full of cosmetics and every delicate contrivance that art can devise for decorating the person; but these are never disturbed from the symmetrical arrangement in which the *valet* has placed them. The bathing-room has marble fountains, into which cold or warm streams will gush at command, but the “Abana and Pharpar” are rarely honored with a visit. The owner of all these princely possessions has ceased to find pleasure in luxuries, and generally spends his time in passing idly from one country-seat to another, vainly endeavoring to shake off the weariness which oppresses him. He has not mind enough to be roused by the great moral objects which present themselves to the consideration of the philosopher, and he has not character enough to attach himself to public affairs. He appears to be like a traveller upon a dead level, where the prospect never varies, where the sky never changes — and where no vicissitude is known, save that which springs from the rising and setting of the sun. He has no power by which he can elevate himself above this flat existence; he cannot ascend the mountains, and survey the endless variety which is open to the vision of the philosopher; he cannot climb to those steeping points from which the gifted vision may survey the boundless scene, and

find materials for contemplation, while life endures. It appears then, that an individual of exalted wealth may himself be incapable of exaltation, and in possession of that which mankind most eagerly covet, may still be stricken with a poverty more dreadful than that which blanches the cheek and withers the limb.

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The Palais Royal is an immense double quadrangle. One part is occupied as a palace; the other is devoted to shops and *cafés*. The palace is not now inhabited by any part of the royal family, yet it is magnificently furnished. The pictures are of various ages and merits. In the "*Gallerie des Talbeaux*" there are several paintings illustrative of the history of France. Among these is a picture of Franklin's reception at the court of Louis XVI. The philosopher is drawn with his cane in one hand, and his hat in the other. He is dressed in a quaker-colored coat of the olden fashion, and is making an awkward bow to the young king and queen. The picture is a vile thing, though well meant. The head of Franklin is not much larger in proportion to the body, than would become a peacock. The artist however, meant no harm; for he made his king and queen consist almost wholly of the two nether limbs, and seemed to regard the head as a thing of no other importance than as a kind of finish, like the knob to the top of a coffee urn.

The "*Salon du trone*," has a throne well gilt, and other parts of the room make a display of gilding and crimson tapestry. The "*Salon doré*," is more gorgeous. The "*Salon du conseil*," has a writing-desk

filled with nice stationery and writing materials, which I envied. The other rooms were not remarkable.

The court of the Palais Royal — I mean the larger, for there are two — is a large space ornamented with trees, shrubs and flowers. Among these there are walks, and in the centre is a gushing fountain, sending up its waters, and forming the figure of a vase. In this beautiful garden, you may see hundreds of people of every age and sex. Many of them are men, occupied in reading books, or newspapers; many of them are women, regaling their eyes with the various objects around them. Some sit still for hours, looking pensively upon the scene; some move about, and seem filled with gay ideas; some have poodle dogs which they lead, and others have poodle dogs by which they are led. It is altogether one of the most pleasing scenes in Paris, and as the stranger is never the object of a rude gaze, he may walk about, and survey the objects around him, with as much self-possession, as if he were invisible. The people themselves, never seem in the slightest degree embarrassed. Each individual “doeth that which seemeth good in his own eyes.” They sit or saunter as they please; they look at a book, or at vacancy, as they list. Some of the women are engaged in needle-work, and some watch the gambols of their children. Those who have no children watch their puppies. The heart of a French woman must have something to cherish, and it must be a thing that she can hold in her lap; if it is not a child, with which she is blessed, a shaggy dog, with a hairy nose, and a spite-

ful expression, is the indemnity which Providence or choice supplies.

It must be remembered that the scene we have been describing, is a court surrounded by four sides of the Palais Royal. These are occupied as shops and *cafés*, and they are the most brilliant in Paris. There must be several hundred of them. At one corner are magnificent flowers, where you may purchase a pink for your button-hole, or a boquet for your mistress. Proceeding from this point, and passing around the court, you may feast your eyes with endless inventions and devices which tempt you, either by addressing the palate, your vanity, or your fancy. There are lobsters boiled, and lobsters crawling, and huge fishes, and creeping turtles, and black eels, and prodigious oysters, and other emigrants from the deep, who have come by steam, to seduce you into a fish dinner. And there are magnificent shell combs, carved into many forms, and there is chocolate mixed with sugar, delicious to the taste, and shaped into innocent as well as forbidden images. And there are quizzing-glasses, decked with pearls, and books with their title-pages displayed, and the name of La Martine, de la Vigne, and Beranger, salute you everywhere. And there are whole windows filled with choice jewelry—and pearls and diamonds seem as rife as the pebbles of the sea-shore; and there are many other beautiful things. And there is one shop filled with merchandise, and as you pass along, a penetrating voice enters into your ear, and thrills your heart with the sound, “*Vingt cinq sous chaque!*” Here, O traveller, pause, and purchase a balloon for

your boy, a set of lilliputian porcelain for your daughter — buy something for each of your neighbor's children, and secure to yourself friends and favorites for ever, at this temple of "*vingt cinq sous chaque*" — twenty-five cents each!

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But let us quit this dangerous spot, and pay a visit to the Garden of the Tuilleries. Take my arm and we will go by the Rue St. Honori. Let us step across the street to Forr's, and order a supply of boots and shoes, for they are the best and the cheapest in the world. Take care of that omnibus, for it will run over you. See how that driver makes his trumpet play from beneath his seat, by pulling a string. Look at your pantaloons, for that thundering cuirassier has splashed the mud all over you! Observe that ghastly display of pork and sausages on the other side of the street! Oh! these beggars—these beggars! "Get away, get away!" "*Je n'ai point d'argent, allez vous en!*" Here we are at the *Rue Vingt neuf de Juillet*, and there are the Gardens of the Tuilleries. Let us enter, and look about at our leisure.

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Let it be premised, that these gardens are not devoted to the cultivation of turnips and cabbage; nor are they embraced within the half-rood dimensions of our American gardens. They consist of a level space of many acres, bounded on the east by the front of the palace of the Tuilleries, on the south by the Seine, on the west by the Place de Concorde, and on the north by the Rue de Rivoli—the finest street in Paris. Through the

centre is a broad avenue opening into the *Champ Elysées*, and affording, through the long vista, a magnificent view of the *Arch de l'Etoile*. But this rectangular description is not fitted to my purpose, which is to place the beautiful scene at one glance before you. Imagine yourself, therefore, in the midst of the scene. On one hand there are fountains and marble statues, in the midst of green lawns. In some places the waters are at rest, in others they are thrown into the air, descending like showers of crystal. Sometimes you see the gold-fish shooting through the element, or the swan slowly moving along its surface, or perhaps you only observe the reflection of the rich flowers which hang over the marble edges of the basin, and seem, Narcissus-like, to be wrapt in the entrancement of self-admiration. Between these pleasing objects, there are neat gravel walks, and hundreds, nay, often thousands of persons are moving upon them. In another direction the ground is over-spread with lofty forest trees. Though it is summer, and the sun of July is sending down its rays, still, beneath these trees there is an unbroken shadow; and here, enjoying the refreshing coolness, are thousands of people of every age and sex, sheltered from the heat, secure from intrusion in the midst of multitudes, and as free from observation, as in a wilderness; the boy drives his hoop, the girls play hide-and-seek, the politician reads the gazette, the dame plies the needle, and the old maid cherishes her poodle. The freedom and fearlessness of the people in this place, are wonderful proofs of the good manners of the French. No individual seems to be observed. There are none of those people who wink at each

other, and giggle, and seem to be making sport of some third person. In England, such a place as this would be intolerable. Every one would go dressed for the occasion, and it would be as much a matter of ceremony, as lying in state. Every person would have an oppressive sense of observation; every person would be afraid of every other. Every body, of course, would expect to be deliberately scanned by quizzing-glasses—instruments described in the play as made “to look a modest woman out of countenance.” Thus the English would convert this elysium of the Tuilleries into a purgatory, and I can conceive of nothing more lugubrious than a place like these gardens, transported to the sooty climate of London, and peopled by the parading English.

The French have better taste, and if the English have more in-door comfort, the former enjoy the world of outdoors in perfection. Here, beneath the trees in these gardens, some of the people sit for hours together, and I have often noticed a student as deeply lost in his books, the quidnunc in his news, the dreamer in his reverie, as if he alone were living in the universe. On one occasion I saw a woman of fifty-five, I think unmarried, lean, and passing for eight-and-twenty. She had a poodle dog, the hinder half shorn to the skin, and the other as shaggy as a bear. There was a string about the poodle's neck, and the lady was at the other end of it. Now the poodle was a restless dog, and he was permitted to go where he chose, and right or left, fast or slow, the lady followed. Sometimes the dog passed in front of a long row of people; then he shot suddenly into the forest; now he sauntered, and now he

galloped, and now he stopped suddenly and smelt of something and after a little while he went on again; and every where the lady followed. And this strange scene — a woman submitting to the volition of her poodle, neither excited ridicule nor observation; if indeed she was seen and observed, there was no manifestation of it.

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We have now spent almost two months in Paris, and it is time to leave it. But before we depart, it is proper to make up our minds about it. Let it be remembered that our visit was in midsummer, and that the cholera, though abated, swept off during our stay, two hundred and twenty-five persons a day. The city therefore had a less gay appearance than it might wear on other occasions. A Carlist would tell you that all the chivalry and taste and beauty and *bienséance* had departed with Charles X., and he would maintain that rudeness and vulgarity had taken the place of that politeness for which the French have been so distinguished. There may be a little truth in this, for I frequently noticed examples of coarseness and brutality which I had never seen in Paris before. And I also remarked many instances of drunkenness, and even saw several women in a state of intoxication. One of these lay for several hours in a state of insensibility on the pavement of the *Rue de Rivoli*, and she seemed to excite no great surprise in the passers-by. Beside these indications of change, I noticed a multitude of gross and disgusting prints in every corner of Paris; and in most of the book shops, I saw scandalous publications ostentatiously pre-

sented to the notice of the public. One work in particular, too indecent to name, was announced on placards through the whole of the most frequented parts of the Boulevards. These appear to indicate changes produced by the Revolution, and that fermentation which resulted in the ascendancy of the populace. Whether the good manners of the French will return, or whether these are destined to suffer further inroads, is a question which can be decided now, only by a power of seeing into future events. Should the dynasty of Louis Philippe be confirmed, and the public mind become quiet, the former habits and character of the people may return.

There is in general nothing more difficult than to sketch national character. This difficulty is increased when we have to struggle with wrong prepossessions. The English press has been the systematic libeller of the French, and we, by reading its effusions, have had our minds contaminated by prejudice. We, as well as the English, have been accustomed to consider the French as a nation of fops and fiddlers. The women are with us, all coquettes, and the men all frivolous and false. But these views are unjust, and are a proof of ignorance or blindness, more disgraceful than the characteristics we impute to the French themselves.

The French women are thus described by Mirabeau, the general truth of which every traveller in France may attest.

“When a French lady comes into a room, the first thing that strikes you is, that she walks better, has her head and feet better dressed — her clothes better fancied

and better put on — than any woman you have ever seen. When she talks, she is the art of pleasing personified. Her eyes, her lips, her words, her gestures, are all prepossessing. Her language is the language of amiableness — her accents are accents of grace: she embellishes a trifle — interests upon nothing — she softens a contradiction — she talks off the insipidness of a compliment by turning it elegantly — and when she has a mind, she sharpens the point of an epigram better than all the women in the world. Her eyes sparkle with spirit — the most delightful sallies flash from her fancy — in telling a story she is inimitable — the motions of her body, the accents of her tongue, are equally genteel and easy — an equable flow of sprightliness keeps her constantly good-humored and cheerful, and the only objects of her life are to please and be pleased. Her vivacity may sometimes approach to folly — but perhaps it is not in her moments of folly that she is least interesting or agreeable. There is one thing in which no woman in the world can compare with a French woman. It is the power of intellectual irritation. She will draw wit out of a fool. She strikes with such address the chords of self-love, that she gives unexpected vigor and agility to fancy, and electrifies a body that appears non-electric.”

As to the French men, they seem to be either indifferent to dress, or extravagantly addicted to it — at all events, they dress badly. In society, address is every thing. Personal beauty in a French man is of little or no consequence. Even the ladies seem not to think of it. Air and manner embrace every thing that is

regarded in personal appearance. In religion the Frenchmen are atheists or catholics. Religion enters very little into their conduct in public or private life. There are few actions to which they are impelled — there are few from which they are restrained by it. In public and private life, they are not swayed by principles of morality, nor are they greatly influenced by a consideration of utility. An Englishman generally acts from reflection, and this reflection is compounded of many ingredients — a reference to the morality, the utility, the reputation of the thing proposed. The Frenchman decides from sentiment, or as the thing strikes his imagination. He seems more disinterested than the Englishman — but in truth his conduct flows from no principle. He is more rapid and less wise. He is fitted for great or brilliant actions, but he is not likely to display the more useful virtues of honesty, steadfastness and sobriety.

One of the most remarkable differences between England and France is, that in the former, public opinion exercises a powerful influence; in the other, there is hardly such a thing. In England it is a pungent power, entering into and analysing the hearts and private actions of men, displaying them to the world, and trying them by the rules of truth, honor and honesty. No man dares to set this public opinion at defiance; it operates on every body, it tends to mould or modify the conduct and character of all. It is at once a proof of the good principles and sound morality diffused throughout the community, and an efficient cause, operating to preserve and perpetuate these virtues.

France is destitute of such a public opinion. There is nothing in the respect of the people which is worthy of great regard, or which may be considered as a meed likely to excite to great actions. There is nothing in their reprobation to be greatly feared, or likely to restrain an individual from deeds to which he may be strongly tempted. Public opinion, cannot, as in England, confer infamy, which man cannot endure — nor can it as in England, bestow that approbation which is better than any other gift.

Public opinion cannot indeed exist without the means of expressing itself. In America and England the press is the means by which it acts. In France, the press has been and still is too much restrained, to permit the thoughts and feelings of men to be freely and efficiently circulated. And even if the press were free, it could only announce the sentiments and opinions that exist, and I have before stated that the French are not deeply imbued with honesty, morality or religion. They are a people full of taste and genius, and capable of perceiving and feeling whatever is beautiful in the arts, in sentiment and in nature; but that higher principle which teaches them to do to another as they would have another do to them, and that faith which makes man constantly look to a future state of existence for a final decision upon his actions, are defectively entertained or totally wanting.

In considering the French character, therefore, we must regard them as having little other impulse to do right than what is furnished by sensibility and taste. They are destitute of the potent fears and hopes which

religion presents to the mind, and they are without that stirring ambition which public approbation, in England and America, brings into action; and they are without that restraint which the fear of public condemnation imposes. The desire of money with a view to personal gratification, is with them the grand passion, and they pursue this without a very scrupulous regard to the means they employ. The merchants in general are said to be destitute of good faith, and the political characters are looked upon, with few exceptions, as adventurers caring for little but to push their individual fortunes. Such appears to be the present condition of things: but a fermentation — an agitation, is going on — and under circumstances which cannot but result in improvement. The press is struggling, day by day, into more perfect freedom; a sounder state of public opinion is forming; and the elements of society, so long and so often convulsed, appear to be crystalising on better principles.





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